Kaskaskia Roots

by Wanda Olles

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KASKASKIA ROOTS

WANDA MULHOLLAND OLLES

Danville, Illinois
1993

To my family—past, present and future

The author gratefully acknowledges historical, geographical and various other pertinent data gleaned from the following textbooks, anecdotal publishings and museum reports.

Conquest of the Country Northwest of the River Ohio, 1778-1783 and The Life of George Rogers Clark, Volumes I and II, by William Hayden English, President Indiana Historical Society, Copyright 1895. Published 1897 by The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Indiana and Kansas City, Missouri.

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"Late Archaic Components at Modoc Rock Shelter, Randolph County, Illinois," Illinois State Museum Reports of Investigations, No. 48 (permission obtained from Illinois State Museum), authored by:

Steven R. Ahler
Mary J. Bade
Frances B. King
Bonnie W. Styles
Paula J. Thorson

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FOREWORD

I WRITE THIS MEMOIR OF MY ONLY DAUGHTER as a tribute to the valuable, selfless human being that she was. It is a story about her life and the unflinching courage and patient determination with which she so valiantly traveled through her ordeal to the painful end of a two-year struggle against death. It explores as well the rich heritage that so intrigued her, presenting some of her own observations.

Pam and I shared the conviction that our ancestral roots, as they parallel the birth of the state of Illinois and the settling of our country, are notable to the extent that they should be preserved for posterity. This collection of possibly otherwise irretrievable data was to be our joint effort to trace and record testimony of that bygone era.

Still in the planning stage when cancer struck, the book, like everything else, was abandoned in the all-consuming day-to-day struggle for Pamela's survival. Pronouncement of her terminal status resulted in a covenant to see the project to fruition. Her ordeal is now included.

KASKASKIA
ROOTS

PART ONE

IN MEMORIAM

Pamela June Gibson Hanlon

1949—1989

I'll lend you, for a little while, a child of mine, He said.

For you to love while he lives, and mourn when he is dead.

It might be six or seven years, or twenty-two or three,

But will you, till I call him back, take care of him for me?

You'll have his lovely memories as solace for your grief.

I cannot promise he will stay, as all from earth return.

But there are lessons taught down there I want this child to learn.

I've looked this wide world over in my search for teachers true.

And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes, I've selected you.

Now will you give him all your love—not think the labor vain,

Nor hate me when I come to take him back again?

I fancied that I heard them say, Dear Lord, thy will be done.

For all the joy this child shall bring, the risk of grief we'll run.

We'll shower him with tenderness and love him while we may.

And for the happiness we've known, forever grateful stay.

And should the angels call for him much sooner than we planned . . . .

We'll brave the bitter grief that comes, and try to understand.

Author Unknown

1

KASKASKIA

DURING THE 1700s WHEN MY ANCESTORS were arriving in the United States and continuing through the turn of the century, the Illinois territory was likewise undergoing dynamic changes. The immigrants and the state of Illinois became simultaneously assimilated into the Great Northwest Territory—and the annals of history. The parallel continues as the fledgling citizens and state struggle for identity throughout the nineteenth century and into the twentieth.

Even as Kaskaskia was the site of a new beginning for my ancestors, so was it the beginning of the state of Illinois, the so-called "Cradle of Western Civilization." "Where Illinois Began" is more than a cliche fabricated by chambers of commerce to promote tourism.

After the French explorers' arrival in Southern Illinois in 1686, early settlers found streams for transportation and trees for buildings and fuel. As trees were cleared, the land was used to produce food for local use and to be shipped to other areas. There was an abundance of salt and other minerals. Kaskaskia became the commercial center of the upper Mississippi Valley, with Fort de Chartres as one of the strongest fortifications in America. Missionaries, merchants and military moved about these centers.

Missouri's first permanent settlement, at Ste. Genevieve, was made by Kaskaskians crossing the river to mine the lead found there. St. Louis, established in 1764, grew rapidly as the French people moved from Illinois to this new location.

Kaskaskia was for almost a century the capital of the territory and was the first capital of the state of Illinois when it was admitted to the union in 1818.

All of my life in southern Illinois I had heard about Kaskaskia Island, about ancestors laid to rest in Garrison Hill cemetery and about "The Menard Mansion." I was born in another house built by Pierre Menard, still known as "The Menard Place," on bottom land across the river from the mansion. My father farmed the land.

But I had never been to Kaskaskia in all my years growing up in the area, nor in frequent return trips thereafter. Even though my parents, aunts and uncles made annual Memorial Day treks to pay homage to loved ones resting there, I failed to participate. Absence of curiosity was finally replaced with a fervent desire to learn as much as possible about this very significant connection to my ancestral roots that links me to the history of my country. Intrigue escalated into a sense of urgency after Pam engaged my help in her genealogical research project. Finally, on Memorial Day 1991 I made an exploratory journey to my ancestors' adopted homeland, accompanied by my brother Allen and my husband, Joe.

The 14,000-acre Kaskaskia Island is the only community of Illinois west of the Mississippi. Although it is just about six miles above Chester, the only entrance by vehicle is through St. Mary's, Missouri, over a bridge that spans the Mississippi River.

Kaskaskia, the first capital of Illinois, is submerged under the deep muddy waters of the Mississippi today. Now diesel-powered tugboats push trains of barges over the site of the French mission founded in 1703 in an Indian town which became a metropolis of the frontier. It was the territorial capital in 1809, and the state capital from 1818 to 1820. The city, with a population of 7,000 was damaged by floods in 1844 and again in 1851 and 1881, and high water took the final remains of the town in the spring of 1910. The Mississippi changed its course, adopted the bed of the Kaskaskia River, and, with the former Mississippi reduced to a bayou, created an Illinois island on the Missouri side of the big stream. The island of twenty thousand acres has an oval levee protecting nearly fifteen thousand acres of fertile alluvial soil cultivated by a population which has dropped from 600 to ninety-seven in recent generations.

In the new Kaskaskia, a hamlet inside the levee, the state built a small brick building to house the "Liberty Bell of the West," now cracked, its mellow tones spoiled. Rescued from the inundated Catholic Church of the Immaculate Conception, the old bronze bell, cast in LaRochelle, France, in 1741, was a gift of King Louis XV to his colonists in Illinois. To be given to the Mission Church of the Immaculate Conception said to be founded by Pere Marquette in 1675, the bell bears a French inscription: *POUR L'EGLISE DES ILLINOIS PAR LES SOINS DU D'OUTRE L'EAU,* or "FOR THE CHURCH OF THE ILLINOIS BY THE GIFT OF THE KING FROM ACROSS THE WATER." One side of the bell is ornamented with the royal lilies of France in relief. The other side bears a cross and pedestal with the top and arms of the cross terminating in a grouped *fleur de lis*.

It took two years for the 650-pound bell to arrive in Illinois after being shipped first to New Orleans and then towed up the Mississippi River by men walking along the river bank pulling ropes.

The Kaskaskia Bell is eleven years older than the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia and has rung under the rule of France, England and the United States. It rang for liberty in the west July 4, 1778, when George Rogers Clark captured Kaskaskia for the American Colonies. In 1948 it was enshrined in its present location. Each year on the Fourth of July the chimes again proclaim the liberty of our nation and the free spirit of the Kaskaskians. In recent years it has been called "Liberty Bell of the West," based on historians' accounts that the French villagers rang the bell with joy when Clark told them France had become an ally of the revolting colonies and that the rights of the church, civilian authorities and private citizens would be respected by his troopers.

Beside the bell memorial building, a modern reconstruction of the old Catholic Church houses an altar and other relics of the original church's 165 years of service to the community. Small houses in the hamlet are weather-beaten. A two-story brick school building with broken windows and nailed doors is a gaunt monument to the population shrinkage.

The island is reached from Chester by way of a toll bridge over the Mississippi. On the southwest bridgehead, at a small span over the shrunken former bed of the river, a highway sign announces the entrance to the state of Missouri. Missouri 51 proceeds for a few miles to a secondary road marked "H" which leads to U.S. 61. At the main street of this village, a side road leads to a one-way bridge, again crossing the former Mississippi channel, now a weed-choked, stagnant ditch except during spring floods. On the island an official highway department billboard welcomes you to Illinois. The distance in Missouri, from Illinois to Illinois, is 10.7 miles.

Another and more scenic view of the site of the first Illinois capital is offered at Fort Kaskaskia State

Park. A bluff high above the river affords a view across the waters covering the old townsite. Here, too, it is easier than on the island to see how the Mississippi cut across a neck of land to take the bed of the Kaskaskia River. Within the 234 acres of a state park, a cemetery contains the graves of some of the early settlers of Kaskaskia. They were removed to the hill when floods threatened their original island site. Also in the park is a fort built by the French in 1733 and rebuilt in 1755. A renegade, John Dodge, seized the ruins of the fort in 1784 and with his gang looted and raped in Kaskaskia for two years.

At the foot of the hill, the stately home of Pierre Menard, first lieutenant governor of Illinois, is preserved as a state memorial. The broad veranda when built in 1802 overlooked the Kaskaskia River, where the Mississippi now flows. The French Colonial structure and its furnishings represent the luxury housing of that era. It was the residence of Shadrach Bond, first governor of Illinois from 1818 to 1820.

Visiting this park in 1991 was like taking a trip back in time. Here on the cool grassy knoll leading down to the Pierre Menard mansion, lie my ancestors, their remains having been transplanted from Old Kaskaskia to the hill. Those stalwart immigrant colonists who left their homeland so long ago to suffer and endure unthinkable hardships as they adroitly labored to conquer the unrelenting Illinois wilderness. We are all beneficiaries of their determined perseverance. It is with great humility, gratitude and pride that I acknowledge their immense contributions to all who followed in their footsteps. Here they rest at last, forever a part of the precious land they treasured above all else.

As I viewed those remarkably well-preserved headstones dating from as far back as the early 1700s, I was filled with new resolve to assemble and record for posterity the fact of their existence.

%%%%%%%

Although the precise time that Kaskaskia was discovered and settled by White people has not been definitely fixed, the best known data determine it to have been in the year 1686. Exploring parties had been traversing the Mississippi Valley for some time before Kaskaskia was marked for settlement. A brief reference to these successive expeditions will complete the chain of events which gave origin to Kaskaskia.

Readers of Western history are familiar with the romantic adventures of James Marquette, the Jesuit missionary, and Chevalier Joliet, merchant of Quebec. These two fearless men were the pioneers of those explorations which opened the Western wilderness to the ingress of a White population.

Their first expedition was commenced on June 10, 1670. With five others, they started from Green Bay and crossed the country on the headwaters of the Fox River to the Wisconsin River, descended to its mouth and floated out upon the broad bosom of the majestic Mississippi on the seventeenth of the same month. From the time the heroic adventurer DeSoto and his brave followers had discovered this great river in 1542, its mighty current had swept along unseen by the eye of civilized man, until the day these two Frenchmen entered it at the mouth of the Wisconsin River.

Resolving to descend and see where the fresh, clear waters of this noble river were lost in the ocean, they lost no time in embarking on a perilous journey. As they passed along, they noticed the Piasau, a painted rock standing on the margin of the river, near the present city of Alton; the confluence of the Missouri's muddy current with the pure waters of the Mississippi; the "Grand Tower," a high, perpendicular rock standing near the middle of the river, about thirty miles below the present city of Chester; the mouth of the Ohio (which they thought was the Wabash).

Finally, reaching an Indian village in Arkansas, where they found the natives savage and ferocious, almost beyond control, and learning it was yet a long distance to the mouth of the river, they decided to return. One month from the day they first saw the river they commenced their homeward journey.

The pious and holy Marquette went about his missionary labors with the Indians and died suddenly soon after their return. Joliet went immediately to Quebec and spread an account of their discoveries. Electrified by the thrilling narrative of the Frenchmen's voyage, the people's spirit of adventure rose to a fever pitch. The news soon reached France and produced similar excitement there.

Impelled by the feverish zeal which these reports created, Robert De LaSalle arrived in Quebec and conceived the project of establishing a line of posts from Canada, through the Illinois country, down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. He returned to France and received a commission to return to Canada and rebuild Fort Frontinac. That job finished, he sailed again to France in the autumn of 1677.

Having fulfilled his mission to the satisfaction of the King, he received an outfit for a voyage and brought with him thirty-four immigrants to the New World, among whom was Lieutenant M. Tonti, an Italian who became the devoted friend and faithful follower of LaSalle in all his expeditions.

For five years LaSalle traveled the wilderness, around the lakes, to the mouth of the Mississippi, encountering difficulties, perils and privations almost beyond human endurance. He returned to France in 1683, and the King placed under his direction a fleet of four vessels, carrying 280 emigrants for settlement in the wild country which he had been exploring. Intending to make the mouth of the Mississippi River, dissensions arising between him and M. deBeaugeu, the marine commander, resulted in a voyage of six months which placed them at Madagarda Bay in Texas, having drifted southward of the Mississippi. Disappointment met him in every expedition as he searched in vain for the "hidden river," by which he hoped to return to Canada. He continued to traverse the marshy country along the Gulf Coast until his followers, less courageous and dying from fatigue and fever, became dispirited and refused to obey him. Mutiny arose; LaSalle was waylaid and shot dead by one of the chief conspirators.

During the two years LaSalle had been absent his lieutenant, Tonti, who had been left in command of the Illinois country, was engaged in explorations and building forts. Descending the Mississippi in search of his friend, LaSalle, he was compelled to return without any news of his long lost friend. In making this voyage Tonti established several trading posts, and the weight of authority establishes the opinion that Kaskaskia was one of them.

The presumption is therefore irresistible that M. Tonti was the first White man whose foot pressed the soil on which Kaskaskia was afterward built. As it became a permanent settlement, its existence may date from that period—1686.

Father Allous, a companion of LaSalle, came to Kaskaskia soon after the visit of Tonti, established a missionary station and became the first White man who made a permanent residence there. In a short time the French traders made their advent into the place and commenced the change from an Indian village to a French village. This transition was slow, and Kaskaskia could not be considered anything more than a trading post and mission station before the year 1712. In 1690 Father Gravier took charge and christened the missionary station *The Village of the Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin*. A chapel was erected, probably on the eastern side of the Kaskaskia River, near the residence of Mr. Menard, the remains of which are still there. The ruins of another Jesuit chapel erected just in the rear of the present church edifice are also visible, but at what time it was built is unknown. A Jesuit register commencing in 1695 has been preserved and is reportedly among the church papers of the parish.

As was previously noted, at what period the first permanent settlers came to Kaskaskia and who they were, is a matter more of conjecture than certainty, no record of them having been preserved. It is known, however, that previous to the year 1720 a considerable number of people had arrived from Canada and France by way of New Orleans and made permanent settlements. There is also uncertainty about the names of these pioneers, but the most authentic traditions corroborate the belief among present inhabitants of the Kaskaskia-Prairie du Rocher area that the following were among the principal ones of those early settlers, viz: Bazyl La Chapelle, Michael DeRousse (called St. Pierre), Jean Baptiste St. Gemme Beauvais, Langlois DeLisle, Francois Charlesville, Boucher De Montbrun, Baptiste Montreal, Antoine Bienvenu, Alexis Doza, Joseph Paget and Prix Pagi, to name a few.

It should be explained that the names by which many of the French are known are those of the names of the places from whence they came. For instance, "Beauvais" was affixed to the name "St. Gemme" because that family came from the city of Beauvais in France. The DeRousse family came from St. Pierre in France which accounts for that affix to their name. The right name of the Montreal family is unknown. The first who came from Canada were called "Montrois" because they came from Montrois; after they came to Kaskaskia, they received the name of Montreal since they came from Montreal in Canada. The St. Gemme family dropped the affix "Beauvais" after they came to Kaskaskia and are now known by the original name. Some of the descendants residing in Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, are now writing the name "St. James."

Numerous descendants of those pioneers still reside in the Kaskaskia-Prairie du Rocher area whose family surnames are often referenced in historical documentation. It would be interesting to establish the relationship, if any, of people bearing those names who still live in the area. I wonder, for example, if Melba Jean DeRousse, a high school classmate might be a descendant of the Canadian Michael DeRousse who was the progenitor of the numerous people of that name now living in the Kaskaskia-Prairie du Rocher area. The most numerous descendency of the original settlers, he was the father of Michael, Joseph, Phillip, Jerome and DeBarbeau, all of whom became prominent and influential men in the community. And I wonder if the Doza my father knew descended from Alexis Doza.

Doza was one of the colorful pioneer names. A Canadian, he was a settler of "remarkable energy and courage." His son, Alexis, became a distinguished character of Kaskaskia. Fearless, adventurous, energetic, it is related that he would make the trip from Kaskaskia to Vincennes alone and on foot, in three days. He became a carrier of dispatches between the two posts, traveling across the country when it was extremely dangerous for any white man to be found outside the villages. Another adventurer, Mr. Langlois, lived in Kaskaskia until the year 1736 when he joined the expedition under D'Artaguette (then Governor of Illinois) and Vincennes, against the Chickasaw Indians, and with them was taken prisoner and burned at the stake.

Kaskaskia was founded in 1703 and soon attracted settlers and traders. The town was originally protected by a wooden stockade designed for Indian defense only. During the French and Indian War, fearing a British attack, the French inhabitants petitioned for a fort and offered to furnish the materials. Their petition granted, Ft. Kaskaskia, made of heavy palisades, was built on the bluff above and across from the town. There it stood until 1766 when the townspeople destroyed it rather than have it occupied by the British to whom control had passed in 1765. An overlook provides a panoramic view of the wandering Mississippi River and Old Kaskaskia. Here George Rogers Clark took possession of the Illinois Country after his famous march insured victory for the American Revolution. Thirty-eight hundred bodies are buried in the Garrison Hill and Menard Cemeteries.

It is said that if the unalloyed happiness of temporal life has ever been enjoyed, it was certainly approached by those early pioneers of Kaskaskia. Surrounded by wilderness inhabited only by Indians and wild beasts, with no communication with civilized man except through tedious voyages of the traders to New Orleans, and the occasional visits to and from the villages of Cahokia and Vincennes, probably no people ever enjoyed life more.

Easygoing, openhearted, brotherly, unambitious, frank, careless of the acquisition of property, contented and joyous, they brought with them the gaieties and vivacity of Paris life. They indulged in every variety of social amusement and enjoyed more of life's pleasures than is popularly imagined. They lived in peaceful harmony and culled from each passing hour the larger share of its moments for enjoyment. Wealth, time and labor were matters of indifference; a superabundance of wheat and corn reaped from the soil with little cultivation, and supplied by the Indians with plenty of venison and bear meat, they realized no cares or anxieties.

Each family had a parcel of land in a "common field," in their French system of agriculture. The strict community system observed provided for neighbors to attend crops of a head of a family who was sick or necessarily absent. Ordinances were made to regulate the repairs of fences, time of gathering crops and opening the field for the range of stock in the fall. Each plat of land in the common field was distinctly marked out and owned in fee simple by the person to whom it was granted. A universal custom among the villagers seems to have endured, remaining popular even today, at least in some households: Upon returning home in the evening, the husband's affectionate wife and children met him at the gate of the door-yard, in full view of the village, greeting him with a kiss as "evidence of the happiness that reigned within."

D'Artaguette was sent by the French government as commissary of Louisiana to put in operation a system of government in 1708. Due to the remote distances of the settlements from each other, he could do little, and in 1712, the French government sent a wealthy merchant of Paris, Crozat, to induce a speedy colonization of the country. The nucleus of Crozat's operations was in Louisiana, but his trading posts extended throughout the Mississippi Valley. A post established at Kaskaskia was the means of creating trade in deer, buffalo and bear meat, for transportation to New Orleans and Mobile. This also stimulated the erection of mills for the manufacture of flour. Traces of these mills are still visible along the bluffs which skirt the cultivated lands. Remains of a windmill were also visible a few years ago in the prairie between Kaskaskia and Prairie du Rocher.

Crozat was succeeded in 1717 by the "Company of the West," organized in Paris to cooperate with a crazy Scotsman, John Law, in a wild banking and stockjobbing scheme and invested in fee simple to the public lands. From this source villages and individuals obtained grants and titles to such quantities of the public domain as they wanted. Merged into the "Royal Company of the Indies" in 1719, representatives transacted business under that name at Fort Chartres for the purpose of conveying lands to the settlers. A series of articles were enacted in 1721, and under these regulations the company prospered, and agriculture, commerce and population increased rapidly. A pebble of civilization had been dropped into the center of the wild ocean of savage life, and the circling ripple was well started and beginning to widen out.

Through the agency of this company, horses, cattle, hogs and chickens were introduced. Cattle were brought from Canada and were almost universally black. Horses were brought from the Spanish possessions in the south. Of Arabian stock, they had been introduced into

Spain by the Moors and brought to America by the Spaniards. The celebrated French, or "Point Ponies," have descended from this stock.

The "Company of St. Phillips," a branch of the Royal Company was organized in 1719 in Paris, and Philip Francois Renault was appointed the principal agent. Expecting to engage in mining, he brought with him about 200 miners, mechanics and laborers. He stopped in the West Indies and bought 500 Negro slaves and arrived in Illinois with ample means for prosecuting the business of the company. After this hallucination disappeared, the slaves were sold to the planters. They are the forefathers of the "French slave" population in Illinois, whose numerous descendants can now be found in Kaskaskia, Ste. Genevieve, St. Louis and many other places.

The charter of the Royal Company was surrendered in 1732, and the country reverted back again to the government of France. D'Artaguette was appointed governor of Illinois and under his administration the French settlements enjoyed their best days. A popular man, the people of his province were beneficiaries of his personal attention and energies.

In 1736, when the French government decided upon an expedition against the Chickasaw Indians, Governor Bienville of Louisville called upon the governor of Illinois for all the troops he could raise. Exerting his influence with the chiefs of the Indian tribes west of Lake Michigan, D'Artaguette collected about one thousand warriors at Fort Chartres and all the military force he could muster in the Illinois and Wabash country. The gallant Vincennes of the Wabash country united his forces with D'Artaguette. All the French soldiers that could be raised—a few regulars stationed at Fort Chartres and a few companies of volunteer militia—were rendezvoused at the fort. Preparations for the expedition to meet Bienville in the south were hastily made, and the whole army departed from Fort Chartres down the Mississippi.

D'Artaguette descended the Mississippi to the lower Chickasaw Bluffs and then crossed the country to the source of the Tallahatchie River, where, by appointment he was to meet Bienville with troops from Louisiana. When Bienville and his troops failed to show up as previously arranged, D'Artaguette, not being able to restrain the undisciplined Indians in his company, was forced to attack the enemy against his judgment. His little army was forced to retreat, and he and the gallant Vincennes and some others were taken prisoners and were burned at the stake.

The government was administered by D'Artaguette's successor, La Buissonierre, until 1751, during which time happiness and prosperity smiled upon the settlements. The Indians throughout the whole length and breadth of the valley were at peace, and the commercial intercourse between the southern and northern posts, which had been interrupted by the Chickasaws, was again resumed. Chevalier McCarty succeeded to the governorship in 1751 and held the position until a short time before the country passed into the possession of the English in 1763. M. St. Ange de Belle Rive was the last of the French governors for the Illinois country.

On the arrival of Capt. Stirling of the Royal Highlanders in 1765, Governor Rive retired to St. Louis. Capt. Stirling died at Fort Chartres a short time after his arrival and was succeeded first by Major Frazier and soon after by Col. Reed who became notorious for his military oppressions. His career was short, succeeded in 1768 by Col. Wilkins, who, by the authority of Gen. Gage, then commander of the British army in America, established a court of justice. He appointed seven judges who held court at Fort Chartres commencing on the sixth of December 1768. This was the first court of common law jurisdiction ever held in the Mississippi Valley.

In 1772 the seat of government was moved from Fort Chartres to Fort Gage, when Fort Chartres was abandoned. The British garrison which had been stationed at Fort Chartres under the command of the governor now occupied Fort Gage. Fort Gage became the seat of government and was occupied for that purpose as long as the English retained possession of the country. M. Rocheblave, a Frenchman, was commandant at the time the Fort was surrendered to Colonel Clark in 1778.

It was during the time of the Chickasaw War in 1736 that Fort Gage was built upon the high hill on the eastern side of the Kaskaskia River, opposite the town. Tradition alone is the authority for the fact of its erection at that period. It was repaired in 1756 and occupied by a French garrison during the "Old French War." From this time on, the bluff on which it stood has borne the name *Garrison Hill*. The old structure was destroyed by fire in 1766, and another fort was soon erected on the same spot by the English. This new structure was built of immense square timbers and was 290 feet long and 251 feet wide. Within the main building was a magazine constructed of stone, a commandant's chamber and some smaller houses.

The people of Kaskaskia and the West took but little part in the American Revolution during the first years of its existence. Remotely situated from the theatre of war, and menaced by no invading army, they quietly pursued their ordinary avocations, giving themselves but little concern about affairs on the Atlantic coast. Indeed, they knew little about what was going on since the means of obtaining news was scarcely sufficient to give them a correct idea of the cause of the war. The small garrison of British soldiers occupying Fort Gage passed the time in listless inactivity.

At the time Colonel Clark took the fort in 1778 it was occupied by a garrison of twenty soldiers under the command of Governor Rocheblave and strongly guarded by four cannons. As headquarters of the British Government in the West, it contained the records of the Territory from the time the English took possession in 1763. When the governor was taken prisoner in his private chamber in the Fort, his wife concealed or destroyed the archives, so that the land grants and other valuable documents of that period have been lost.

In 1778, acting under instructions of Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, Col. George Rogers Clark collected four companies of volunteers in the neighborhood of the "Ohio Falls" and "Corn Island" and set out on an expedition to take Kaskaskia.

On the banks of the Ohio they found a party of hunters from Kaskaskia from whom they obtained important information about the state of affairs there. Clark secured John Saunders from the hunting party to conduct the army 120 miles across the country. Reaching the vicinity of the fort on the eastern side of the river, Clark concealed his men until nightfall. After dark, his army was divided into three parties; two to cross the river and take the town while he led the third against Fort Gage. Colonel Clark used the "Long Knives" reputation as vicious savages to good purpose in the attack.

He directed the divisions crossing the river to enter the town from two opposite extremes, and as they came in they should frighten the quietly slumbering people into a surrender. When they had entered the town and were well distributed through it, they set up such a yelling and shouting, they frightened the unsuspecting people into the thought that the whole savage race of "Long-Knives" had broken loose upon them. Never did such a hideous, terrifying noise proceed from human beings as those Virginians kept up until the dawn of day. The terrified people were told that if they remained in their houses they would not be hurt, but if they came out, or made any resistance, they would be killed in the most barbarous manner. They surrendered their guns and every means of defense and seemed willing to accede to any demand which the invaders should make. When morning came, the appearance of the "Long-Knives" terrified them as much as their furious noise had.

While the tumultuous uproar of taking Kaskaskia was going on, Clark, at the head of the third division of his army, was quietly possessing himself of Fort Gage. The fort was well guarded with regular soldiers and cannon. Clark had neither a cannon nor any means whatever of assaulting the fort. By accident, an American in the fort, whose sympathies were with the American cause, met Captain Kenton who was leading the detachment to enter the fort and conducted Kenton and his men in by a back gate. They found a light burning, but all within were sleeping soundly; Governor Rocheblave, the French commandant of the fort, had no intimation of what was going on until awakened by Captain Kenton and informed that he was a prisoner.

The people assumed that some terrible doom awaited them, until Clark called them together and thus addressed them:

> *Who do you take us to be? Do you think we are savages—that we intend to massacre you? Do you think Americans will strip women and children, and take the bread out of their mouths? My countrymen never make war upon the innocent. It was to protect our own wives and children that we have penetrated this wilderness to subdue these British posts, from whence the savages are supplied with arms and ammunition to murder us. We do not war against Frenchmen.*
>
> *The King of France, your former master, is our ally. His ships and soldiers are fighting for the Americans. The French are our friends. Go and enjoy your religion, and worship where you please. Retain your property—and now please to inform all your citizens for me that they are quite at liberty to conduct themselves as usual, and dismiss all apprehensions of alarm. We are your friends, and came to deliver you from the British.*

Colonel Clark had now effectively conquered the Illinois country and driven the British from it. Illinois then embraced the territory out of which have been formed the states of Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois. This territory was claimed by Virginia and fell under her jurisdiction. In October 1778 the House of Burgesses created "Illinois County" which included the whole district on the "Western side of the Ohio River," and when the Virginia General Assembly met December 9, 1778, it officially recognized the success of the George Rogers Clark expedition and passed an act whereby Illinois County became official.

Patrick Henry appointed Colonel John Todd of Kentucky as lieutenant governor and civil commandant of

"Illinois County." Todd arrived at Kaskaskia on June 15, 1779, and immediately proceeded to put into operation a civil government by establishing courts and appointing officers. He administered the executive trust of Illinois County until 1782. In that year he went to Virginia on business pertaining to the county. On his return through Kentucky, he came across some old companions with whom he had formerly joined in many a skirmish with Indians. They included, among others, Colonels Daniel Boone, Logan and Cooper, and Major McGary. They were going to fight their troublesome enemies again, and Todd could not resist the temptation of joining them. But the romance of an Indian war became a sad reality; he was killed in the celebrated Battle of Blue Licks.

The successor of Colonel Todd was Timothy De Montbrun, a Frenchman. His name is attached to deeds of conveyance and other public papers now among the archives of Randolph County.

During the period of 1778-1782, the territory embraced by Illinois County was far larger than most persons of the time realized. It seems doubtful if even legislators in the Eastern Commonwealth had more than a general idea of its size. Patrick Henry, famous statesman and orator of the American Revolution, as governor of Virginia became the first governor of the Illinois area. His tenure of office began forty years before Illinois became a state.

In 1784 the Continental Congress accepted the offer of Virginia to cede this immense area to the United States and, as a result, created the Northwest Territory on the basis of an ordinance drawn up by Thomas Jefferson. The bill organizing the Territory passed in 1787, and territorial officers were appointed. General Arthur St. Clair of Pennsylvania, who had borne a conspicuous part in the revolution, was appointed governor of the newly organized territory. Winthrop Sargeant was appointed secretary, and Parsons, Barnum and Symmes were made United States judges.

The Territorial officers did not reach Kaskaskia until 1790. Upon St. Clair's arrival, the county of St. Clair was organized. A court of Common Pleas was established, and John Edgar of Kaskaskia, John Baptiste Barbeau of Prairie du Rocher and John De Moulin of Cahokia were appointed judges, each of whom held courts in the district of his residence; the county being divided into three judicial districts. William St. Clair was appointed clerk and recorder of deeds and William Biggs was made sheriff.

Col. Clark occupied Fort Gage while he remained; after he left the country and the war ceased, it was deserted, remaining without an occupant until 1801 when it was occupied for a short time by Col. Pike's regiment. After that its walls soon crumbled and fell to the ground. (Today traces of the walls are faintly visible, and the outlines of the magazine and breastworks thrown up during the time of the Revolution may yet be seen when one visits this serene well-maintained park where my ancestors rest, overlooking the remnants of Kaskaskia.)

At this period Kaskaskia was the most important place west of the Allegheny Mountains and was the point to which all immigrants into the wilderness territory directed their courses. After reaching Kaskaskia they would explore the adjacent country and select locations. Some of the soldiers under Col. Clark remained in the country or returned with their families and other immigrants to the newly conquered territory. Among these pioneers were John Dayle, James Piggat, Robert Whitehead, Bowen, Wm. Biggs, James Moore, Shadrach Bond, Robert Kidd, Luke Rutherford and James Garrison. This band of brave pioneers who opened the way for that influx of settlers which has peopled the West, reached Kaskaskia in the year 1781. Most of them soldiers accustomed to the privations of pioneer life and travel, they had pursuaded the others to come with them to the wilderness country and make their home upon the rich soil amidst the deepened forest of Illinois.

John Dayle located permanently in Kaskaskia and, being a man of some education, he taught school. Nearly all of the others were farmers and settled in the bottom above Kaskaskia. This was the first settlement of the Americans in the country, and from the fact of their settling here, the name "American Bottom" has been applied to that large extent of alluvial land along the Mississippi, reaching from Alton to Chester, a distance of about 100 miles.

About the same time, a Mr. Huff with his family and a few others left Pennsylvania and started for Illinois. Huff had married the widow Mooredock who had three sons. While ascending the Mississippi, the party was attacked by Indians near the Grand Tower, and Mrs. Huff, one of her sons and some others of the party were killed. Mrs. Huff was butchered in a horrible manner. The remnant of the party reached Kaskaskia and settled in the American Bottom. A few years afterwards Mr. Huff was killed by the Indians on the road between Kaskaskia and Prairie du Rocher. John Mooredock (stepson of Huff), whose name figures conspicuously in the early events of Illinois, harbored a spirit of unrelenting revenge against the Indians for injuries he had received in the horrible death of his mother, the death of two stepfathers and the death of a brother. The destruction to Indian life was his ruling passion, and he sought it at all times. He was the most deadly foe that ever appeared against the Indians in Illinois. He was foremost in every Indian campaign. His name was a terror to his savage enemies. In spite of the destructive vengeance that burned in his bosom for savage blood, in the civil walks of life he was kind, benevolent, sociable and gay, yielding willingly to the fascinations of agreeable society. He married a Miss Garrison, stepdaughter to Senator Shadrach Bond. Elected a member from St. Clair County to the Territorial Legislature which convened at Vincennes in 1803, he served again in the legislature at Kaskaskia in 1814. He held the rank of Major in the militia and was field officer under Governor Edwards in the campaign of 1812.

About 1782 Ichabod and George Camp came to Kaskaskia and resided for some time in the town. They made improvements west of the Kaskaskia River, not far from the residence of James O'Hara and Henry D. Simpson. Camp's Creek, which crosses the Kaskaskia and Red Bud Road between O'Hara's and Simpson's, took its name from these men. They later moved away and located at "Camp's Spring" in Missouri, a few miles west of St. Louis.

John and Israel Dodge came to Kaskaskia about the close of the Revolution. Israel Dodge was the father of Henry Dodge, late United States senator from the state of Wisconsin. Hon. A. C. Dodge, ex-United States Senator from Iowa, is the son of the Wisconsin senator. The Dodge family left Kaskaskia in 1794 and went to Ste. Genevieve where they manufactured salt at the mouth of Saline Creek, a few miles below Ste. Genevieve, on the Mississippi.

In 1784 John Edgar from the British navy reached Kaskaskia. The circumstances of his quitting the navy and seeking a home in this wild country are interesting. During the Revolution he was fighting against the Colonies in their struggle for liberty and independence. He had courted and married an American lady whose sympathies were warm and deep for the American cause. A woman of extraordinary talent and shrewdness, she was the projector of many plans by which the disillusioned soldiers in the British army made their escape and joined the Americans. On one occasion she had arranged with three soldiers to desert; she was to furnish them guns and uniforms and give them all necessary information to enable them to reach the American camp. When they came she was absent, but her husband knew of her objective and provided the outfit prepared for them by her. They were apprehended, however, and made to reveal the names of those who had assisted them. Edgar remained a while in the American army where he became the intimate friend of La Fayette, but deemed the West a better retreat for one whose life was in imminent jeopardy and came to Kaskaskia. His property was confiscated, but his wife saved about twelve thousand dollars which she shielded until joining her husband two years later in his western home. Mrs. Edgar is considered one of the foremost heroines of Revolutionary memory.

Leaving the British service for the American cause was a source of no regret with Gen. Edgar. He was an Irishman by birth, and the wrongs of England towards his native land had made their impress upon his mind. He engaged in business and stimulated the commerce of the country by his energy, enterprise and sagacity. Trading extensively in lands, he left at his death large tracts in Randolph, Monroe, St. Clair, Madison, Clinton, Washington, Perry and Jackson Counties, which are known to this day as the "Edgar Lands."

Another interesting Kaskaskia settler was John Rice Jones, a Welshman, who located in Kaskaskia in 1790 and commenced the practice of law, the first lawyer in Illinois who practiced at the bar. He remained in Kaskaskia until 1802, when he moved to Vincennes. In the same year he was appointed a United States judge of the Indiana Territory. He afterwards moved to St. Louis and finally to Washington County, Missouri, and became one of the most conspicuous men in the early days of that state. He was a candidate, in opposition to Col. Benton, for the United States Senate but was defeated. Elected by the same legislature as one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Missouri, he held that office until his death in 1824.

Rice Jones, eldest son of John Rice Jones, having acquired the profession of law in Connecticut, located in Kaskaskia in 1806 and commenced the practice with much success. He became conspicuous as a politician and had a difficulty with Governor Bond growing out of political differences, which almost resulted in a duel. The preliminaries were arranged, and the parties were upon the ground, but Jones' pistol went off by accident, just before the word was given to fire, and Bond refused to fire at Jones. The matter between Jones and Bond was amicably adjusted, but a controversy grew out of it between Jones and Dunlap, Bond's second. This quarrel became bitter and malignant. One afternoon, as Jones was standing on the side of the street, leaning against the railing of a gallery conversing with a lady, Dunlap approached and shot him dead.

The same year, 1790, Pierre, Hypolite and Francois Menard, three brothers originally from Quebec, arrived in Kaskaskia. Pierre established a mercantile house and opened a lucrative trade with the Indians. Endowed with rare business talent, a well balanced judgment and an honest purpose, he rose rapidly to a high degree of eminence and distinction among the people of the West and became the idol of the Indians. The Federal Government appointed him Indian

Agent, which post he held for many years and gave perfect satisfaction to both parties. No man ever enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the Indians more than he. They worshipped him; and though he controlled them as a father does his children, he never took advantage of that confidence and simplicity to wrong them. Purity of intention and upright honesty marked the outlines of his character. In private life he was a model. Sympathy and benevolence were his ruling traits. From his commercial transactions he realized a fortune which he cheerfully shared with the needy. No charitable call ever reached his ear without a ready response.

He was often elected a member of the legislature and was speaker of the House in 1812. He was elected lieutenant-governor of the state when it was admitted into the Federal Union. After the close of this term of office, he declined to accept public stations and devoted himself to private affairs. He died in 1844 and was buried in a vault prepared under his own supervision, in the old graveyard at Kaskaskia.

He left three sons: Pierre, Ciprion and Edmund. The two former left the county many years ago. Edmund remained on his father's old place on the eastern side of the Kaskaskia River (my birthplace).

The eldest daughter of Col. Edmund Menard, Mrs. Maxwell, lived in Kaskaskia for many years. Spending her whole life in the village of her nativity, Mrs. Maxwell lived forty years in the same house. She had in her possession a Damask rose bush which was brought from New Orleans more than a century ago. It is the first rose bush that ever bloomed in Illinois, and though it had been swept over by the floods of the last hundred years, it still retained its vigor and bloom. Many an ardent lover had plucked a gem from its stately stock.

Many distinguished characters, doctors, lawyers, businessmen and statesmen arrived in Kaskaskia in the 1790s, all instrumental in the rapid organization and expansion of the area. From this period well into the 1830s, many of the offspring of these hardworking pioneers of civilization resided in Kaskaskia and rose to positions of distinction in their own right.

Around the turn of the century, a different class of people, bringing different customs and characteristics, began to disturb the quiet repose which the happy people of Kaskaskia had enjoyed for nearly a hundred years. A rapid transition from a French village to an American city was underway. The French style of architecture had been adopted and preserved in the erection of their buildings, and though there were some fine and elegantly furnished houses, an altitude of one story was as high as they ever rose. The only brick house in the place had been standing for fifty years or more, and at the time it was built it was the only brick house west of Pittsburgh. In fact, the brick of which its walls were made were brought from Pittsburgh in flatboats. Few remnants of this interesting relic of Kaskaskia's former days remain.

When Illinois Territory was organized in 1809, Kaskaskia became the seat of government. The governor and secretary resided there, bringing all the concomitants of municipal regulations. The first session of the Territorial Legislature convened in Kaskaskia on November 25, 1812, and continued to hold its sessions there until the capital was moved to Vandalia. Kaskaskia had been since the year 1795 the county seat of Randolph County where the courts were held, from the Supreme court down to the justices.

During the period 1810 to 1820, Kaskaskia was the rendezvous of an immense floating population which gave it the air of a beehive. As previously mentioned, every immigrant to the Territory directed his course to it as the point from which to explore the country and select locations. About 1820 other towns began to spring up and claim attention. The confusion, bustle and storm raised by the swarming tide of people in Kaskaskia began to die away, leaving the village to gradually and quietly resume its original character.

Some deeply interesting historical recollections are made of "Riley's Mill" situated on the eastern side of Kaskaskia. Tradition has it that the first flour mill ever erected in Illinois may have stood upon this mill site; it is certain that a mill was standing there 150 years ago. According to title records, the name of the owner at that period was Prix Pagi. He erected a stone building and manufactured flour for the New Orleans and Mobile markets. How long he continued to run the mill is not known, but he lost his life in one of those tragic scenes common to Indian barbarity. One day while supervising the operations of the mill the premises were attacked by a band of Kickapoo Indians, and he was murdered. When the attack was made upon the mill a Negro escaped by a back way, fled to the town and gave the alarm. The people came and found the body of Pagi upon the floor mangled and cut to pieces, the head severed from the body, scalped and thrown into the hopper.

After the death of Pagi the mill was abandoned and became a ruin with only walls remaining. Around 1795 General Edgar purchased the tract of land and rebuilt the mill. Cottonwood cions planted in the mellow dirt by Mrs. Edgar and "Dice," (a Negress belonging to the family) have grown to stately trees.

General Edgar kept the mill in operation for many years, and pioneers who came to the country and settled in different parts of the county resorted to it to have their milling done. A few relics of early days still remain, retaining vivid recollections of the days when they rode astride a horse with a sack containing two bushels of corn, a distance of ten or fifteen miles to Edgar's Mill, and waited and fished in the mill-pond until their "turn" was ground. Waiting for "turns" was an interesting epoch for boys with few opportunities for socializing in their isolated homes. "Mill boys" did not require the formalities of an introduction before joining in a game of marbles or bat. It was a privilege going to the mill and the longer they had to wait, the better it pleased them. Not so with the men, however; always in a hurry, if one was ever cheated out of his "turn," which sometimes happened, a fight was the result.

All that remains of this ancient mill now is a glimpse of the northeast corner. A short distance in front of the mill stands a beautiful little mound, called "Mound Isabella," named in honor of Mrs. Edgar. Some fruit trees planted by her and Dice were at last report still growing upon this mound.

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Faith was an important part of the frontier life and early priests did their part in settling what was then a frontier land.

The first church to influence Randolph County was the Catholic Church introduced by the French. It was brought to Kaskaskia first in the form of a mission, continued on when the area became a trading center and eventually served the army when Kaskaskia became a military post. Throughout that time priests played a significant part in the residents' lives. In the late seventeenth century the French and Indians often married. Because the priests were often unfamiliar with the Indian tongue they frequently wrote the Indian names in letters from the Greek alphabet. Eventually, Father Le Bondlenger, who was chaplain of the French troops, prepared a catechism in the Indian tongue, thereby encouraging the Indians to fully participate in the Catholic faith.

As fortunes of Kaskaskia prospered so did the Church and, instead of missionaries or military chaplains, a regular priest was assigned.

The French eventually lost the Mississippi Valley to the British as a result of the French and Indian War, but it was not until the Americans penetrated the area during the American Revolution that more English sounding names began to appear in church records.

Besides attending to the faith of Kaskaskia residents, the church also supported education. The residents of Kaskaskia expressed an interest in organizing a Catholic school for their daughters. Among the men leading this drive were Pierre Menard, former lieutenant governor of the state and William Morrison, a leading merchant. By this time Kaskaskia had already been the state capital and had begun to experience some decline. Despite these possible drawbacks, The Sisters of the Visitation arrived in Kaskaskia in 1832. Their journey west had been typically hard. They had traveled from the East by stage, horse-drawn wagon and steamboat. One stage ride lasted five days. They were eventually taken by boat to St. Mary's in Missouri and then by ferryboat to Kaskaskia.

The sisters were first allowed to use the second floor of Morrison's house. (There they recorded noticing a huge crack in the wall said to have been caused by the New Madrid earthquake of 1811.)

With Col. Menard's assistance the enterprise of building a convent was advanced, and early in 1833 the foundation of the structure was laid. The sisters lived in an empty building owned by Pierre Menard while they waited for their school to be built. The Academy, when completed, was an imposing structure, the largest of its class in the West at the time. Its reported cost was an impressive thirty thousand dollars. The main building was 110 feet long, thirty-two feet wide and four stories high. The wing, two stories high, ran back 150 feet. The sisters called their school the Menard Academy in honor of their patron. Records can be found in the county courthouse that show the Academy borrowed money from Menard. On his death those loans were forgiven.

The Menard Academy opened for the reception of pupils in 1836 and continued a flourishing institution until 1844. Two days after Pierre Menard's death in 1844, torrential rains swelled the river to flood stage. The sisters were forced to flee their school and take refuge in the Menard home. Wishing to return to their school to retrieve sacred articles as well as personal items, they sought the assistance of the riverboat *Indiana* to traverse the floodwaters. During their approach the riverboat ran into the school, knocking a huge hole in the side of the building.

The devastating flood so damaged the building and the prospects of the institution that it was abandoned by the sisters. Once the flood had subsided, a home for the parish priest was made from some of the bricks which had once formed the Academy.

The Academy has since yielded to the wear and waste of time, eventually passing into ruins. It was a stately monument of the christian enterprise of these pious and holy women. They had come from Georgetown, D.C., and during their stay in Kaskaskia two of them died. The remaining four went to St. Louis and established a popular institution where members of their Order still practice their faith today.

%%%%%%%

When the town of Kaskaskia was founded in 1703, the location chosen was a narrow peninsula between the Mississippi and Kaskaskia Rivers. Although flood prone, the site controlled trade and travel on both important waterways.

The flood of 1844, the most destructive that had occurred since the Mississippi River had been known, blighted the prospects of Kaskaskia, as it did those of every place in the river bottom. Its commercial importance was destroyed, and all that which gives life and vigor to a place was paralyzed. Many of the houses were twisted and racked upon their foundations. The damage to property was incalculable.

The bottom was again inundated in 1851, and though the water did not reach the higher localities, its effects were damaging in destroying the crops of the vicinity, upon which the trade and life of the town were dependent. And again in 1857 the waters covered the bottom. These floods left their impress deeply marked upon the once beautiful cottages of the village, and but for a few buildings that were repaired and improved by the more enterprising citizens, the work of decay and ruin had commenced.

In 1881 the Mississippi River cut through the narrow strip of the land north of town and occupied the channel of the Kaskaskia River. The town was doomed.

As the Mississippi River was changing its course in the region of Old Kaskaskia and that once proud metropolis of the Mississippi Valley had almost disappeared, the graves of those who had lived there in the early days of Illinois seemed soon to be washed away.

In 1892 the legislature appropriated ten thousand dollars for the purpose of removing the remains from the cemetery to one to be selected on higher ground. On account of objections raised by their descendants, the graves of a few were left to be washed away, but there were probably more than two thousand removed to Garrison Hill, a beautiful site overlooking the Mississippi as it flows placidly over the old. The exact number will never be known, as the Mississippi had broken in and badly mixed some of the graves and part of the removal was of necessity a "wholesale" affair; however, the work was done with much credit to all concerned.

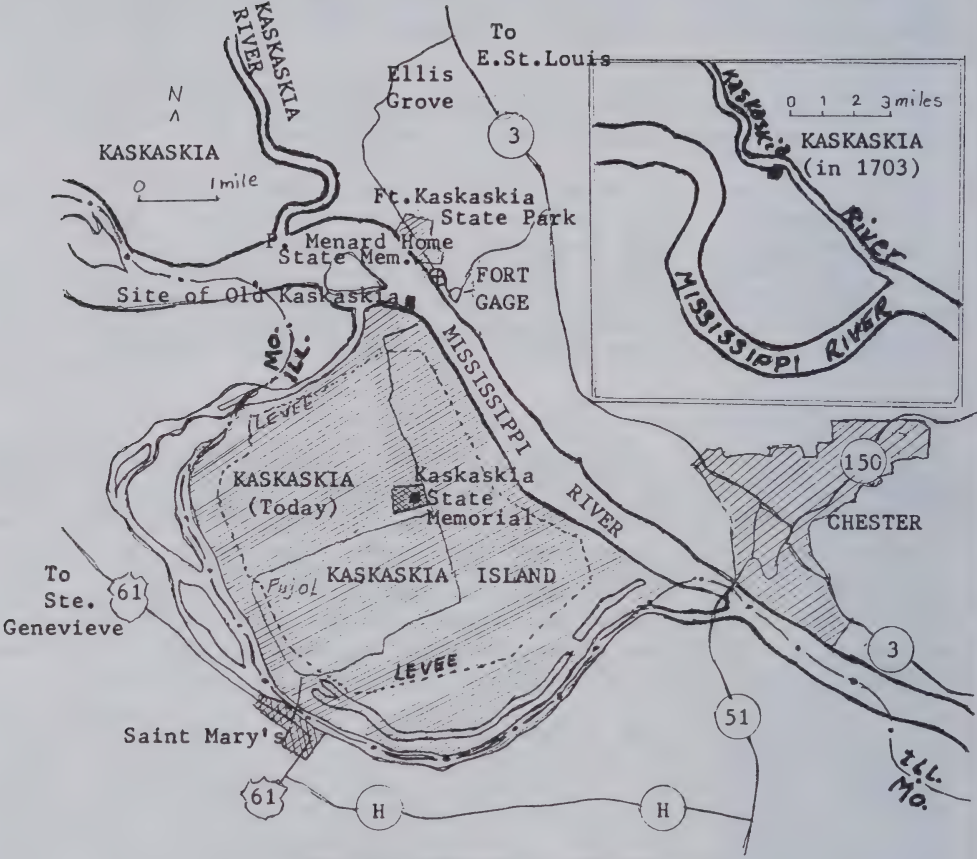
In the new cemetery on Garrison Hill stands a beautiful monument bearing this inscription:

> *Those who sleep here were first buried at Kaskaskia, and afterwards removed to this cemetery. They were the early pioneers of the great Mississippi Valley. They planted free institutions in a wilderness and were the founders of a great commonwealth. In memory of their service, Illinois gratefully erects this monument.*
>
> *1892*

In the following years the Mississippi River eroded the land and destroyed the town of Kaskaskia. By 1915 the townsite had disappeared. Only an island remained.

The original site of town and cemetery is now entirely covered by the Mississippi River, but as we view this "City of the Dead" our minds wander back more than two centuries to the time when the people of Kaskaskia laid the foundation of the "Grand Old Commonwealth of Illinois."

Destiny had fixed the fate of Kaskaskia — but it will ever claim an important place in the annals of this country. The past is secure. It can never pass into oblivion while the history of America remains. All that which imparts interest and fascination to historic recollections is found in its records and traditions. With an existence stretching back into the darkness of an unexplored wilderness, its history blends the wild romance of Indian life with the thrilling adventures of the French pioneers; their life, exploits and gaieties, for nearly a hundred years; the pious labors of the Jesuit missionaries among the untamed savages; the founding of the first parish church in America; the military exploits of the English in 1755; the transfer of the country from France to England; the extraordinary campaign of Col. George Rogers Clark; and the series of events by which the state government of Illinois was brought into existence.


KASKASKIA RIVER
N
KASKASKIA
0 1mile
To E.St.Louis
Ellis Grove
3
Ft.Kaskaskia State Park
P. Menard Home State Mem.
FORT GAGE
Site of Old Kaskaskia
Mo.
ILL.
LEVEE
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
KASKASKIA (Today)
Kaskaskia State Memorial
KASKASKIA ISLAND
Pujol
To Ste. Genevieve
61
LEVEE
Saint Mary's
61
H
H
51
3
150
CHESTER
ILL.
Mo.
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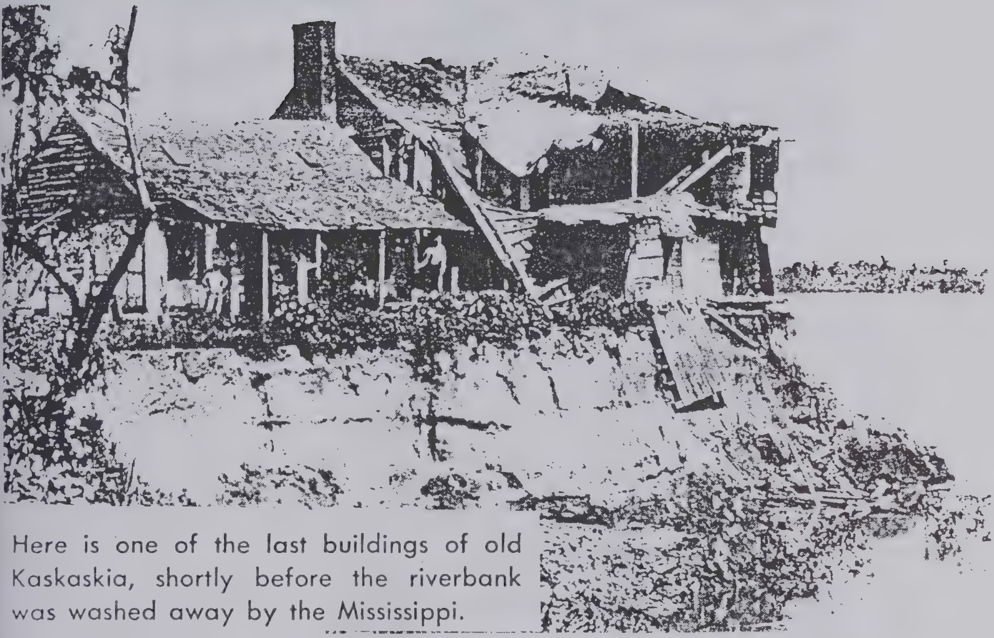
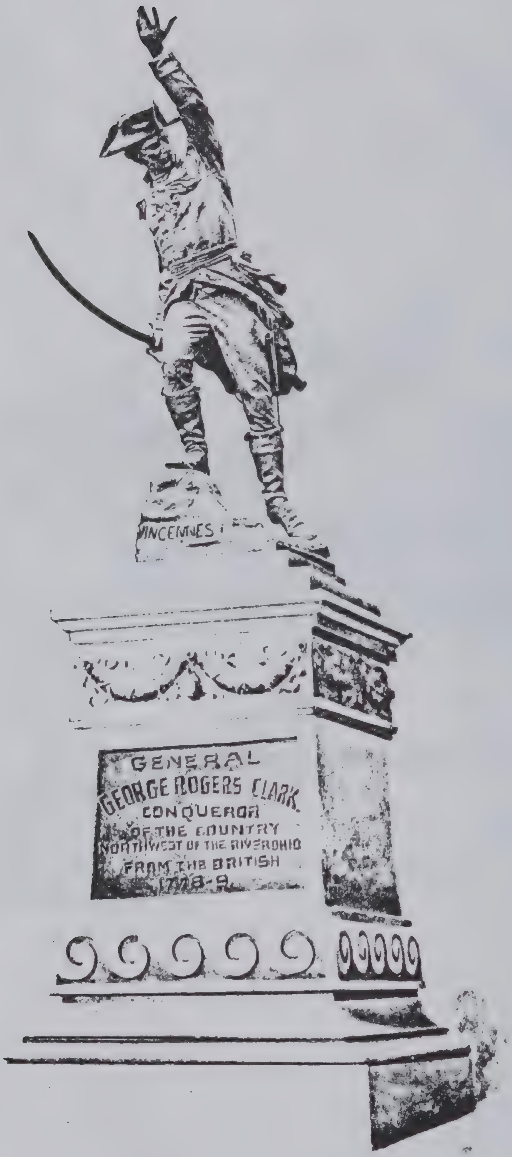
KASKASKIA (in 1703)
Kaskaskia River
MISSISSIPPI RIVER

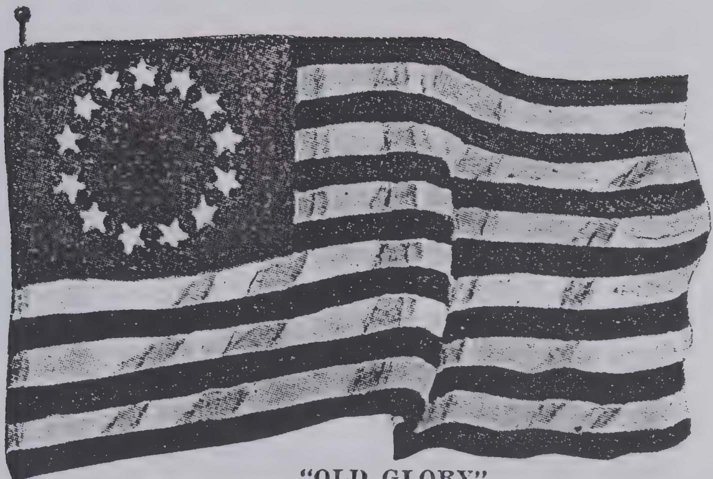
KASKASKIA BEFORE AND AFTER FLOODS



Here is one of the last buildings of old Kaskaskia, shortly before the riverbank was washed away by the Mississippi.

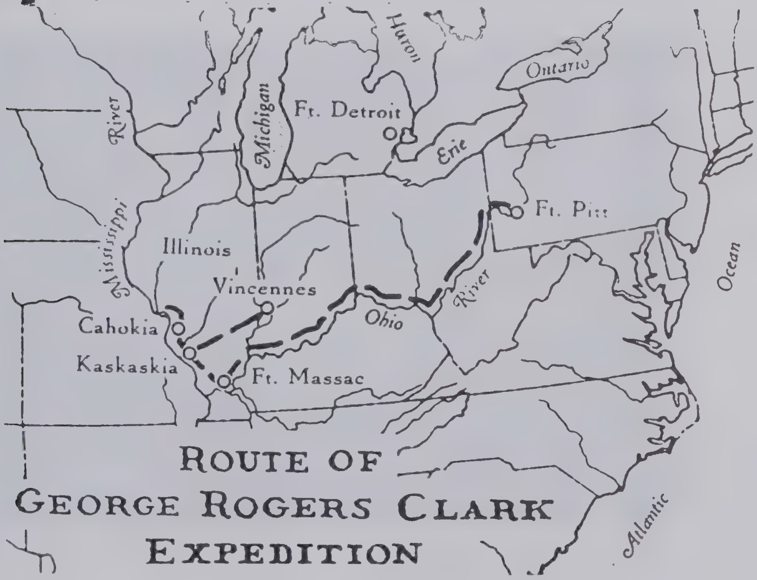

VINCENNES
GENERAL
GEORGE ROGERS CLARK
CONQUEROR
OF THE COUNTRY
NORTHWEST OF THE RIVER OHIO
FROM THE BRITISH
1778-9

THE GEORGE ROGERS CLARK STATUE
Monument Place, Indianapolis, Ind.



"OLD GLORY"

The American Flag adopted June, 1777, carried by Clark on his Expedition.


Huron
Ontario
River
Michigan
Ft. Detroit
Erie
Ft. Pitt
Mississippi
Illinois
Vincennes
River
Ocean
Ohio
Cahokia
Kaskaskia
Ft. Massac
ROUTE OF
GEORGE ROGERS CLARK
EXPEDITION
Atlantic

Kaskaskia waterway viewed
from Fort Gage

Pierre Menard Mansion

2

INDIANS

TO APPRECIATE PROBLEMS ENCOUNTERED by our forbears when they arrived to carve out an existence, we need to understand something of the Indian's position.

Questions as puzzling as the Sphinx's Riddle, questions that may never be answered, concern the aborigines of Illinois. Who were the first men on Illinois soil—and where did they come from?

The story of America is a story of brutal collision between two civilizations beginning with the arrival of Europeans in the late fifteenth century. A collision that left one civilization decimated and another precariously enthroned.

Little is known about the first humans who settled in the Americas. Historians largely agree that the earliest arrivals were likely hunters, members of Siberian tribes who crossed the Bering land bridge then existing between Siberia and Alaska into what is now Alaska, beginning about thirty to forty thousand years ago. They were nomadic people, probably unaware that they were leaving Asia. They moved restlessly through the new continent, seeking better game and better land. They engaged in forms of agriculture that required them to abandon their settlements and move to new lands every few years.

The arrival of Europeans in the New World at the end of the fifteenth century opened a new era in the history of the Americas. For the native people it was an era of death and destruction. The original Americans did gain some things of value: horses, unknown in the New World since the Ice Age; new crops and livestock—sugar, bananas, cattle, pigs and sheep—and new technologies. But these few benefits were insignificant compared to the horrible costs to the natives that resulted from their contact with the strangers from the east.

Many Europeans were themselves appalled at the callousness and violence with which their countrymen treated the native populations. From the beginning, most White immigrants considered the natives (or, as they called them, *Indians*) either obstacles to be destroyed or instruments of their own purposes, to be enslaved and exploited.

Even more destructive to the natives were deadly diseases that the explorers and settlers brought with them to America. Indian societies were tragically vulnerable to influenza, typhus, measles and smallpox, for they had not developed any immunities to the infections.

The encounter with the New World was also difficult for the Europeans. The first explorations and settlements were perilous undertakings, fatal to most and rewarding to few. With sporadic success, they managed to establish colonies and even flourishing towns. More often, however, the new colonies became places of starvation, violence and death. It was the middle of the sixteenth century before the settlers had established secure and profitable footholds.

By the late 1700s, reports of riches and opportunities in America began to spread throughout Europe. Men of many lands began to dream of beginning new lives in the New World. People of courage and vision, ambition and greed; people enchanted by the promise of an unknown land, or to escape the lands they knew; people willing to leave behind everything familiar, comfortable and predictable and seek a future in a strange and often hostile world. From their imaginings and struggles emerged a great new civilization.

For many years before Kaskaskia was known to the White man, it was an Indian village, around which the crude natives hunted and fished, boiled their corn and venison, smoked the calumet (a long, ornamented tobacco pipe used by North American Indians on ceremonial occasions, especially in token of peace) and danced to the guttural notes of discordant music. Without reference, therefore, to the Indian tribe from which Kaskaskia has taken its name, a sketch of this place of intrigue would be incomplete.

At the time the first White adventurers extended their explorations into Illinois, a confederation embracing five tribes (the Kaskaskias, the Cahokias, the Tammarais [or

Tamaroas], the Peorias and the Mitchigammies) were found inhabiting the Illinois country and were called *The Illinois Confederacy*.

The Kaskaskias occupied the country around the village which bears their name and claimed for their hunting grounds the district which now embraces the counties of Randolph, Jackson, Perry, Washington and portions of St. Clair and Monroe.

The Cahokias inhabited the region around Cahokia, another Indian village whose history commences and parallels that of Kaskaskia, situated on the eastern bank of the Mississippi River, in St. Clair County, a little below a point opposite the city of St. Louis.

The Tammarais have left no traces of their locality, except that the Twelve Mile Prairie in St. Clair County was formerly called "Prairie Tammarais," giving foundation to the opinion that this might have been their place of residence. An Indian legend has this tribe nearly exterminated in a battle with the Shawnees, fought on Six Mile Prairie in Perry County. The bones of the slain and other evidences of battle were to be seen there not many years ago. Sometime afterward, this tribe lost its national identity and united with the Cahokias.

The Peorias ranged along the Illinois River in the region of the city of Peoria and left the evidences of their battles with other tribes in that country, still visible today.

The Mitchigammies were first found along the shores of Lake Michigan. But they removed in a few years and settled about Fort Chartres and Prairie du Rocher in Illinois. Soon afterward they ceased to exist as a distinct tribe, and the remnants blended with the Kaskaskias.

These tribes were once numerous and powerful in war and successfully defended their claims to the country around the southern borders of Lake Michigan. But a series of disastrous conflicts with the doubly savage Pottowatomies, a powerful branch of the great Chippewa Nation, who claimed and exercised hunting and fishing dominion over that vast extent of country which now embraces the states of Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana and the northern portions of Illinois, so reduced their numbers that they were forced southward in search of relief from their cruel adversaries. But even here they were not secure from their savage kinsmen. Predatory bands of Kickapoos and Shawnees occasionally engaged them in war and reduced them in numbers.

One by one these tribes ceased to exist, uniting with others, until finally, in 1830, the whole Confederacy was merged into the Kaskaskia tribe and known only as the *Kaskaskia Indians.*

They cultivated some corn in the American Bottom, which, with the game they obtained by hunting, furnished them a subsistence. They exchanged their furs with the French traders for such articles of apparel as their habits of life and tastes demanded. Leading a listless, indolent life, with no higher aim or ambition than obtaining sufficient food and raiment to supply the wants of nature, they became lazy, drunken, degraded and debauched and lost that noble spirit of dignity and independence which pulses in the veins of the true Indian.

In the year 1833 (Great-Grandfather William I was nineteen years old, having arrived in Illinois approximately ten years previous) the Kaskaskias, finding their hunting grounds occupied by the industrious White man and not fitted to enjoy the privileges of encroaching civilization, they bade farewell to the land which had been the lifetime home of themselves and their fathers and joined that stubborn tide of emigration which has borne away towards the Pacific Ocean all that wild race of men, who once held undisputed possession of the continent. With tearful eyes and bitter lamentations, they turned their backs upon scenes familiar and dear and sought new hunting grounds towards the setting sun.

The tribe is now extinct, but a few of the descendants still live with other tribes of the West.

They left us their graves and their mounds, their only history. Cahokia Mounds near East St. Louis and Collinsville provide a glimpse of the birthplace of a culture that thrived and then disappeared in Illinois before Columbus discovered the New World. Archaeologists guess that the fertile Mississippi River bottoms attracted a society of hunters and gatherers to Cahokia Mounds as early as 500 or 600 A.D. By 1100 A.D., the fast-growing farming settlement's population neared twenty thousand, making it the largest city north of Mexico. Then it mysteriously ended. By 1500 A.D., Cahokia already was abandoned. What remained were huge mounds where the Cahokians buried their dead. Today, sixty-eight mounds survive within the 2,200-acre Cahokia Mounds Historic Site. Monk's Mound, named after a group of Trappist missionaries who lived in its shadow during the early 1800s, is the largest: 1,000 feet long, 800 feet wide and 100 feet high. It was erected by hand in stages over a period of 300 years, using more than 22 million cubic feet of earth. Whether these mounds were for ancestral worship or the worship of a Supreme Being—or whether they were for defense, we know not. As a race, whither did they go? Was each race exterminated by a succeeding one?

They gave us their country, but its history vanished with those who made it. All we know is that the Indians were here when the White man came. The Indians were more or less nomadic; early explorers place those east of the Mississippi into three great groups: The Muscogees, living in the South; the Iroquois or Five Nations (actually eight nations), inhabiting the country from New York to the St. Lawrence and westward to the Great Lakes; and the Algonquins, the most powerful of them all, occupying practically all the remaining territory.

When French explorer of the Mississippi, Rene' LaSalle, came in the mid-1600s he found the Indians, later known as the Illini Federation, occupying most of the region drained by the Illinois River and its tributaries. This federation was probably composed of the Kaskaskias, the Cahokias, the Peorias, the Tamaroas and the Mitchigammies.

The wise and daring Miami Federation was composed of the Miamis, the Eel-Rivers, the Weas and the Piankeshaws and occupied a broad expanse of territory in the Ohio and Wabash valleys. These tribes as well as others gradually became weaker due to wars and disease. Eel-Rivers and Weas lost their identity when they were merged with the Miamis as one tribe. The Piankeshaws remained until after the English came, a miserable remnant finally going to the West of the Mississippi.

Other tribes (not in federations) had settlements in Illinois as well: Winnebagoes, Kickapoos, Pottowatomies, Sacs and Foxes, who settled together on Rock River, and the Shawnees, who were not Algonquins but who came from Georgia and settled in the Ohio Valley. (A Piankeshaw tradition says that they themselves always lived here and that the Shawnees just came up out of the ground.)

Blanchard in his *History of the Northwest*, says: "The Winnebagoes were of the Sioux stock and may be set down as the most heroic of all, they never having been conquered on the field of battle, either by other tribes or even by the armies of the United States, as the fate of Custer's army in 1879 gives melancholy experience."

Wars among the tribes were common, each struggling for the best hunting ground. The Winnebagoes from the west, the Sacs, the Foxes and the Kickapoos from the north and the fierce Iroquois from the far east made such inroads on the Illini that they became weak and discouraged. The Tamaroas were followed to the Mississippi, and, after hundreds of the braves were killed, 700 women and children were carried away as slaves.

In 1679 LaSalle built Fort Creve Cour on Peoria Lake, but while he was on an expedition down the Illinois and the Mississippi Rivers the fort was destroyed. Not to be dismayed, he, in 1682, built Fort St. Louis on what is now known as Starved Rock. The Illini, with a rallying of their old courage, came to him and built up prosperous villages around him.

It is thus evident that the first two white settlements in Illinois, Cahokia and Kaskaskia, were simultaneous —1700. The Peorias went to the lake which now bears their name. Fear of the Iroquois seems to have been what prompted the Tamaroas and Cahokias to leave their old hunting ground but when they were at peace, many of them decided to go back.

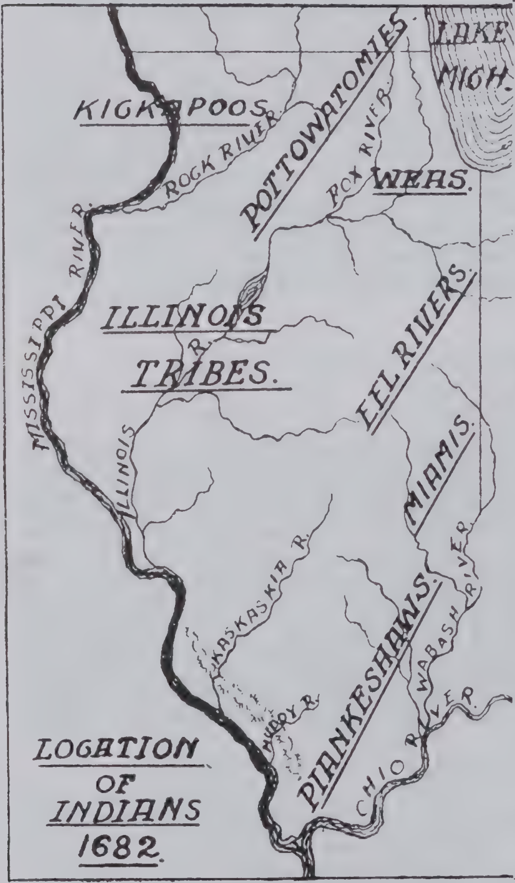
Then other old but unexpected enemies appeared on the scene.

In 1769 a Peoria Indian, bribed for a barrel of rum, killed Pontiac, an Ottawa Chief, at Cahokia. This brought on a war from the tribes that had so long been loyal to Pontiac. The Iroquois had troubles at home and never joined in, but the Sacs and Foxes, the Pottowatomies, and the Kickapoos never forgot and in that same year, the last of that noble Illini Federation took refuge on the site of old Fort St. Louis and there perished of thirst and hunger. From this tragic incident, Starved Rock gets its name.

%%%%%%%

While on his journey down the Mississippi, Jacques Marquette discovered human footprints near the mouth of the Des Moines and by tracing them a distance of five or six miles, he reached an Indian village. He called out in the Algonquin tongue, "Who are you?" and received the reply, "We are *Inini.*" This was interpreted to mean "real men" as distinguished from the Iroquois, whom these Indians hated for their cruelty. From *Inini* it changed to *Illini*; the adjective ending, *ese* or *ois*, was added and it became *Illinese* and finally *Illinois*. From that time on, *Illinois* was a general term applied to all the Indians of this region.

The maps below show about where the Indians were when the White men came and where they were when their lands came under the control of the United States of America. Their further history is uneventful except as they appear in the War of 1812 and in the Black Hawk War. Their prairies and their forests have been transformed into fields of golden grain or into magnificent cities. On their trail has been built the railroads and highways, and on tranquil rivers where their canoes glided noiselessly through calm waters, boats and barges busily engage in commerce and recreation.


LAKE MIGH.
KICKAPOOS
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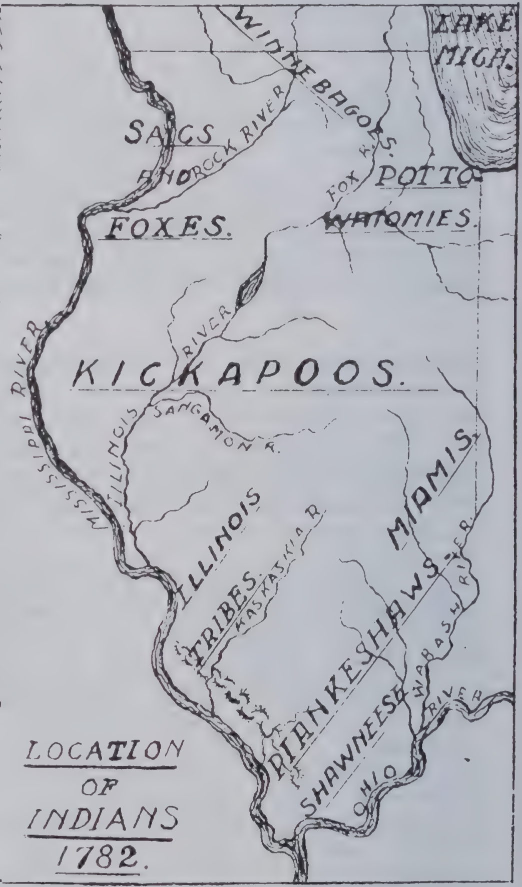
PIANKESHAWS
WABASH RIVER
MUDDY R.
OHIO RIVER
LOCATION OF INDIANS 1682.


LAKE MIGH.
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ILLINOIS
SANGAMON R.
ILLINOIS TRIBES.
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SHAWNEESE
OHIO RIVER
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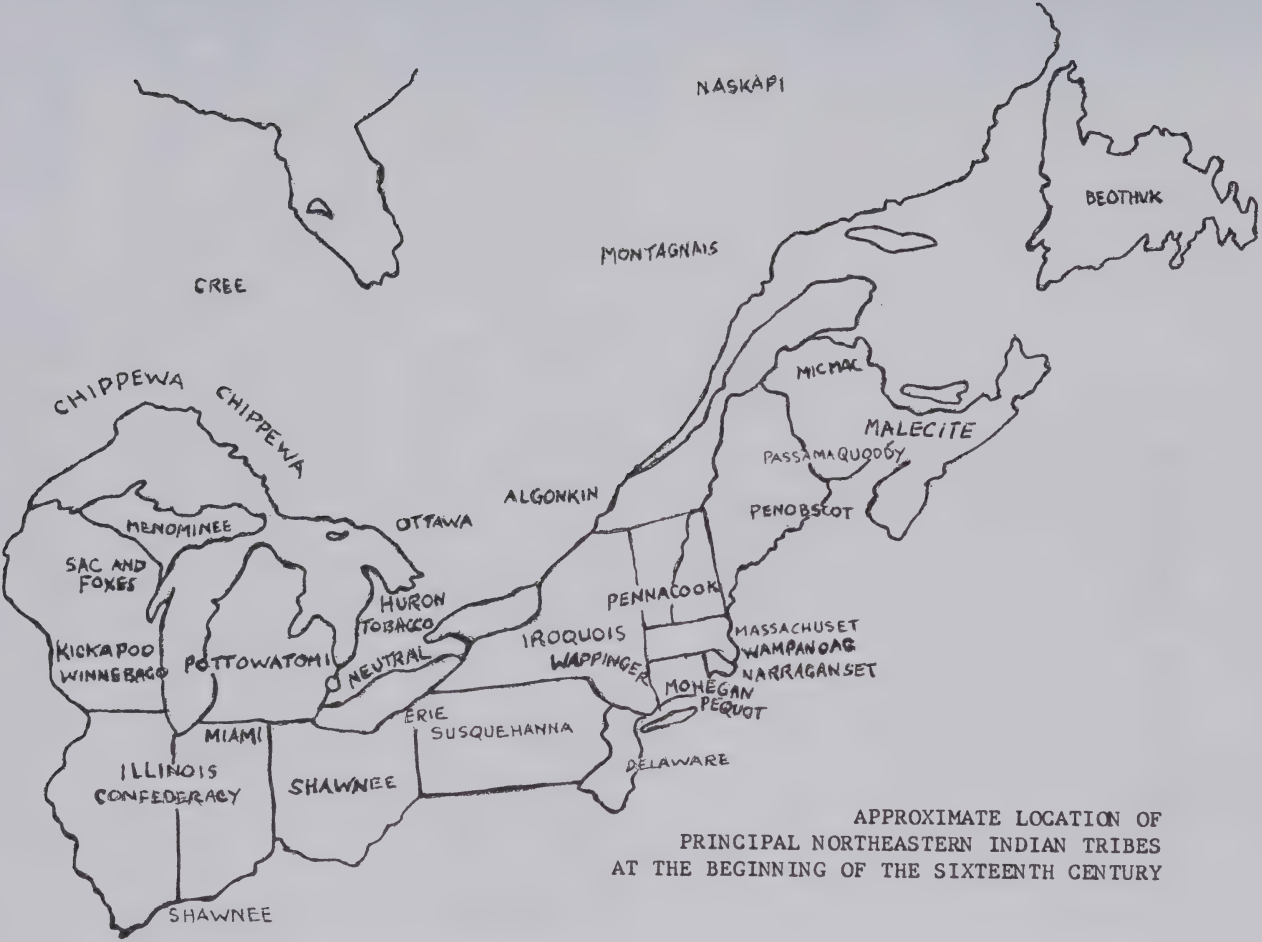
NASKAPI
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MICMAC
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PASSAMAQUODDY
ALGONKIN
OTTAWA
MENOMINEE
PENOBSCOT
SAC AND FOXES
HURON
PENNACOOK
TOBACCO
MASSACHUSET
IROQUOIS
KICKAPOO
WAMPANOAG
WINNEBAGO
POTTOWATOMI
NEUTRAL
WAPPINGER
NARRAGANSET
MOHEGAN
PEQUOT
ERIE
MIAMI
SUSQUEHANNA
ILLINOIS CONFEDERACY
DELAWARE
SHAWNEE
SHAWNEE

APPROXIMATE LOCATION OF
PRINCIPAL NORTHEASTERN INDIAN TRIBES
AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

3

ILLINOIS, ILLINOIS

Not without thy wondrous story,
Illinois, Illinois.
Can be writ the Nation's glory,
Illinois, Illinois.

MY STORY ABOUT ILLINOIS' BEGINNINGS receives added dimension from some timeworn collections of stories about the people and circumstances that gave birth to the state: *Wellner's Illinois*, an old five- by seven-inch textbook authored by Elbert Wellner (probably in the mid-1800s); *Sketches of Illinois*, written by E. J. Montague in 1859 and reprinted in part in 1948 by Elizabeth Pinkerton Leighty of Sparta, Illinois; and *Illinois History, Government, Geography* by Darrell Kilduff and C. H. Pygman.

Another valuable and prized source is *Conquest of the Country Northwest of the River Ohio 1778-1783 and George Rogers Clark*, authored by William Hayden English, President, Indiana Historical Society, published by The Bowen-Merrill Company in 1897. The two-volume set was presented to the West Lebanon, Indiana library by J. C. Goodwin in memory of John Clark. My personal young friend, Pamela Clark Hetrick of West Lebanon is a direct descendant of (one of the) John Clarks. A hand-penned notation in the front of Volume II reads:

> *Presented to West Lebanon library by J. G. Goodwin, in memory of John Clark of Clarksburg, Ross County, Ohio, whose widow, Mary Blair Clark came to* [Warren] *County Ind. with her widowed daughter, Elizabeth B_____(illegible) & Eliz A.*

Baird and entered land from government/land @ $1.25/pr acre. Dr. Wesley Clark was the youngest of the ten sons of Mary Blair Clark. Dr. Wesley Clark married Indiana Goodwin in Warren County.

This important historical account of the beginnings of Indiana and Illinois compiled by Mr. English contains in these two volumes sketches of men who served under Clark, and includes lists of those who were allotted lands in Clark's Grant, for service in the campaigns against the British posts. Many amazing events concerning the conquest of the country northwest of the Ohio are also presented.

From the earliest days of the Colonial period, England and France were rivals and fought a series of wars. Since the fighting took place in Europe and in eastern North America, these wars at first had little direct effect on the French villages in Illinois. But as the French and the English advanced along the Great Lakes and into the Ohio River Valley, they encouraged their Indian friends to fight for them. So a spirit of uneasiness swept the Illinois country. In 1753, the old wooden Fort de Chartres was replaced by a strong one made of stone, and a new French fort (Fort Ascension, later called Fort Massac) was built on the Ohio.

The designation, "1754-1763 French and Indian War," is misleading. It sounds as if the French and the Indians were warring against each other. In reality, it was the French and their Indian allies against the English and their Indian allies. None of this fighting took place in Illinois, but the villagers furnished food and men for the defense of French forts farther east.

The war ended disastrously for France. By the terms of the peace treaty, she lost all her vast holdings in North America. The land east of the Mississippi (including Illinois) was ceded to England, and Spain got the land west of the Mississippi. When the Illinois villagers learned that they were now under the rule of England, many of them moved across the river into Spanish territory. They did this because Spain was a catholic nation and would not persecute them because of their religion, as they feared England might.

England took possession of Illinois in 1765. The two-year delay after the end of the war was caused by Indian uprisings and unrest. Even after England took possession, Illinois had no effective government. A few British soldiers were stationed at the chief forts, as a warning to the Indians. But, for the most part, the French villages governed themselves.

England had bigger things to worry about than these faraway frontier villages. Parliament in London was debating its many American problems. The most serious ones were winning the friendship of the Indians, keeping a firm hand on their own thirteen ambitious colonies and establishing control over the vast region won from France.

During the Revolutionary War (1775-1783), the British had only a few regular troops stationed at their forts west of the Appalachians. These were under the command of Colonel Henry Hamilton of Detroit. He hoped that the French villages would not side with the Americans, and he thought that he could keep the American frontier settlements under control by means of his Indian allies. Frontier people in Kentucky bitterly called Hamilton the "Hair Buyer," because they believed that he paid the Indians for bringing in American scalps.

Because Kentucky had been settled mainly by people from Virginia, and because Virginia claimed that her land grant extended "from sea to sea," the fate of the frontier villages in Kentucky was of great concern to Virginians. One who felt most strongly about this was George Rogers Clark, a young Virginian who had settled in Kentucky.

George Rogers Clark's ancestry is remote on his father's side, according to Mr. English. But the tradition seems clear and positive that his paternal ancestor emigrated from England and that his name was John. It is not known from what part of England this John Clark came or who his ancestors might have been. Tradition has it that he settled on the James River in Virginia and became a planter. It seems that either on the vessel coming over or soon after his arrival, he fell in love with a Scotch girl, a "red-haired beauty," who became his wife. In Mr. English's account of the story, he indicates that the prevalence of reddish hair in the Clark family is probably traceable to this lady. As to the date that this took place, only vague mention has been ascertainable, as "about 1620 or 1630."

It is known that John and Jonathan Clark, descendants of John, the immigrant and "the red-haired Scotch lady," were living in Drysdale parish, King and Queen County, Virginia, before 1725, as this Jonathan married there in that year, according to Mr. English. Perhaps these two were grandsons, and not sons of the immigrant John; the name of John has been in every generation of this Clark family, making it difficult to trace. Mr. English, in his 1897 writing, is confident that this Jonathan was the grandfather of George Rogers Clark. It is said Jonathan's brother John died, unmarried, in Caroline County, Virginia, in 1757, leaving his estate to his brother Jonathan's son John, who was the father of George Rogers Clark. George Rogers' father, John, moved to Caroline County in the same year his Uncle John died there, so it may be that his purpose in moving was to look after the estate which his uncle had bequeathed to him.

Jonathan Clark, married in 1725, died in 1734, leaving a widow, four very young children, and a considerable estate. His wife, Elizabeth Wilson, was of Quaker parentage and said to have been a remote descendant of the celebrated martyr, John Rogers. Jonathan had apparently accumulated a handsome estate, which, as outlined in his last will and testament (contained in English's work), he left to his widow and children, John, Ann, Benjamin and Elizabeth. The will, naming Eliza Clark and "my loving friend, John Rogers," executors, was "signed" with Jonathan's mark. It seems strange that he made his mark instead of writing his name to his will, considering the general intelligence of the family and his accumulation of worth; the explanation probably being that at the time of executing the will he was paralyzed, or in such physical condition as to be unable to write his name. If that is the case, it is a remarkable coincidence that exactly the same thing happened to his great-grandson, George Rogers Clark, as he too had become paralyzed at the time his will was executed and was unable to sign his name (a situation that resulted in litigation in his case).

John Clark, the eldest brother of Benjamin, Ann and Elizabeth, married his second cousin, Ann Rogers, sixteen, in 1749. The Rogers family, like the Clarks with whom they were already related, were of English stock. Ann's grandfather, Giles Rogers, emigrated to America from Worchestershire, England, in the early part of the seventeenth century, settling in King and Queen County, Virginia. John Rogers, the son of Giles, married Mary Byrd, and they had seven sons and four daughters: Ann, the wife of this John Clark, was the second daughter. She was the mother of George Rogers Clark. Her brothers and sisters were: Lucy, Mildred, Mary, Rachel, John, George, Giles and Byrd. Two of the boys, Byrd and George, moved to Kentucky, and George Rogers Clark was named after the latter.

A conveyance of real estate executed in 1748 spells the name "Clerk." At this period in Virginia the word "clerk" was doubtless usually given the English pronunciation of "clark."

Shortly after 1748, probably 1749, John and Annie Rogers Clark moved from Kentucky to Albemarle County, Virginia. Some Rogers families, and probably also some Clark families, already resided there, and part of the land willed to John and Benjamin by their father was situated in that county. John settled on the part of the land which fell to his share, situated on the Rivanna River. Here four of his nine children were born: Jonathan, August 1, 1750;

George Rogers, November 19, 1752; Ann, July 14, 1755; and John, September 15, 1757. English states that he had in his possession an authentic abstract of title of this land down to its occupancy by the father of George Rogers Clark, and that this was certainly the homestead where General Clark was born.

George Rogers Clark's parents, John and Ann Clark moved to the southwest corner of Caroline County in 1757. Mrs. Clark's father was a surveyor and had secured much valuable land in that part of Virginia. John Clark held interest in lands there as well. Their 410 acres in Albemarle where George Rogers Clark was born was sold to Wm. Tandy for 300 pounds. At the homestead in Caroline County where the family lived for many years, six other children were born: Richard, Edmund, Lucy, Elizabeth, William and Frances. Dunmore's War, and the War of the Revolution took place during the time they lived at the Caroline homestead. The eldest son Jonathan was one of the first to enter the American army. His brothers John and Edmund were certainly in the same service. Jonathan, John, Edmund, Richard, George Rogers and William Clark are all on the list of persons receiving military bounty land warrants from Virginia for "revolutionary services," but this William Clark was the cousin and not the brother of George Rogers. The brother William served in subsequent wars, but was too young to serve in the Revolutionary War.

Thomas Jefferson was born in the same neighborhood as George Rogers Clark. Thomas was nine years the elder of the two, so they may have met, but with that much inequality in ages, it seems unlikely that any vivid recollection was carried into later life by either, especially by Clark, as he was only five when his parents moved to another county. It is well known, however, that a warm friendship existed between them to the end of their lives. Mr. English, in his account of George Rogers Clark's life, included a copy of a letter in his possession, written to Clark by Thomas Jefferson, at a time in Clark's life when he was disappointed, neglected and afflicted, both in mind and body. The brother referred to in the letter was William Clark, just then returned from the great exploration of Lewis and Clark to the Pacific Ocean, made under the auspices of Jefferson. The "bones" were specimens in natural history, a subject of great interest to Jefferson.

> *Washington Dec. 19 . 87*
>
> *Dear General*
>
> *As I think it probable your brother will have left you before the inclosed comes to hand I have left it open and request you to read it, and do for me what it asks of him and what he will do should he still be with you: That is to say to*

> *have the bones packed & forwarded for me to William (Brown), Collector at N. Orleans, who will send them on to me.*
>
> *I avail myself of this occasion of recalling myself to your memory & of assuring you that time has not lessened my friendship for you. We are both now grown old. You have been enjoying in retirement the recollection of the services you have rendered your country, and I am about to retire without an equal consciousness that I have not occupied places in which others would have done more good but in all places & times I shall wish you every happiness and salute you with great friendship & esteem.*
>
> */s/ TWJefferson*
>
> *Gen'l George Rogers Clarke*

For the sake of clarity, it should be mentioned that pioneer spelling of proper names usually reflected the English tendency to add an "e".

Not much is known of the early boyhood of George Rogers Clark. Facilities for obtaining a good education in the part of Caroline County where he was raised were probably not the best at the time, but it is known that for nine months at least, he was under the tuition of Donald Robertson, who had a reputation of being a superior teacher. It is said that young James Madison, later President of the United States, was a pupil with Clark. They were nearly the same age, but Clark did not persist in his scholastic studies like Madison, acquiring only a common English education and not very thorough even in some branches of that. He was certainly deficient in spelling, or very careless, but that seems to have been a common thing in this pioneer period. Mathematics and surveying were his favorite studies. In the latter he became quite proficient.

At that period there had been no systematic government surveys of land, and services of surveyors were in great demand. This employment suited Clark's tastes, and he entered active duties as a practical surveyor in the field when he was quite young. George Washington, who was also a young surveyor, had visited the country in the vicinity of the mouth of the Kanawha in 1770, surveying and locating land. About this time public attention was turning in the direction of the Ohio Valley, and enterprising men began to take steps to secure desirable locations, making the services of surveyors indispensable. The movement came exactly in time to suit Clark's aspirations. Full of vitality and ambition, he determined at once "to go west" and unite his destiny with a new country. He was only about nineteen years old when he crossed the mountains on an exploring and surveying expedition. One of his objects was to make a location of land for himself.

Clark spent several years in the Ohio Valley, surveying, hunting, fishing and improving the land on which he had located. He wrote to his friends at home that he was making some money surveying; was pleased with his land location; and rather enjoyed his rough frontier life. In the spring of 1773 he made a journey farther down the river with a party of Virginians on their way to Kentucky. He was back at his father's place in Caroline County in the summer of that year, then at his location on the Ohio River again shortly thereafter. He was there in the spring of 1774 when serious troubles with the Indians began. In the region of the first disturbances and associating with the men involved in them, it is possible he may also have been involved. Mr. English indicated that in Dodge's "Red Men of the Ohio Valley," it is said that . . . "in the spring of 1774 an alarm spread through the border occasioned by the killing of a white man near Wheeling by a band of Cherokees. A party of Virginia surveyors and explorers, under the lead of Captain Cresap, repaired at once to Wheeling. George Rogers Clark was one of this party."

In the latter part of July of the same year, 400 men, under Major Angus McDonald, crossed the Ohio at the mouth of Fish creek, near Clark's cabin, and destroyed some Indian villages on the Muskingum. There is some reason to believe that Clark, and William Harrod, Leonard Helm and Joseph Bowman, later captains under Clark in the Illinois campaign, went with this expedition. It is certain, according to Mr. English, that when unfortunate events in the spring of 1774 culminated in what is known as Dunmore's War, Clark was among the first to join the army. He was not in the memorable battle of Point Pleasant for he happened to be with the wing led by Dunmore which was not engaged. Whatever his rank may have been, Clark discharged his duties in such a satisfactory manner that it is said he was offered a permanent position in the English military service. He did not want that, however, because the trouble between the mother country and the colonies was then approaching a crisis, and besides, his thoughts and aspirations were all in the direction of the great west which he regarded as the best field for him in which to win success and renown.

The movement towards the west which had been slowly gathering strength before Dunmore's War rapidly increased after it. Many young, enterprising, adventurous, as well as the unfortunate, turned their thoughts towards the fair land of Kentucky, and many who had been in Dunmore's army joined the movement. Some of Clark's friends and acquaintances had already gone there, including Leonard Helm, William Harrod, Simon Kenton, Joseph and John Bowman, Isaac Hite, and others. Clark may have gone part of the way with them, increasing his desire to go farther, and it is certain that he visited the interior of what is now Kentucky in the spring of 1775.

Visions of his future military career had probably not entered his mind at this stage, as indicated in a letter to his brother Jonathan in April 1775 in which he indicated his interest was mainly as a surveyor securing desirable locations of land. He spent time at Leestown, Harrodstown and other stations, familiarizing himself with the country and people, organizing, and sometimes commanding the irregular militia of the scattered and meager settlements. He remained until the fall of 1775, by which time he determined to move permanently to this beautiful country. He returned to his old home and devoted the next winter to winding up his affairs with a view to moving west in the spring.

In the spring of 1776 Clark returned to Kentucky, resumed his relations with the settlers and soon became a leader. "He was brave, energetic, bold, prepossessing in appearance, of pleasing manners, and in fact, with all the qualities calculated to win upon a frontier people. The unorganized and chaotic condition of the country needed such a man, and the man had come." The desire to secure employment and productive land soon widened into a desire to promote the security and welfare of the people and for the creation of a better government. He could see that there was little connection between this remote country and Virginia, and it is quite likely his views turned in this direction until he came to contemplate the possibility of independent states.

Clark was instrumental in arranging a meeting at Harrodstown to get a better understanding about the complicated and unsettled matters concerning the people of the Kentucky country. In some way or other the facts and interests of these far-off settlers should be made known to the mother government of Virginia. A council of citizens was called to meet at Harrodstown on June 6, 1776, to consider the subject. He wanted to know where he and his fellow pioneers stood. Were they citizens of Virginia, entitled to the protection of the state, or were they outside her jurisdiction and therefore free to create a new government or attach themselves to any existing government, at will? He concluded that the best plan to get the facts was to send delegates to the mother country to represent them. For some reason he did not reach the meeting place until late in the day that it was held and the proceedings were so far advanced that he and John Gabriel Jones were selected as members of the Virginia Legislature, not exactly what Clark had intended. Had he been present he would have suggested that they be elected agents of the settlers with general powers, rather than as members of the Virginia

Legislature. But he cheerfully acquiesced and prepared to proceed at once to Virginia to do all in his power for the interests of the settlers.

The journey was made by land over the wilderness road. It was an etremely wet season, mud and mountains all the way, plus constant danger from Indians. He lost one of his horses and walked until his feet became blistered and sore. He and his party were disappointed in not finding any white people at Martin's fort near Cumberland Gap as they had expected; they had fled from fear of Indians. Clark and his party remained at this abandoned place some time to recuperate. They pushed on to eastern Virginia after a brief rest, only to discover that the legislature at Williamsburg had adjourned and that the members had gone home. He arrived at his father's house in Virginia on the first of November, and at Williamsburg five days thereafter, having traveled a distance of about 700 miles from Harrodstown. The fact that the legislature had adjourned was a disappointment indeed. Jones went back to the settlements on the Holston, but Clark determined to persevere and at least confer with the governor, if not with the legislature. The Governor, Patrick Henry, although ill at his home in Hanover County, was keenly interested in everything pertaining to the welfare of Virginia, and received Clark graciously, listening attentively as Clark related the condition of affairs on the western frontier.

As gunpowder seemed to be an immediate necessity, Henry gave Clark a favorable letter to the executive council of the state on the subject. However, when Clark presented the letter of authorization and urged a grant of 500 pounds of powder, the council balked because they could do only what the law authorized, and it had made no provision for such a case. Unless Clark was willing to join in the risk by agreeing to be responsible for the value of the powder if the legislature failed to legalize the transaction, they could not comply. But he refused to accept these conditions, pointing out that if Virginia claimed the Kentucky country, then Virginia should aid in its protection from the savages, and that "a country which was not worth defending was not worth claiming." These and other views forcibly presented "with spirited and manly bearing" to the council so favorably impressed them that they finally yielded to his pressure. This grant settled one of the questions Clark had been deliberating; namely, that the council recognized the Kentucky country as a part of Virginia and that it was to be defended as a part of that state.

Clark had been chiefly instrumental in laying the foundations of the great commonwealth of Kentucky, a high honor, indeed. This triumph would eventually be enlarged by the winning of a vast territory for his country, out of which has sprung six other states. The history of those states will last while the country lasts, and the name of Clark deserves honorable mention in them all.

His brother Richard and his cousin William (son of Benjamin) were with him when George Rogers Clark led the first American force into Illinois. His immediate purpose was to stop the devastating Indian raids on American settlements in Kentucky. He knew that the Indians depended on the British forts at Vincennes and Kaskaskia for supplies. If he could capture these forts, the raids on Kentucky would cease. Furthermore, his spies had told him that the French in the Mississippi Valley felt little loyalty to the British. Clark hoped that he would be able to win them over to the American side.

George Rogers Clark himself conceived the bold project of taking the Illinois country. This pleased Patrick Henry, governor of Virginia, who, on January 2, 1778, commissioned Clark lieutenant colonel, gave him orders to organize seven companies of fifty men each and to proceed to take the British post at Kaskaskia. Col. Clark gathered a band of frontiersmen skilled in woodcraft and in the use of Kentucky rifles and hunting knives. Their fame as fighting men was so great that they became known to the Indians as the "Long Knives." Clark was called "Long Knife Chief." The real object of raising these companies was kept a secret, and, in order to delude British sympathizers, a public order was given to proceed to Kentucky and protect the settlers against the Indians.

His stay in the Kentucky country in 1777 had endeared him to the inhabitants, who now looked upon him as the leader upon whom they could rely with greatest safety. They knew his active spirit was not likely to remain quiet in these dangerous times, and, Clark says, that when he was about to leave for Virginia in the fall, every eye seemed to be turned on him in expectation that he was going to undertake some enterprise that would benefit them. Some, however, thought he contemplated entering service in the Revolutionary Army of Virginia, in the east, and feared he would never return to the Kentucky frontier. "I left them with reluctance," he said, "promising them that I would certainly return to their assistance, which I had predetermined."

But Col. Clark had looked over the western field and decided he could best serve his country by leading a force against the enemy's posts in the Illinois country and on the Wabash. The authority to do it, and the men and means necessary to make it a success, could only come from the home government of Virginia. He went to Williamsburg, still capital of the state, and there, at first, quietly employed himself in settling the accounts of the Kentucky militia, showing that he had been in military authority in the Kentucky country. But all the time he was feeling his way to the development of his great plan of striking the British posts northwest of the Ohio River. Events in the east about this time were proving favorable to the adoption of his plans. The Americans were encouraged by the capture of the British army under Burgoyne and were feeling more as if they might be able to carry the war into the enemy's country. He talked confidentially about his plans to a few discreet friends, but it was two months or so after his arrival in Virginia before he ventured to lay his plans before the governor of the state.

Col. Clark first presented the matter to Governor Patrick Henry. They were not strangers to each other, and Henry, the grand old patriot, gave eager attention to the youthful Virginian. But the plans now presented by him were vastly greater in importance than those he had presented the previous year in relation to giving the settlers in Kentucky a government and the stations gunpowder. In Clark's memoir he says:

> *At first he seemed to be fond of it; but to detach a party at so great a distance, although the service performed might be of great utility, appeared daring and hazardous, as nothing but secrecy could give success to the enterprise. To lay the matter before the assembly, then sitting, would be dangerous, as it would soon be known throughout the frontiers, and probably the first prisoner taken by the Indians would give the alarm, which would end in the certain destruction of the party.*

But Henry's great mind, no doubt, grasped not only the danger the invading party might encounter, but the vast benefit it might be to the future of the country if the campaign should prove successful. He invited his confidential advisors and counselors to assist in considering this grave matter: Thomas Jefferson, George Wythe and George Mason. These distinguished gentlemen were in consultation of the subject of the contemplated campaign for several weeks, and Clark records in his memoir that every inquiry was made into his proposed plan of operations, and particularly that of a retreat, in case of misfortune, across the Mississippi into the Spanish territory. Friday, January 2, 1778, seems to have been the day the proposed expedition against Kaskaskia was formally communicated by the governor to the council and approved, to be set on foot with as little delay and as much secrecy as possible. For that purpose the governor was "to issue his warrant upon the treasurer for twelve hundred pounds to Colonel George Rogers Clark, who is willing to undertake the service, he giving bond and security faithfully to account for the same."

On the same day the order of the council was made, Governor Henry issued two sets of instructions to Colonel Clark; one for the public eye which was intended to divert attention from the real object, and the other private for his guidance in conducting the real campaign into the enemy's country.

Clark says, in his memoir, that for the purpose of encouraging those who would engage in the campaign "an instrument of writing" was signed, wherein the gentlemen who had been called in consultation with Governor Henry promised to "use their influence to procure from the assembly three hundred acres of land for each in case of success." The "instrument of writing" was a letter written to him by Thomas Jefferson, George Wythe and George Mason, on the third of January, 1778, the day after the private instructions were issued to him by Governor Henry.

A "full-sized fac-simile" of the actual letter is reproduced in William Hayden English's work.

> *Sir, Williamsburg January 3, 1778*
>
> *As some Indian Tribes to the westward of the Mississippi have lately without any provocation massacred many of the inhabitants of the frontiers of this commonwealth in the most cruel & barbarous manner & it is intended to revenge the injury & punish the aggressors by carrying the War into their own country. We congratulate you upon your appointment to conduct so important an enterprize in which we most heartily wish you success and we have no doubt but some further reward in lands in the country will be given to the volunteers who shall engage in this service in addition to the usual pay if they are so fortunate to succeed. We think it just & reasonable that each volunteer entering as a common soldier in this expedition should be allowed three hundred acres of land & the officers in the usual proportion, out of the lands which may be conquered in the country now in the possession of the said Indians, so as not to interfere with the claims of any friendly Indians, or of any people willing to become subjects of this commonwealth, and for this we think you may safely confide in the justice & generosity of the Virginia Assembly.*
>
> *We are sir yr most hble servts.*
> *Thomas Jefferson*
> *G. Wythe*
> *To G. W. Mason*
> *George Rogers Clarke Esq.*

The assurance given in this letter was subsequently carried into execution in part by the grant of 149,000 acres of land to these privates and officers in what is now Clark, Floyd and Scott counties, Indiana, known as "Clark's Grant."

Colonel Clark had estimated he would require 500 men to make the campaign a complete success. With that number he, no doubt, would have captured Detroit, as well as Kaskaskia, Cahokia and Vincennes, but he did not secure them. In a letter to George Mason, he said that his plans were interfered with by leading men on the frontiers, who, not knowing his real plans, discouraged enlistments and caused some who had enlisted to desert. When Captain Leonard Helm and Captain Joseph Bowman arrived on the first of February at Redstone, as directed by Colonel Clark, he found that their companies had largely wasted away from this cause. But in defiance of being able to muster only "about 150 men," and all other discouragements, Clark determined to start on the campaign. He had hopes of securing the additional forces needed in Kentucky. In addition, he had advanced to Major William Smith 150 pounds to recruit men from the Holston country and meet Clark in Kentucky. He had in fact already received an express from Major Smith with information that he had recruited four companies, ready to be marched to Kentucky. With the companies of Bowman and Helm already raised and his old friend, Captain William Harrod's response to his request to send men to Wheeling to pick up flour and proceed to Kentucky, he felt comparatively easy. Furthering his confidence, he had received word that the military strength in Kentucky had been largely increased by newcomers since he left there.

But he was doomed to disappointment, especially as to the forces promised by Smith, which dwindled to one company, and nearly all of that withdrew or retired without leave when Clark disclosed the objective of his campaign. In his memoir Clark says: "Meeting with several disappointments, it was late in May before I could leave the Red Stone settlement with those companies and a considerable number of families and private adventurers. Taking in my stores at Pittsburg and Wheeling, I proceeded down the river with caution." In his letter to Mason he says: "I set out from Redstone the 12th of May, leaving the country in great confusion, much distressed by the Indians. General Hand, pleased with my intentions, furnished me with every necessary and the ____ of May I arrived at the Kanawha (river), to the joy of the garrison, as they were very weak, and had the day before been attacked by a large body of Indians." He was urged by the commandant of this fort to join in pursuit of the Indians, but that was so much in conflict with his plans he could not consider it.

By this time quite a number of families and persons not belonging to Clark's regular force had taken advantage of the protection thus afforded and were journeying with him, at first not altogether to his satisfaction, but it proved a benefit to all as he himself afterwards acknowledged. In the latter part of May the whole party left the mouth of the Kentucky River for the falls of the Ohio, and, under the most discouraging circumstances, began to organize for the campaign against the British posts of the northwest. They floated down the Ohio River on flatboats, from Fort Pitt to an island in the river, afterwards widely known as "Corn Island," on account, it is said, of the first corn in that region having been raised there. (A doubtful claim, as corn was raised on Bear Grass creek as early as 1775.)

Colonel Clark tells in his memoir the reason for selecting this island:

> *I moved on to the falls and viewed different situations, but reflecting that my secret instructions were yet unknown even to the party with me, and not knowing what would be the consequence when they should be divulged . . . I wished to have everything secure as much as possible. I observed the little island of about seventy acres, opposite where the town of Lewisville now stands, seldom or never was entirely covered by the water. I resolved to take possession and fortify, which I did on ___of June, dividing the island among the families for gardens. These families that followed me I now found to be of real service, as they were of little expense, and, with the invalids, would keep possession of this little post until we should be able to occupy the main shore, which happened in the fall, agreeable to instructions I had sent from the Illinois. The people on the Monongahela hearing by word I had sent them, of this post, great numbers had moved down. This was one of the principal among other causes of the rapid progress of the settlement of Kentucky.*

This historic little island, it is said, at the time of Clark's occupancy, lay in a long and narrow tract, pretty close to the Kentucky shore, extending from a little below what is now Fourth Street in Louisville to a point opposite Fourteenth street. It was probably about four-fifths of a mile long by five hundred yards in its greatest breadth. Besides heavy timber, it had a dense undergrowth of cane which the Clark colonists were obliged to clear away for their cabins and their first crop. (Corn Island gradually disappeared by the action of the water, in consequence of the removal of timber and plowing the land.)

At Corn Island, Clark was joined by about 100 Kentuckians, and while there, picked up a party of hunters under the leadership of John Duff, an Englishman. *Hunter* was a term applied to all the free-lance wanderers, and they took neither the American nor the British side. They were, it may be said, without a country and served as connecting links between the two sides. They were experienced on the trail. Their password was "furs," and they retailed news along the way. Soon after Clark's arrival at Corn Island, Colonel John Bowman (brother to Joseph), the county lieutenant, and several other prominent Kentuckians from the interior arrived, and, after consulting with Colonel Clark, decided that Kentucky was too much exposed at that time to send many men with Clark's expedition. One company, however, was added at the falls, under the command of Captain John Montgomery, a native of Virginia, but of Irish descent. He was in the Holston country when ordered to service in protecting the Kentucky settlements and to join Clark, which he did at the falls, probably bringing with him a portion of his company from the Holston. (After the capture of Kaskaskia, Clark sent him to Virginia with prisoners and dispatches. Montgomery returned to the Illinois country in May, 1779, as lieutenant colonel with some troops he had raised on the Holston and rendered distinguished military service both in the Illinois campaign and after the regular campaign was over. He was elected a sheriff in Tennessee, but finally settled in southwestern Kentucky. Land was allotted to him in Clark's Grant for services in the Illinois campaign. He was killed by the Indians in Livingston county in that state in 1794.)

George W. May includes in his *History of Massac County* a quote from Clark's Memoir:

> *As I intended to leave the Ohio at Fort Massac, three leagues below the Tennessee, I landed on a small island (Barataria) in the mouth of that river, in order to prepare for the march. In a few hours after, one John Duff and a party of hunters coming down the river were brought to our boats. They were men formerly from the states, and assured us of their happiness in the adventure (their surprise having been owing to not knowing who we were). They had been but lately from Kaskaskia, and were able to give us all the intelligence we wished. They hoped to be received as partakers in the enterprise, and wished us to put full confidence in them, and they would assist the guides in conducting the party. This was agreed to and they proved valuable men.*

> *The acquisition to us was great, as I had no intelligence from those posts since the spies I sent twelve months past. But no part of their information pleased me more than that of the inhabitants viewing us as more savage than the neighbors, the Indians. I was determined to improve upon this if I was fortunate enough to get them into my possession, and conceived the greater the shock I could give them at first, the more sensibly would they feel my lenity and become more valuable friends.*

Clark mentioned that he wished the inhabitants of Kaskaskia to feel a horror for his "savage" men. The Kentuckians had succeeded in inspiring a great terror in the Indians for their skill in the use of the long knives. Sudden historical importance had descended on Duff. He had good reason to be polite when he faced a leader who was surrounded by nine score of armed men—and Clark had good reason to be polite to him. There was no concealing the fact that the nine score were neither seeking buffalo meat nor looking for land for a settlement. They were plainly on the warpath against the British garrisons. Therefore, Clark told Duff his objective, revealing for the first time the real purpose of the campaign. Approximately a hundred men deserted, leaving Clark with about the same number with which he had started.

The oath of allegiance was administered which, by Patrick Henry's instructions, gave Clark as much right over Duff's party as over his own army. Up to this point, Clark admits there had not been much discipline, the organization thus far rather loose and informal. As a result, those who declined to proceed with Clark did not consider themselves deserters. But now that the campaign was about to begin in earnest, military rules were thereafter rigidly enforced. Favorably impressed by John Saunders, one of Duff's party, Clark engaged him to be his guide to Kaskaskia.

About twenty families that had followed Colonel Clark were left on the island, with a few men left to guard them and the small garrison built for storing up large quantities of flour and some bacon. Major William Linn had much to do with the Clark settlement on Corn Island. He had distinguished himself a year or so before this period in aiding in the successful transportation of a quantity of powder up the river in boats from New Orleans to Pittsburgh. It is claimed that this was the first cargo ever brought up the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers from New Orleans to Pittsburgh. Major Linn was killed by the Indians in the spring of 1781. Linn's Station on Bear Grass creek near Louisville, was probably established by him.

The two Linn boys, William and Asahel, were the sons of Major William Linn. In 1784, while out hunting a few miles from the falls in company with a boy named William Wells and another named Nicholas Brashear, all celebrated names connected with conflicts with the Indians in the early pioneer period, they were taken prisoners by Indians. They were hurried off to the Indian villages, in what is now the state of Indiana, where they were kindly treated and kept several years. (It is presumed that this was the William Wells who subsequently married the daughter of the celebrated Miami chief, Little Turtle, having fallen in love with her while a prisoner. One tradition is that he returned to the Indians, and another that he did not escape with the other boys.) The rest of the boys did eventually escape. Lewis F. Linn, the son of Asahel, the youngest of these captured boys, was long a senator of the United States from the state of Missouri. There was allotted to the heirs of Major William Linn 4,312 acres of land in Clark's Grant for his services in the Illinois regiment. (My brother Lloyd and his wife, Audrey, currently reside in Linn, Missouri, a town presumably named after the distinguished Linn pioneers.)

At the same time that the object of the contemplated campaign of Colonel Clark was disclosed to his soldiers, notice was given that the expedition would start early next morning and that every man must be ready by dawn. English's observations:

> *The effect of this announcement can better be imagined than described. The rest of that day and most of the ensuing night were occupied in getting ready for departure the following morning. Here on this little island, never before inhabited, except by birds and beasts, or Indians more savage than beasts, were these first white visitors, already far away from home, now summoned still farther into a comparatively unknown wilderness upon a dangerous and doubtful mission. Here, surrounded by gigantic trees . . . cane brakes, wild flowers, vines and vegetation, almost tropical in luxuriance; within hearing of the waters of a mighty river flowing on either side . . . here, with a vast wilderness in every direction, and savage foes within easy reach, was then to be witnessed this heroic little band, in the great stir and excitement of hasty preparation . . . and there were tender last hours and last words between those who might never meet again. But there were brave hearts there, longing for active service, and quite ready to win either 'glory or the grave.' They were ready for duty, and the day of departure had come.*

It was a bright morning in June, 1778, the twenty-fourth day, when Clark's forces embarked in the boats which had been prepared to transport them down the river. As if this were not enough to excite them, nature provided a grand event: there was a great eclipse of the sun, four-fifths at least of the sun's disc being obscured at the falls of the Ohio. It was a fitting introduction of an event humble in itself, but truly great and far-reaching in its ultimate results. In his memoir Clark says:

> *On the 24th of June, 1778, we left our little island and run about a mile up the river in order to gain the main channel; and shot the falls at the very moment of the sun being in a great eclipse, which caused various conjectures among the superstitious. As I knew that spies were kept on the river, below the town of the Illinois, I had resolved to march part of the way by land; and of course left the whole of our baggage, except as much as would equip us in the Indian mode. The whole of our force, after leaving such as was judged not competent to the expected fatigue, consisted only of four companies, commanded by Captains John Montgomery, Joseph Bowman, Leonard Helm and William Herrod. My force being so small to what I expected, owing to the various circumstances already mentioned, I found it necessary to alter my plans of operation. As Post Vincennes, at this time, was a town of considerable force, consisting of near four hundred militia, with an Indian town adjoining, and great numbers continually in the neighborhood, and in the scale of Indian affairs of more importance than any other, I had thought of attacking it first; but now found that I could by no means venture near it. I resolved to begin my career in the Illinois, where there was more inhabitants, but scattered in different villages, and less danger of being immediately overpowered by the Indians. In case of necessity we could, probably, make our retreat to the Spanish side of the Mississippi; but if successful, we might pave our way to the possession of Post Vincennes. I had fully acquainted myself that the French inhabitants in those western settlements had great influence among the Indians in general, and were more beloved by them than any other Europeans . . . and that the governing interest on the lakes was mostly in the hands of the English, who were not much beloved by them. These, and many other ideas similar thereto, caused me to resolve, if possible, to strengthen myself by such train of conduct as might probably attach the French*

> *inhabitants to our interest, and give us influence at a greater distance than the country we were aiming for.*

While going down the river Colonel Clark had been overtaken by Captain Linn, who bore a message that France and America had formed an alliance.

Governor John Reynolds, in his *Pioneer History of Illinois*, describes Clark and his situation when they started across the country from the river:

> *Clark's warriors had no wagons, pack horses, or other means of conveyance of their munitions of war, or baggage, other than their own robust and hardy selves. Colonel Clark himself was nature's favorite, in his person as well as mind. He was large and athletic, capable of enduring much; yet formed with such noble symmetry and manly beauty that he combined much grace and elegance, together with great firmness of character. He was grave and dignified in his deportment; agreeable and affable with his soldiers, when relaxed from duty; but in a crisis when the fate of his campaign was at stake, or the lives of his brave warriors were in danger his deportment became stern and severe. His appearance, in these perils, indicated, without language, to his men, that every soldier must do his duty.*

On the evening of June 28 the party first stepped on Illinos soil at the mouth of Massac Creek, which Clark called a "gut" or gully. He had chosen to go overland to Kaskaskia because he believed the Mississippi to be fortified. As there was no further use for the boats, they were hidden beneath some underbrush.

In his letter to Mason, Clark said he allowed his forces to repose one night at the river, where the boats were hidden, and in the morning took a route to the northwest. They had a fatiguing journey for about fifty miles, until they came into those level plains that are frequent throughout this extensive country. He was afraid of being discovered in these meadows as they could be seen for several miles in some places.

On the third day they got lost in what is now Williamson County. Suspecting the guide, John Sanders, when he appeared confused despite frequent assurances that he knew the hunter's road that led from the east into Kaskaskia, they threatened to kill him if he was in fact a traitor, but he found the trail after an hour or two, and they discovered that the poor fellow had been simply "bewildered." Saunders (Sanders), far from being a traitor, proved himself to be a useful and faithful soldier and was rewarded for his services by an allotment of 180 acres of land in Clark's Grant.

> *On the evening of the 4th of July,* continues Clark, in his letter to Mason, *we got within three miles of the town of Kaskaskia, having a river of the same name to cross to the town. After making ourselves ready for anything that might happen, we marched after night to a farm that was on the same side of the river about a mile above the town, took the family prisoners, and found plenty of boats to cross in, and in two hours transported ourselves to the other shore in the greatest silence.*
>
> *I learned that they had some suspicion of being attacked, and had made some preparations, keeping out spies, but they, making no discoveries, had got off their guard. I immediately divided my little army into two divisions; ordered one to surround the town, with the other I broke into the fort* [Fort Gage], *secured the governor, Mr. Rochblave, in fifteen minutes had every street secured, sent runners through the town, ordering the people, on pain of death, to keep close to their houses, which they observed, and before daylight had the whole town disarmed.*

Thus were the British dispossessed, forever, of this important military post, and of the old historic town of Kaskaskia, "about which lingers more romantic interest, probably, than any other in the Mississippi Valley."

The little company of French soldiers was forced to surrender without firing a shot. The presence of Americans in the streets of Kaskaskia and even in the fort was the first signal of invasion, and the victory was won before resistance was thought of. The "Union Jack" came down and the flag of Virginia, the "Stars and Stripes," went up.

The word was given to all the soldiers who immediately took possession of the town. The people were all ordered to give up their arms, to go to their homes and not to attempt to leave under penalty of death. Colonel Clark and his army, whose bravery had won this bloodless battle, paraded the streets all night yelling like savages. The plan of frightening the people into submission worked all the better because the British had instilled into the minds of the French that the Virginian "Long Knives" were the most terrible monsters in the world. As a result, they dreaded Clark's men more than they had ever dreaded the savages.

It is almost beyond comprehension that the place was so completely taken by surprise. There must have been the best of good fortune, in addition to the exercise of great prudence and good judgment on the part of the Americans. The slightest mistake or accident might have led to their discovery and destruction. This little band of soldiers had been four days on the river, rowing, by turns, day and night, and for the next six days marching across a wild and unknown country, without roads, much of it brush or swamp, and in the range of savage foes, making ten days of continuous strain and labor, and the last two without food. Fort Gage was so fortified that it might have successfully fought a thousand men, and yet this footsore, hungry, but daring handful of Americans were determined to capture it, by surprise if possible, but to capture it at any cost.

Reynold's *Pioneer History of Illinois* tells the story of the capture in this way:

> *Clark had no cannon, or means of assaulting the fort, and therefore must use stratagem. He found the garrison unprepared for defense. The brave and sagacious Simon Kenton commanded a detachment to enter the fort; they found a light burning in it. An American, a native of Pennsylvania, was there in the fort and conducted Kenton and his small party into it by a small back gate . . . the noble Pennsylvanian was true to liberty and conducted them to the very bed chamber of the sleeping Governor Rochblave. The first notice Rochblave had that he was a prisoner was Kenton tapping him on the shoulder to awaken him.*

The next day, "with fear and trembling," a number of the old men, led by Father Gibault, begged for mercy for the people and particularly that members of families should not be separated, possibly having in mind the treatment of the Acadians. Never did a bright manhood shine more brightly through a rough exterior than when Clark answered, "Do you take us for savages?" and explained to them that their French brethren were in alliance with the Americans and that England was the common enemy. They all took the oath of allegiance to the United States of America. Cahokia and all the adjacent community promptly yielded, and Young America became firmly established on Illinois soil.

Mr. Reynolds further explains that after the conquest of Kaskaskia, Colonel Clark sent Kenton with dispatches to the "falls," and to pass by Vincennes, enroute. Kenton lay concealed during the day, for three days, and reconnoitered the village of Vincennes during the nights. He employed a trusty messenger to convey the intelligence of the feelings, numbers, and so forth, of the people of Vincennes to Colonel Clark at Kaskaskia.

Kenton was granted land for his service. It is situated in Indiana, on Fourteen Mile creek, near the line dividing Clark and Scott counties. Kenton was only a private in the Illinois campaign, likely a scout or spy; at least he received only 108 acres of land, a private's quota. Kenton was not a stranger to Clark and his captains, for he was born in Fauquier county, Virginia, in 1755, and was in service with them in Dunmore's War. Shortly after the taking of Kaskaskia he was captured by the Indians and made to suffer almost every cruelty short of death. He was made to run the gauntlet eight times, but, aided by a fur-trader's wife, succeeded in making his escape in July, 1779. He was again with Clark in campaigns against the Indians in 1781-82; was in Wayne's campaign of 1793-94, as a major, and fought at the battle of the Thames in 1813. A county in Kentucky bears his name. A writer who knew him personally has paid the following tribute to his memory: "Simple, rude, uneducated, and perhaps uncouth, he was yet the magician that changed the song of the wild-bird into the hum of human life. He followed the trail of the buffalo, and civilization followed him. After his noiseless moccasins came the heavy tramp of busy thousands, before whose strong arms disappeared the savage wilderness, giving us all that makes our existence pleasant and our country prosperous." (Donn Piatt.)

All of the towns of White people in the Illinois country west of the Wabash had now been secured, and Clark was anxious to secure Post Vincennes, which he regarded as the most important of them all. In conference with Father Gibault, chief priest of all the French towns, he learned that Abbott, the English governor, had left Vincennes and that the fort and town were virtually in possession and control of the French inhabitants. Father Gibault believed that he could secure their allegiance to the Americans by proper representation as to the treaty that had been made with France, along with assurances that they would be treated as friends. Clark agreed that his approach of acting in a spiritual capacity to secure the allegiance of Vincennes could accomplish all that was desired. The plan was settled, and Gibault, along with Doctor Jean B. Lafont, an influential gentleman acting as political agent, with their retinue, set out on the fourteenth of July. They carried with them Clark's address to the inhabitants of Post Vincennes, authorizing them to garrison their own town themselves. Father Gibault's plan worked. The people of Vincennes acceded to the proposal and took an oath of allegiance. An officer was elected, the fort immediately garrisoned and the American flag displayed, to the astonishment of the Indians. Clark said, "The people here immediately begun to put on a new face, and to talk in a different style, and to act as perfectly free men. With a garrison of their own, with the United States at their elbow, their language to the Indians was immediately altered."

Gibault and party, accompanied by several gentlemen of Post Vincennes, returned to Kaskaskia about the first of August with the joyful news. Clark had anxiously awaited this information as he felt that without the possession of this post his ambitions for the country could not be fully realized. He was at a loss to know the extent of his authority, and it was impossible to foresee the events that would take place. While awaiting their return to Kaskaskia, he had been engaged in the affairs of establishing control in other posts: a garrison at Cahokia, commanded by Captain Bowman, another at Kaskaskia, commanded by Captain Williams, and Colonel William Linn who had accompanied them as a volunteer took charge of a party that was to be discharged on their arrival at the falls, with orders to move that post to the main land.

Captain John Montgomery was dispatched to government with letters explaining proceedings thus far, and prospects ahead. Again turning his attention to Post Vincennes, he felt it necessary to have an American officer there and chose Captain Leonard Helm for the job. Because of Helm's knowledge of the general Indian character, Clark also appointed him agent for Indian affairs in the department of the Wabash, and about the middle of August Helm set out to take possession of his new command. Subsequently a few Americans and Creole volunteer troops and friendly Indians were sent to join Captain Helm at Vincennes, and with this little force and the sympathy and influence of the inhabitants, he managed to establish friendly relations with the neighboring Indian tribes. He had the good fortune to win the friendship of an influential Indian chief of the Piankeshaw tribe named The Tobacco's Son, or The Grand Door, a valuable aid in securing friendly relations with the Indians of the vicinity. These amicable relations were soon extended to other Indians up the Wabash, as far as the Wea towns near where Lafayette, Indiana, is now situated.

Clark, being in possession of all the military posts, now turned his attention to making the best terms possible with the numerous Indian tribes. They had before generally been allies of the English. But he was aided by the French who still retained much of their old influence with them. Indian affairs having thus been placed in favorable condition on the Wabash, Clark left them in charge of Captain Helm and went in person to Cahokia, where, in conjunction with Captain Bowman, he devoted himself for five weeks mainly to important Indian business, with much success. "It was," he says, "with astonishment that we viewed the amazing number of savages that soon flocked into the town of Cohos (Cahokia) to treat for peace and to hear what the big knives had to say, many of them five hundred miles distant—Chipaways, Sayges, Ottaways, Potawatomies, Missesogies, Puans, Foxes, Tauways, Maumies and a number of other nations, all living east of the Mississippi and many of them at war against us. I must confess that I was under some apprehension among such a number of devils and it proved to be just, for the second or third night a party of Puans and others endeavored to force by the guards into my lodgings to bear me off, but was happily detected and made prisoners by the alacrity of the sergeant. The town took the alarm and was immediately under arms, which convinced the savages that the French were in our interest."

Colonel Clark held many councils with various tribes. To his distinct disadvantage, he was without presents for the Indians, always considered as indispensable to successful negotiations with them. Besides, he was competing with the well supplied regular officers of the king of England, who, at Detroit, and through their agents sent out from there in all directions, were lavishing presents and promises in great profusion upon the Indians to secure their allegiance. Nevertheless, the tact and sagacity of this remarkable man secured peace with a dozen different tribes. Greatly fatigued, he returned to Kaskaskia, leaving Major Bowman to carry on at Cahokia.

But there was little time for rest as he zealously proceeded to devote all his young and vigorous energies to the service of his country. He knew his work had just begun and that his close, persistent and personal services were indispensable to the success of the American cause. He sent spies throughout all the Indian country even as far as Detroit, now casting a wistful eye towards that important post. It was the remaining "world" he hoped yet to some day conquer. However, he would soon learn that the French of Detroit, unlike those of the Illinois and the Wabash, did not seem to sympathize much, if at all, with the Americans under Clark.

The discovery of correspondence in Cahokia between a young man residing there and Governor Hamilton of Detroit was the first information as to an intended expedition of the latter against the Americans. But the information was vague and Clark supposed that, even if true, the point of attack would be Kaskaskia, it being central headquarters. "Hard weather immediately setting in," Clark says to his friend Mason, "I was at a loss what to do. Many supposed Hamilton had quit his design and come no further than Ome [a corruption of Aux Miamis, an Indian village where Fort Wayne, Indiana, is now situated]. But, receiving no intelligence from St. Vincents, I was still under some doubt of his being there, except the command had kept back the express on account of high waters . . . I intended to evacuate the garrison at Cohos in case of a siege, but was anxious to have a conference with the principal inhabitants that I knew to be zealous in our interests, to fix on certain plans for their conduct when in possession of the English, if it should be the case; and so I set out early in January, 1779, for that town, with an intention of staying but a few days." Clark took with him on this occasion a guard of six or seven soldiers and a number of French citizens, all in blissful ignorance of the fact that Hamilton had not only been in possession of Vincennes for some time, but had sent a detachment of thirty or forty men to hover about Kaskaskia and the road between there and Cahokia, with a view of capturing Clark, if possible, or some of his command. The British scouts, for whatever reason, possibly because they feared they were too few in numbers, did not attack the Americans. Judging from the way Clark speaks of the affair in the Mason letter, he evidently thought it was a close call for his liberty or life, but it is not likely he knew the danger he was in until some time later.

It was known at the gay French village of Prairie du Rocher that Clark and his party were expected there early in the evening, and it had been arranged to honor them with a grand ball. The ball came off accordingly, and with all the cordiality, vigor and vivacity for which these Creoles were famous, especially the ladies. But about midnight, when the enjoyment was at its height, a messenger arrived with the startling intelligence that the British were marching on Kaskaskia, and were only three miles away.

On December 15, 1778, Colonel Hamilton, the hair-buyer, alarmed by Clark's success, had left Detroit with eighty redcoats and 400 Indian braves, advanced upon the fort at Vincennes and demanded its surrender. By that time, winter was approaching, and Hamilton thought that no more fighting could be done until spring. He dismissed his Indian allies and sent part of his regular troops back to Detroit. With the others he settled down at Vincennes to await the coming of spring so that he could attack Clark's forces at Kaskaskia.

The information that the British were marching on Kaskaskia turned out to be a false alarm, originating presumably from the proximity of the scouting party previously mentioned. But it was regarded by all present as alarming —involving not only the inhabitants of Prairie du Rocher which was only fourteen or fifteen miles from Kaskaskia, but probably the life of Colonel Clark and the success of the American cause. Clark started an express at once, with orders to Captain Bowman at Cahokia to come to

Kaskaskia immediately, with such forces as could be spared. Clark braved every danger and had the good fortune to get back to Kaskaskia safely that same night, and proceeded immediately to put things in readiness to receive the enemy.

There was much excitement and alarm in Kaskaskia. Father Gibault was in "the greatest consternation," and not without reason, for he had rendered such services to the Americans that he might well expect to be harshly treated if captured by the British. Seeing the good priest's trouble, Clark, with his usual delicate tact, got him out of the way by sending him to the Spanish side of the Mississippi, under the pretext of looking after some important business.

But the enemy did not come. Some homes were so close to the fort that they interfered with a proper defense, and Clark unhesitatingly burned them. He relied little on the assistance of the inhabitants. He says, "the only probable chance of safety was Captain Bowman's joining me, which I expected the next evening down the Mississippi." His expectations were realized on the following day when Captain Bowman arrived with his own company and a company of volunteers from Cohos. "We now began to make a tolerable appearance, and seemed to defy the enemy," he says in his letter to Mason.

The speed with which Captain Bowman reacted to Clark's request was remarkable. The messenger had left Prairie du Rocher after midnight and delivered the message to Bowman the next day, traveling the forty-five miles through wild and unsettled country. Bowman at once rallied two companies, traveled all night, and reached Kaskaskia, over sixty miles distant, the following day. This gallant soldier was rapidly wearing out his life in the service of his country. In less than eight months thereafter he was in his grave at Vincennes, the victim of excessive labor, exposure and an injury received at the capture of Fort Sackville.

After Bowman's arrival spies were sent in every direction to locate the enemy, hoping, Clark says, that "we might get some advantage of them, choosing, for many important reasons, to attack them . . . in the field, rather than suffer them to take possession of the town. . . . Our spies returning found that the great army that gave the alarm consisted of only about forty Whites and Indians, making their retreat, as fast as possible, to St. Vincents—sent for no other purpose, as we found after, than to take me. We were now sensible that St. Vincents was in possession of the English, and consequently we might shortly expect an attack, though in no danger at present, and had some time to make preparation."

Had Colonel Clark received intelligence that Hamilton was enroute to take Vincennes, it is doubtful because of the limited number of his force and their being placed widely distant from each other where garrisons were necessary, that he could have resisted Hamilton, but it is quite probable that he would have made the attempt. Had he done so and failed again inspires the thought of what might have been the northern and western boundaries of the United States.

In a letter Clark wrote to Governor Henry in September 1778, he stated that he expected to keep the British out of the Illinois country for the rest of that year, but he intimated that it was not so certain thereafter, unless reinforced. In the letter he says, "General Hamilton of Detroit has of late been at great pains and expense to get a body of Indians to retake the Illinois, but above half the Indians that he had at his command has treated with me . . . I think I shall keep His Excellency out of possession of it this year; as for the next you are the best judge."

Captain Leonard Helm, who was in command at Fort Sackville at Vincennes, had heard of the approach of the British, but his force was utterly inadequate to defend it against Hamilton's force of five or six hundred. Hamilton fixes the number of men in the garrison under Helm at seventy, which is believed to have been an overestimate. The truth is that the men numbered as belonging to the garrison were nearly all Creole inhabitants of Vincennes, and as soon as the difference in numbers made it clear that a successful defense of the fort or the town could not be made, they gradually dropped out and joined the other inhabitants in making the best terms they could with the enemy. Captain Helm did not get information of the approach of the British army until they were within three miles of Vincennes. There is positive evidence of this and other important facts in a letter to Colonel Clark which Helm wrote and sent off by messenger, as the army was about to enter Vincennes. The messenger was killed, and the important letter, or the copy, found its way finally to the Canadian Archives.

According to both Colonel Clark and Major Bowman, Rochblave was captured on the night of the Fourth of July, 1778. It is said that at first Clark was disposed to deal gently with him, but Rochblave's language and conduct were so insulting and offensive it provoked a rather close confinement in Kaskaskia for about four weeks. He was then forwarded to the authorities of the state of Virginia at Williamsburg, under guard headed by Captain John Montgomery and Lieutenant John Rogers. Mrs. Rochblave and her seven children were left behind in Kaskaskia. The arrival of the party in Virginia, with this prominent representative of the King in the Illinois country as a prisoner, and the startling news that all the British posts and towns on the

Mississippi, from Kaskaskia to Cahokia, had been captured and were in possession of the Virginia troops, created intense excitement everywhere. It was, indeed, a most important event to the whole country, and particularly to the Old Dominion, for these were her troops, led by Colonel Clark, one of her favorite sons. The governor, greatly elated at the joyful news, communicated it to the Virginia delegates in congress by a letter dated November 16, 1778.

On the same day that the governor of Virginia wrote instructions for County-Lieutenant Todd, he also wrote an important letter of instruction to Colonel Clark.

> *You are to retain the command of the troops now at the several posts in the county of Illinois and on the Wabash . . . which troops marched out with and have been embodied by you. You are also to take the command of five other companies, raised under the act of assembly which I send herewith, and which if completed, as I hope they will be speedily, will have orders to join you without loss of time, and are likewise to be under your command. With your whole force you are to protect the inhabitants of the county, and as occasions may serve among the enemy . . . John Todd, Esquire, being appointed county lieutenant according to law . . . will have directions to act in concert with you whenever it can be done. On your part, you will give him the necessary cooperation of the troops, etc. Much will depend upon the mutual assistances you may occasionally afford each other in your respective departments, and I trust that a sincere cordiality will subsist between you . . . I must observe to you that your situation is critical. Far detached from the body of your country, placed among French, Spaniards, and Indian nations, strangers to our people, anxiously watching your actions and behavior, and ready to receive impressions favorable, or not so, of our commonwealth and its government, which impressions will be hard to remove . . . will produce lasting good or ill effects to your country. The advice and assistance of discreet good men will be highly necessary. For, at the distance of your county, I can not be consulted. General discretionary powers, therefore, are given you to act for the best in all cases where these instructions are silent and the law has made no provisions. I desire your particular attention to Mrs. Rochblave and her children, and that you suffer them to want for nothing. Let Mr. Rochblave's property, which was taken, be restored to his lady so far as it can be done. You have*

> *the sum of sixty pounds sent for her use, in case you can't find her husband's effects to restore.*
>
> *Colonel Bowman has contracted to deliver thirty-five thousand pounds bear bacon at Kentucky. But bread must be had at Illinois. You will provide it, if possible, before the arrival of the troops, or the necessity to buy it becomes generally known, as perhaps advantages may be taken by raising the price. Lay up also a good stock of powder and lead, etc.*
>
> *There is a cargo of goods at a Spanish post near you, belonging either to the continent or this state. Rather than let your troops be naked, you are to take a supply for them out of these goods . . . let an exact account be kept of what is used, and let me receive it. In your negotiations or treaties with the Indians, you will be assisted by Mr. Todd . . . you may accept of any services they offer for expelling the English from Detroit or elsewhere. In case you find presents to the savages necessary, make them sparingly as possible, letting them know our stock of goods is small at present, but by means of our trade with the French and other nations we expect plenty of goods before it is long.*
>
> *Lieutenant-Colonel Montgomery will convey to you ten thousand pounds for payment of the troops and for other matters requiring money. In the distribution of the money you will be careful to keep exact accounts from time to time, and take security where it is proper.*

On the first of the next month the governor forwarded another letter to Colonel Clark acquainting him of some alteration the legislature had made in the plan of supplying him with additional forces and making some additional suggestions regarding future operations, going still further to show how clearly the governor understood the situation and his deep solicitude for the general welfare. But for some unaccountable reason neither of these important letters seems yet to have reached Colonel Clark on the third of February, 1779, for on that day at Kaskaskia he wrote Governor Henry a letter. Beginning in a gloomy and despairing tone, he stated that he had not received any reinforcement, or even heard from the governor, for nearly a year; that Hamilton had captured Vincennes, was repairing the fort there and holding it with considerable force, while sending out Indians to harass the frontier, expecting to capture Kaskaskia and drive the Americans out of the Illinois country in the spring.

> *Being sensible that without a reinforcement, which at present I have hardly a right to expect, that I shall be obliged to give up the country to Mr. Hamilton, without a turn of fortune in my favor, I am resolved to . . . risk the whole in a single battle. I shall set out in a few days, with all the force I can raise of my own troops and a few militia that I can depend on, amounting, in the whole, to only one hundred and seventy men . . . of which goes on board a small galley . . . I know the case is desperate, but, sir, we must either quit the country or attack Mr. Hamilton. No time is to be lost. Was I sure of a reinforcement I should not attempt it. Who knows what fortune will do for us? Great things have been effected by a few men well conducted. Perhaps we may be fortunate. We have this consolation that our case is just, and that our country will be grateful and not condemn our conduct, in case we fall through; if so, this country as well as Kentucky, I believe, is lost.*

Clark was surrounded with difficulties. He had little over one hundred American soldiers. The French inhabitants had manifested so much alarm since the arrival in the country of Hamilton's army that Clark did not know with certainty that he could rely upon his French soldiers, numbering probably no more than a hundred; the Indians were now nearly all against him; he was far from the source of his supplies; he was destitute for money, provisions and other necessities, with no possible hope of aid from any quarter and so far away from Virginia that he could not even get word there in time to receive assistance, if it had been possible to obtain it. The country he was trying to hold was so vast and the two chief military posts now left him so far apart, that it was utterly impossible to hold out very long with his present resources. To use his own words, his situation was truly "desperate." "My number of men," he said, "was too small to stand a siege, and my situation too remote to call for assistance."

Not a man of the reinforcements ordered from Virginia had arrived, nor did Clark at that time know that any had been ordered. But, with great genius, strength of character and indomitable energy which ranks him with the first commanders of that period, he determined to convert a desperate condition into victory. He would do, with about two hundred men, what Hamilton had shrunk from undertaking with five or six hundred. If he waited until spring Hamilton would probably take him, so he would not wait, but march, in midwinter, and take Hamilton. "I was sensible," he said, "that the resolution was as desperate as my situation, but I saw no other opportunity of securing the country." From that hour every energy of his mind and body was wholly given to making this enterprise a success, and not only his old soldiers joined cordially in the undertaking, but the Creole soldiers as well. The French inhabitants now rendered their assistance with zeal—the women even urging the men to assist the Americans. Father Gibault was there, inspiring his people as well.

Colonel Francis Vigo, a trader in furs and a general merchant with headquarters in St. Louis, happened to be in Kaskaskia in December, 1778, when Colonel Clark received a communication from Captain Helm at Vincennes stating that he was destitute of provisions and ammunition. Colonel Clark requested Vigo to go to Vincennes for the simple purpose of furnishing the needed supplies. Vigo left Kaskaskia for Vincennes on the eighteenth of December. On December 24, about six miles from Vincennes, on the Embarras River, he was taken prisoner by a party of Indians commanded by an English officer, the garrison at Vincennes having been captured by Hamilton and the English forces a short time before, with Captain Helm being held a prisoner. The Indians took from him a valuable horse, his arms, some paper money and his saddle bags and clothing valued at five hundred dollars. He was carried to Vincennes and found Hamilton in possession of the post. He was released by Hamilton on condition that he would do nothing to injure the British cause *during his journey home*. He agreed, and departed.

During the time of his stay at Vincennes Vigo ascertained accurately the situation of the garrison, and, *after his return home* to St. Louis, he immediately went to Kaskaskia and gave Clark the information by which he was able to capture Vincennes. Colonel Clark gives the evening of the twenty-ninth of January as the date of Vigo's return to Kaskaskia. "We got every information," says Clark, "from the gentleman that we could wish for, as he had had good opportunities and had taken great pains to inform himself with a design to give intelligence." This important information caused great excitement. Captain Bowman's troops had already arrived from Cahokia. The officers were immediately called in consultation, and all agreed with Colonel Clark that the best thing to do was to march immediately against Hamilton's forces at Vincennes. On the thirty-first of January an express was sent to Cahokia for such volunteer forces as could be forwarded at once, and on the morning of February 4, a company of French and Creoles arrived from there under the command of Captain Richard McCarty. Captain McCarty had been in the British service as recently as the spring before, and probably at the time of the capture of the Illinois country in July, 1778. Exactly how he made the transition from one side to the other is not clear, but he rendered service that was entirely satisfactory in the campaign against Vincennes, and was eventually allotted 3,234 acres of land in Clark's Grant, Indiana, for his services in the Illinois campaign.

Besides the two companies of Creoles, there were two or three companies of Americans in the Vincennes campaign — Bowman's old company and a company which seems to have been commanded by Captain Worthington. On the first of February men were put to work getting a large boat, called a galley, or batteau, ready to take army supplies and a detachment of troops down the Kaskaskia and Mississippi, and up the Ohio and the Wabash, to a designated point below Vincennes, probably the mouth of White River, there to await further orders. The vessel was loaded with two four-pound cannons, four swivels, ammunition, provisions and other army supplies. Nothing equal to this boat had been seen at Kaskaskia before, and this added to the already intense military excitement. On the afternoon of the fourth of February, "The Willing," which was the name given the boat, dropped down the river amid the cheers of the forty-six men on board, and the applause of four or five companies of soldiers on shore and most of the men, women and children of Kaskaskia.

The company on board The Willing was under the command of Lieutenant John Rogers, a cousin of Colonel Clark, and son of George Rogers, after whom Colonel Clark was named.

In the meantime the enthusiasm had reached a fever pitch with the inhabitants of Kaskaskia, and a fine company of volunteers was raised among them and placed under the command of Captain Francis Charleville, about thirty-five years of age, married and a member of an old and honorable French family. All together, there were four companies in the land campaign against Vincennes, as there had been four in the campaign against Kaskaskia, and the number of men in each expedition was substantially the same. One hundred and seventy is given as the number in all the companies, not including the forty-six men who started by boat.

The fifth of February was fixed as the day of departure of the land forces. The whole population turned out to see them off — fathers and mothers, sisters and lovers, with anxious hearts to bid *adieu* to dear ones they might not see again. Father Gibault was there to absolve the troops and address them in the glowing words the occasion inspired. The hour of departure arrived, the order "Forward, march!" was given, and the gallant little army passed out of Kaskaskia, on its important mission, followed by the good wishes of the people. Around three o'clock on that afternoon the party crossed the Kaskaskia River about a mile north of the town, at Crely's ferry, the same at which Clark's invading forces crossed on the night of the preceding fourth of July, when Kaskaskia was captured from the British. There was a well defined trail from this point to Vincennes, and thence on to Detroit.

From the ferry the trail at first led north or northeast and probably passed through or near where the following towns are now situated: Sparta, Coulterville, Oakdale, Nashville, Walnut Hill, Salem, Maysville and Lawrenceville to Vincennes. The distance between Kaskaskia and Vincennes was estimated by Clark to be 240 miles, probably by the route he traveled, and was overestimated. By way of the points named, on a direct line, it is about 175 miles.

Clark's army marched only three miles the first day and remained a day or two on the high ground about two miles from the ferry where the first camp was made while making final arrangements for the bold advance against Vincennes. They were certainly on the move on the seventh. "Made a good march of about nine hours," says Bowman's journal, "the road very bad with mud and water." "Marched early on the 8th," continues Bowman, "through the waters which we now began to meet in those large and level plains where, from the flatness of the country, it rests a considerable time before it drains off. Notwithstanding which our men were in great spirits, though much fatigued." They made another day's march on the ninth; crossed the river of the Petit fork upon trees that were felled for that purpose, on the tenth. "Still raining and no tents—encamped near the river. Stormy weather." They crossed the Saline River on the eleventh and on the twelfth marched across the plains ". . . saw and killed numbers of buffaloes. The road very bad from the immense quantity of rain that had fallen. The men much fatigued. Encamped on the edge of the woods. This plain or meadow being fifteen or more miles across, it was late in the night before the baggage and troops got together. Now twenty-one miles from St. Vincents." On the thirteenth they arrived at the "two Wabashes" and set about making a canoe which was finished on the fourteenth and put into the river about four o'clock in the afternoon. "15th. Ferried across the two Wabashes, it being then five miles in water to the opposite hills, where we encamped. Still raining. Orders not to fire any guns, for the future, but in case of necessity."

Clark's memoir account of the march agrees with Bowman's.

> *. . . It was difficult and very fatiguing marching. My object was now to keep the men in spirits. I suffered them to shoot game on all occasions, and feast on it like Indian war-dancers. Each company by turns inviting the others to their feasts, which was the case every night, as the company that was to give the feast was always supplied with horses to lay up a sufficient store of wild meat in the course of the*

day. Thus . . . without a murmur, were those men led on to the banks of the Little Wabash, which was reached on the 13th, through incredible difficulties, far surpassing anything that any of us had ever experienced. We formed a camp on a height which we found on the bank of the river . . . and I immediately set to work, without holding any consultation about it, or suffering anybody else to do so in my presence; ordered a pirogue to be built immediately, and acted as though crossing the water would be only a piece of diversion. In the evening of the 14th our vessel was finished, manned and sent to explore the drowned lands on the opposite side of the Little Wabash . . . and, if possible, find some spot of dry land. They found about half an acre and marked the trees from thence back to the camp, and made a very favorable report . . . A scaffold was built on the opposite shore that was about three feet under water; our baggage ferried across and put on it. Our horses swam across and received their loads at the scaffold, by which time the troops were brought across, and we began our march.

Our vessel was loaded with those who were sickly, and we moved on cheerfully . . . this being a smaller branch than the other, the troops immediately crossed and marched on, in the water, as usual, to take possession of the nearest height they could discover . . . By evening we found ourselves encamped on a pretty height, in high spirits each laughing at the other in consequence of something that had happened in the course of this ferrying business, as they called it. A little antic drummer had afforded them great diversion by floating on his drum. All were greatly encouraged; and they really began to think themselves superior to other men, and that neither the rivers nor the seasons could stop their progress. Their whole conversation now was concerning what they would do when they got about the enemy. They wound themselves up to such a pitch that in imagination they soon took Post Vincennes, divided the spoil and before bed-time were far advanced on their route to Detroit. All this was pleasing to those of us who had more serious thoughts. We were now . . . in the enemies [enemy's] country—no possibility of a retreat if the enemy should discover and overpower us, except by the means of our galley . . . we were now convinced that the whole of the low country on the Wabash was drowned, and that the enemy could easily get to us, if they discovered

> *us, and wished to risk an action. Even if Captain Rogers, with our galley, did not get to his station agreeable to his appointment, we flattered ourselves that all would be well, and marched on in high spirits.*

The march continued on the sixteenth and seventeenth through mud and water, in drizzly and dark weather. At the break of day on the eighteenth Governor Hamilton's morning gun was heard. Marching down the river, about two o'clock they came to the bank of the Wabash. Rafts were made for four men to cross and go up to town and steal boats. But they spent day and night in the water to no purpose, for "there was not one foot of dry land to be found," Bowman relates. On the nineteenth Captain McCarty's company set to making a canoe, and at three o'clock the four men returned after spending the night on some old logs in the water. The canoe finished, Captain McCarty with three of his men embarked in the canoe and made the third attempt to steal boats. But he soon returned, having discovered four large fires about a league distant from Clark's camp, which seemed to him to be fires of Whites and Indians. "Colonel Clark sent two men in the canoe down to meet the batteau, with orders to come on day and night; that being our last hope, and we starving. Many of the men much cast down, particularly the volunteers. No provisions of any sort, now two days. Hard fortune!"

All was quiet in their camp on the twentieth, but some were near despair, many of the Creole volunteers talking of returning to Kaskaskia. One of the men killed a deer which was brought to camp and very much appreciated. At the break of day on the twenty-first they began to ferry the men over in the two canoes to a small hill called the Momib or Bubriss (Mammelle Hill). After the whole army was across, they made camp. Rain continued all day — and there were no provisions. They marched on in the waters on the twenty-second; those who were famished and weak from so much fatigue went in canoes. They stayed all night at some sugar camps where they heard the evening and morning guns from the fort. "No provisions yet," Bowman says in his log, "Lord help us!"

The continued exposure, without suitable food, shelter or rest; the labor and fatigue, together with the danger of being drowned, began to tell on the French and Creole portion of the force. While there was no mutiny, or attempt at mutiny, dissatisfaction began to be expressed, and, with it, a desire to return to Kaskaskia. It was a dangerous condition, Clark knew. He knew the character of these soldiers and resorted to various expedients to pacify them and encourage them to wade still farther through the seemingly unending sea of water. On one occasion, when there was a short halt upon a point of comparatively dry land with a wide expanse of icy water before them which had to be crossed, there was a little hesitancy on the part of some of these tired, wet, cold and hungry soldiers to again plunge into the water. In Bowman's company there was a little fourteen-year-old drummer and also an enormously tall sergeant, from the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, who stood fully six feet two inches in his stockings; strong, athletic, reliable and good-natured. Clark mounted the little drummer on the shoulders of the stalwart sergeant and gave orders to him to advance into the half-frozen water. He did so, the little drummer beating the *charge* from his lofty perch, while Clark, sword in hand, followed them, giving the command, "Forward, march!" as he threw aside the floating ice. Amused with the scene, the men promptly obeyed, holding their rifles above their heads, and, in spite of the obstacles, reached the high land beyond them safely, taking care to have the boats try to take those that were weak and numbed with the cold.

Other expedients were resorted to, such as blacking the face with powder, raising the Indian war-whoop, all joining in patriotic songs, and so forth. But the most potent, no doubt, was Clark's order to Bowman, who was his second self, to keep in the rear with twenty-five picked men and shoot down anyone refusing to march, a very effective expedient, as the fact of the order was well known among the troops.

There was no cessation of the flood. If anything, it grew worse as the party advanced. This wet condition was noticed by all travelers in early times, and especially in the region of the Wabash and its tributaries. Bowman says in his log that on the twenty-third they "set off to cross the plain called Horseshoe Plain, about four miles long, all covered with water breast high. Here we expected some of our brave men must certainly perish, it having frozen in the night, and they so long fasting. Having no other resource but wading this plain, or rather lake of waters, we plunged into it with courage, Colonel Clark being first, taking care to have the boats try to take up those that were weak and numbed with the cold into them . . . About one o'clock we came in sight of the town. We halted on a small hill of dry land called Warrior's Island, where we took a prisoner hunting ducks, who informed us that no person suspected our coming at that season of the year."

What a terrible undertaking it was. And yet the occurrence of the flood just at that time was a blessing in disguise to the Americans, for it led Hamilton to believe there was no possible danger of approach from that direction, and he was, consequently, taken entirely by surprise. "The wholly unexpected appearance of Clark before Fort Sackville was as amazing and startling to Hamilton as would have been a terrific clap of thunder in a clear sky."

Of the point of land now reached Clark says:

> *This was a delightful dry spot of ground, of about ten acres . . . fortunately, as if designed by Providence, a canoe of Indian squaws and children was coming up to town, and took through part of this plain as a nigh (near) way. It was discovered by our canoes as they were out after the men* [still having difficulty in crossing the water]. *They gave chase and took the Indian canoe, on board of which was near half a quarter of buffalo, some corn, tallow, kettles, etc. This was a grand prize, and was invaluable. Broth was immediately made out and served out to the most weakly with care; most of the whole got a little, but a great many gave their part to the weakly . . . This little refreshment and fine weather by the afternoon gave new life to the whole. Crossing a narrow, deep lake in the canoes, and marching some distance, we came to a copse of timber called the Warrior's Island. We were now in full view of the fort and town, not a shrub between us, at about two miles distant. Every man now feasted his eyes, and forgot that he had suffered anything saying that all that had passed was owing to good policy, and nothing but what a man could bear; and that a soldier had no right to think, etc.— passing from one extreme to another. . . . We observed several men out on horseback, shooting ducks, within a half a mile of us and sent out as many of our active young Frenchmen to decoy and take one of these men prisoners, in such a manner as not to alarm the others; which they did. The information we got from this person was similar to that which we got from those we took on the river; except that of the British having that evening completed the wall of the fort, and that there was a good many Indians in town.*

From Warrior's Island on was again low ground for a quarter of a mile or so to a higher point, now called Bunker Hill, which connected by a ridge with the high ground on which the town was located. These are the "heights back of the town" which Clark says he reached the evening of February 23, 1779, and from which he viewed the town. He adds: "As there was yet no hostile appearance, we were impatient to have the cause unriddled. Lieutenant Bayley was ordered, with fourteen men, to march and fire on the fort. The main body moved in a different direction and took possession of the strongest part of the town." Lieutenant John Bayley, from Virginia, had come to Kentucky in 1776 and had been with Clark from the beginning of the Illinois campaign, a faithful and efficient officer who later gained much military acclaim, then became prominent in civil affairs after returning to Kentucky , eventually becoming a preacher in the latter part of his life.

It is popularly believed that Fort Sackville, built probably in 1769, was named after the English nobleman, Lord Sackville. Another story is that it might have been named in honor of Jean Sacqueville, a French trader and soldier who was employed by the Detroit French Fur Company.

> *Our situation was now truly critical . . . no possibility of retreating in case of defeat, and in full view of a town that had, at this time, upwards of six hundred men in it, troops, inhabitants, and Indians. The crew of the galley, though not fifty men, would have been now a reinforcement of immense magnitude to our little army . . . but we would not think of them. We were now in the situation that I had labored to get ourselves in. The idea of being made prisoner was foreign to almost every man, as they expected nothing but torture from the savages if they fell into their hands. Our fate was now to be determined, probably in a few hours. We knew that nothing but the most daring conduct would insure success.*
>
> *I knew that a number of the inhabitants wished us well, that many were lukewarm to the interest of either, and I also learned that the grand chief, The Tobacco's Son, had, but a few days before, openly declared, in council with the British, that he was a brother and friend to the big knives. These were favorable circumstances; and as there was but little probability of our remaining until dark undiscovered, I determined to begin the career immediately, and wrote the following placard to the inhabitants:*
>
> *To the Inhabitants of Vincennes:*
>
> > *Being now within two miles of your village with my army, determined to take your fort this night, and not being willing to surprise you, I take this opportunity to request such of you as are true citizens and willing to enjoy the liberty which I bring you, to remain still in your houses and those, if any there be, who are friends of the King,*

> *let them instantly repair to the fort and join the hair-buyer general and fight like men. If any of the latter do not go to the fort and shall be discovered afterwards, they may depend upon severe punishment. On the contrary, those who are true friends to liberty, may depend upon being well treated and I once more request them to keep out of the streets, for every one I find in arms on my arrival shall be treated as an enemy.*
>
> *Respectfully yours,*
> **George Rogers Clark**

I had various ideas on the supposed results of this letter. I knew that it could do us no damage; but that it would cause the lukewarm to be decided, encourage our friends, and astonish our enemies. That they would . . . suppose the army was from Kentucky and not from Illinois, as it would be thought impossible to march from thence . . . several gentlemen sent their compliments to their friends under borrowed names well known at St. Vincennes, and the person supposed to have been at Kentucky. The soldiers all had instructions that in their common conversation when speaking of our numbers, should be such that a stranger overhearing must suppose that there was near a thousand of us.

A little before sunset we moved and displayed ourselves in full view of the town crowds gazing at us. We were plunging ourselves into certain destruction, or success. There was no midway thought of. We moved on slowly in full view of the town; but, as it was a point of some consequence to us to make ourselves appear as formidable as possible, we, in leaving the covert that we were in, marched and counter-marched in such a manner that we appeared numerous. In raising volunteers in the Illinois, every person that set about the business had a set of colors given him, which they brought with them, to the amount of ten or twelve pairs. These were displayed to the best advantage; and as the low plain we marched through was not a perfect level, but had frequent raisings in it seven or eight feet higher than the common level which was covered with water, and as these raisings generally run in an oblique direction to the town, we took the advantage of one of them, marching

> *through the water under it, which completely prevented our being numbered. But our colors showed considerable above the heights, as they were fixed on long poles procured for the purpose, and at a distance made no despicable appearance; and as our young Frenchmen had, while we lay on the Warrior's Island, decoyed and taken several fowlers, with their horses, and rode about more completely to deceive the enemy. In this manner we moved and directed our march in such a way as to suffer it to be dark before we had advanced more than half way to the town. We then suddenly altered our direction, and crossed ponds where they could not have suspected us, and about eight o'clock gained the heights back of the town.*

The fort being "finished" and "in a tolerable state of defense," a more vigorous and successful resistance was to have been expected with the aid of cannon and a protected garrison of seventy-nine men, against one hundred and seventy hungry and tired backwoodsmen, without any of the appliances of war, except ordinary hunting rifles, and a very limited supply of ammunition. Clark's men had been almost entirely without food, and in water most of the time, for six days.

Lieutenant Bayley's party was the first to arrive within firing distance of the fort. Clark says:

> *The firing now commenced on the fort, but they did not believe it was an enemy, until one of their men was shot down through a port, as drunken Indians frequently saluted the fort after night. The drums now sounded, and the business fairly commenced on both sides. Reinforcements were sent to the attack of the garrison, while other arrangements making in town. . . . We now found that the garrison had known nothing of us; that, having finished the fort that evening, they had amused themselves at different games, and had just retired before my letter arrived, as it was near roll-call. The placard being made public, many of the inhabitants were afraid to show themselves out of the houses for fear of giving offense, and not one dare give information. Our friends flew to the commons and other convenient places to view the pleasing sight. This was observed from the garrison, and the reason asked, but a satisfactory excuse was given; and as a part of the town lay between our line of march and the garrison, we could not be seen by the sentinels on the walls.*

There is a tradition that, at the time the Americans approached the fort, some of the British officers were enjoying a game of cards, as well as a little hot whiskey toddy, which was being prepared under the supervision of Captain Leonard Helm, who had won the favor of his captors by his genial bearing and his skill in compounding this favorite drink. Some of the balls of the first volley fired by Clark's men struck the chimney and brought down a lot of dirt into the vessel containing the toddy. Helm recognized the situation instantly and exclaimed, with an oath: "Gentlemen, that is Clark's soldiers, and they will take your fort, but they ought not to have spoiled this apple toddy!"

Clark continues:

> *The garrison was soon completely surrounded, and the firing continued without intermission, except about fifteen minutes a little before day, until about nine o'clock the following morning. It was kept up by the whole of the troops, joined by a few of the young men of the town, who got permission, except fifty men kept as a reserve. . . . I had made myself fully acquainted with the situation of the fort and town, and the parts relative to each. The cannon of the garrison was on the upper floors of strong block-houses at each angle of the fort, eleven feet above the surface; and the ports so badly cut that many of our troops lay under the fire of them, within twenty or thirty yards of the wall. They did no damage, except to the buildings of the town, some of which they much shattered; and their musketry in the dark, employed against woodsmen covered by houses, palings, ditches, the banks of the river, etc., was but of little avail and did no injury, except wounding a man or two.*
>
> *As we could not afford to lose men, great care was taken to preserve them sufficiently covered, and to keep up a hot fire in order to intimidate the enemy as well as to destroy them. The embrasures of their cannon were frequently shut, for our riflemen, finding the true direction of them, would pour in such volleys when they opened that the men could not stand to the guns; seven or eight of them in a short time got cut down. Our troops would frequently abuse the enemy in order to aggravate them to open their ports and fire their cannon, that they might have the pleasure of cutting them down with their rifles—fifty of which, perhaps, would be leveled the moment the port flew open; and I believe if they had stood at their artillery, the greater part of them would have been destroyed in the course of the night, as the greater part of our men lay*

> *within thirty yards of the walls, and in a few hours were covered equally to those within the walls, and much more experienced in the mode of fighting.*
>
> *Sometimes an irregular fire, as hot as possible, was kept up from different directions for a few minutes, and then only a continual scattering fire at the ports as usual; and a great noise and laughter immediately commenced in different parts of the town, by the reserved parties, as if they had only fired on the fort a few minutes for amusement, and as if those continually firing at the fort were only regularly relieved.*

Ammunition was scarce for Clark's men, as most of their stores had been put on board the galley which still had not arrived. But, fortunately, the English stores of powder and ball was found and made use of.

"The Tobacco's Son, in town with a number of warriors, immediately mustered them and let us know that he wished to join us, saying that by the morning he would have a hundred men." Clark thanked him for his friendly offer, but declined, assuring the Indian that his troops were sufficiently strong, that they would counsel on the subject in the morning. Further, knowing that there were a number of Indians in and near the town that were enemies, some confusion might happen in the dark, his men not being able to discern which Indians were enemies and which were friendly. Instead, Clark told The Tobacco's Son he hoped that he might be favored with the Indian's counsel and company during the night. Clark's policy, strictly adhered to at all times, was to never use Indian forces in battles against Whites, although he did have authority to do so if he should ever feel the necessity.

> *The situation of the magazine we knew well. Captain Bowman began some works in order to blow it up, in case our artillery should arrive; but as we knew that we were daily liable to be overpowered by the numerous bands of Indians on the river, in case they had again joined the enemy . . . we resolved to lose no time, but to get the fort in our possession as soon as possible. If the vessel did not arrive before the ensuing night, we resolved to undermine the fort and fixed on the spot and plan of executing this work. The Indians of different tribes that were inimical* [unfriendly or hostile] *had left the town and neighborhood. Captain Lamothe* [an English officer] *continued to hover about it in order, if possible, to make his way good into the fort . . .*

a few of his party were taken, one of which was Maisonville, a famous Indian partisan. Two lads that captured him tied him to a post in the street and fought from behind him as a breastwork—supposing that the enemy would not fire at them for fear of killing him . . . the lads were ordered by an officer who discovered them at their amusement to untie the prisoner and take him off to the guard, which they did . . . but took part of his scalp on the way.

As almost the whole of the persons who were most active in the department of Detroit were either in the fort or with Captain Lamothe, I got extremely uneasy for fear that he would not fall into our power knowing that he would go off if he could not get into the fort in the course of the night.

A little before day the troops were withdrawn from their positions about the fort, except a few parties of observation, and the firing totally ceased. Orders were given, in case of Lamothe's approach, not to alarm or fire on him, without a certainty of killing or taking the whole. In less than a quarter of an hour he passed within ten feet of an officer and a party that lay concealed. Ladders were flung over to them, and, as they mounted them, our party shouted. Many of them fell from the top of the walls–some within, and others back; but as they were not fired on, they all got over, much to the joy of their friends . . . but they must have been convinced that it was our scheme to let them in; and that we were so strong as to care but little about them.

The firing immediately commenced on both sides with double vigor; and I believe that more noise could not have been made by the same number of men . . . a continual blaze was kept around the garrison, without much being done, until day-break, when our troops were drawn off to posts prepared for them, about sixty or seventy yards from the fort. A loop-hole could scarcely be darkened but a rifle-ball would pass through it. To have stood to their cannon would have destroyed their men, without a probability of doing much service. Our situation was nearly similar. It would have been imprudent in either party to have wasted their men, without some decisive stroke required it.

As it appears most surprising that Hamilton did not sooner discover the approach of Clark's forces and take more effective steps to resist them, his own version of the affair is given as the reason:

> *It was on the 22nd of February that Mr. Francis Maisonville returned from a scout, having been in pursuit of deserters, and brought in two Virginians, prisoners, whom he had taken on the Ohio . . . he had discovered about four leagues below the fort fourteen fires, but could not tell whether of Virginians or savages. I instantly sent off Captain Lamothe, Lieutenant Scheifflin and twenty men to bring me a more perfect account. The water being out, the meadows were so greatly overflowed it was necessary to take a circuit. Mr. Maisonville had taken it upon him to serve as a guide, though fatigued. They lost their way, night coming on, and were only apprised by the firing of cannon at the fort that it was invested; returning to the village and finding it impossible to make their way good they concealed themselves in a barn, sending, from time to time, one of their number to explore and make report, but as they employed Canadians none of them returned. The militia of the post had been ordered under arms in the evening — the major, Legrace, and one of the captains, Bosseron, with several of the private men being reported absent. About five minutes after candles had been lighted we were alarmed by hearing a musket discharged, presently after, some more. I concluded that some party of Indians was returned, or that there was some riotous frolic in the village; going upon the parade to inquire I heard the balls whistle, ordered the men to the clock-houses, forbidding them to fire till they perceived the shot to be directed against the fort. We were shortly out of suspense, one of the sergeants receiving a shot in the breast.*
>
> *The fire was now returned, but the enemy had a great advantage from their rifles and the cover of the church, houses, barns, etc. Mr. McBeath, the surgeon, having been in the village when the firing began, pushed to get to the gate, and narrowly escaped being killed; he reported that as soon as the first shots were fired, the women of the house where he was, told him that Colonel Clark was arrived with five hundred men from the Illinois. This very house had lately been searched in the night on suspicion of a stranger being concealed, but the sergeants and party could not discover any such person. The officers who had continued in tents all winter were exposed to the fire of the enemy's riflemen, as the picketing*

> *of the fort was so poorly set up that one might pass the hand clenched between the stockades . . . when day appeared and we saw that the inhabitants of the village had joined the rebels, we despaired of Captain Lamothe's party regaining the fort; but to our great surprise and joy, about half an hour before sunrise, they appeared and got into the fort over the stockades which were upright and eleven feet out of the ground, with their arms in their hands. Two Canadians of his company had deserted the preceding night and Mr. Maisonville was betrayed and delivered to the rebels by his own cousin.*

The firing continued throughout the whole of the night of the twenty-third and until eight or nine o'clock on the morning of the twenty-fourth, when Colonel Clark sent the following letter, under a flag of truce, to Governor Hamilton by Nicholas Cardinal, a captain of the militia of Vincennes:

> *Sir: In order to save yourself from the impending storm that now threatens you, I order you immediately to surrender yourself, with all your garrison, stores, etc., etc. For, if I am obliged to storm, you may depend on such treatment as is justly due to a murderer. Beware of destroying stores of any kind, or any papers or letters that are in your possession, or hurting one house in town; for, by heavens! if you do, there shall be no mercy shown you. Signed, G. R. Clark.*

The sending of the flag of truce with the letter caused a suspension of firing for a time. The Americans used this period of time, Bowman says, to eat the breakfast the inhabitants of Vincennes furnished them, the "only meal of victuals" they had had for six days.

Governor Hamilton refused to comply with Clark's preemptory order: "Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton begs leave to acquaint Colonel Clark that he and his garrison are not disposed to be awed into any action unworthy of British subjects."

Clark continues: "The firing then commenced warmly for a considerable time, and we were obliged to be careful in preventing our men from exposing themselves too much, as they were now much animated, having been refreshed during the flag. They frequently mentioned their wishes to storm the place, and put an end to the business at once."

Hamilton, now apparently depressed and virtually beaten, sent a note to Clark, requesting a three-day truce, during which time he promised there would be no defensive work carried on in the garrison, on condition Col. Clark would observe a like cessation from any offensive work, and requesting Clark to confer with him "at the gate."

> Clark: *I was at a great loss to conceive what reason Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton could have for wishing a truce of three days, on such terms as he proposed. Numbers said it was a scheme to get me into their possession. I had a different opinion, and no idea of his possessing such sentiments, as an act of that nature would infallibly ruin him, but was convinced that he had some prospect of succor, or of otherwise extricating himself. Although we had the greater reason to expect a reinforcement in less than three days that would at once put an end, I yet did not think it prudent to agree to the proposals, and sent the following answer:*
>
> > *Colonel Clark's compliments to Mr. Hamilton and begs leave to inform him that Col. Clark will not agree to any other terms than that of Mr. Hamilton's surrendering himself and garrison, prisoners at discretion.*
> >
> > *If Mr. Hamilton is desirous of a conference with Col. Clark he will meet him at the church with Capt. Helm.*
> >
> > *Feby 24th, 1779 GRClark*
>
> Hamilton: *The flag having returned the firing recommenced. Lamothe's volunteers now began to murmer, saying it was very hard to be obliged to fight against their countrymen and relatives, who they now perceived had joined the Americans. As they made half our number, and after such a declaration were not to be trusted. The Englishmen wounded, six in number, were a sixth of those we could depend on . . . considering we were at the distance of six hundred miles from succor, that if we did not burn the village we left the enemy most advantageous cover against us, and that if we did, we had nothing to expect after rejecting the first terms but the extremity of revenge, I took up the determination of accepting honorable terms if they could be procured, else to abide the worst . . . here I must declare that if the defense of the fort had depended on the spirit of the English only, the*

> *rebels would have lost their labor, but Colonel Clark has since told me he knew to a man those of my little garrison who would do their duty and those who would shrink from it. There is no doubt he was well informed.*

This extract from Hamilton's "account" seems to indicate that it was written in hopes that it might justify his conduct to his superior officers and the world. However, in compliance with Clark's note, he went to St. Xavier's Church in a "subdued and yielding state of mind." With him went Major Hay, the British officer next in command, and Captain Leonard Helm, the American officer who had been held prisoner since Hamilton had taken possession of the fort.

With Clark went the ever trusted and faithful Joseph Bowman. From Clark's memoir published by William Hayden English:

> *We met at the church about eighty yards from the fort. In attendance were Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton, Major Hay, superintendent of Indian affairs; Captain Helm, their prisoner; Major Bowman and myself. . . . Hamilton produced terms of capitulation, signed, that contained various articles, one of which was that the garrison should be surrendered on their being permitted to go to Pensacola on parole. After deliberating on every article, I rejected the whole. He then wished that I should make some proposition. I told him that I had no other to make than what I had already made that of his surrendering as prisoners at discretion. I said that his troops had behaved with spirit; that they could not suppose that they would be worse treated in consequence of it; that if he chose to comply with the demand, though hard, perhaps the sooner the better; that it was in vain to make any proposition to me; that he, by this time, must be sensible that the garrison would fall; that both of us must view all blood spilt for the future, by the garrison, as murder; that my troops were already impatient, and called aloud for permission to tear down and storm the fort; if such a step was taken, many of course, would be cut down; and the result of an enraged body of woodsmen breaking in, must be obvious to him; it would be out of the power of an American officer to save a single man.*
>
> *Various altercations took place for a considerable time. Captain Helm attempted to moderate our fixed determination. I told him he was a British prisoner, and it was doubtful*

whether or not he could, with propriety, speak on the subject. Hamilton then said that Captain Helm was from that moment liberated, and might use his pleasure. I informed the captain that I would not receive him on such terms; that he must return to the garrison, and await his fate.

I then told Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton that hostilities should not commence until five minutes after the drums gave the alarm. We took our leave, and parted but a few steps, when Hamilton stopped and politely asked me if I would be so kind as to give him my reasons for refusing the garrison on any other terms than those I had offered. I told him I had no objections in giving him my real reasons, which were simply these: that I knew the greater part of the principal Indian partisans of Detroit were with him; that I wanted an excuse to put them to death, or otherwise treat them as I thought proper; that the cries of the widows and the fatherless, on the frontiers, which they had occasioned, now required their blood from my hands, and that I did not choose to be so timorous as to disobey the absolute commands of their authority, which I looked upon to be next to divine; that I would rather lose fifty men than not to empower myself to execute this piece of business with propriety; that if he chose to risk the massacre of his garrison for their sakes, it was his own pleasure, and that I might, perhaps, take it into my head to send for some of those widows to see it executed.

Major Hay paying great attention, I had observed a kind of distrust in his countenance, which in a great measure influenced my conversation during this time. On my concluding, 'Pray, sir,' said he, 'who is it that you call Indian partisans?' 'Sir,' I replied, 'I take Major Hay to be one of the principal.' I never saw a man in a moment of execution so struck as he appeared to be—pale and trembling, scarcely able to stand. Hamilton blushed, and, I observed, was much affected at his behavior. Major Bowman's countenance sufficiently explained his disdain for the one, and his sorrow for the other. . . .

Some time elapsed without a word passing on either side. From that moment my resolutions changed respecting Hamilton's situation. I told him that we would return to our respective posts; that I would reconsider the matter and let him know the results. If we thought of making any further proposals (than) that of surrendering at

> *discretion he should know it by the flag. If not, to be on his guard at a certain (beat of the) drum; no offensive measures should be taken in the meantime. Agreed to, and we parted.*

While these negotiations were pending a startling event occurred which no doubt added to the fears of Hamilton and his men as to what might be their fate should the fort be taken by storm. About the time the messenger returned who had been sent to deliver the note to Hamilton that Clark would not meet him at the gate, but at the church, "there came a party of Indians," says Bowman, "down the hill behind the town, who had been sent by Governor Hamilton to get some scalps and prisoners from the falls of the Ohio. Our men, having got news of it, pursued them, killed two on the spot, wounded three, took six prisoners, brought them into town." These were four Indians and two white men. The other two White men, who were prisoners of the Indians, were, of course, released. The captured Indians were tomahawked, probably in front of the gate of the fort, and the bodies thrown into the river; but there is no evidence that Clark was present when it was done, except the unsupported assertion of Hamilton, that "Colonel Clark, yet reeking with the blood of those unhappy victims, came to the esplanade before the fort gate, where I had agreed to meet him and treat of the surrender of the garrison. He spoke with rapture of his late achievement, while he washed off the blood from his hands stained in this inhuman sacrifice."

In narrating the affair, Bowman says ". . . during which time Colonel Clark and Colonel Hamilton met at the church," and it is well known that Bowman was one of the persons present at that famous meeting. Clark also speaks of it in his memoir as occurring "during the late conference." Hamilton's account of the incident was expanded out of proportion and seemingly without foundation. There apparently was foundation for the charges made against Clark by Hamilton in relation to the tomahawking of the Indians and throwing their bodies into the river; for, although he was not present at the time it was done, in his letter to Mason he admits that he ordered it to be done, one of the reasons assigned being that it would tend to convince the Indians generally "that Governor Hamilton could not give them that protection that he had made them to believe he could." The effect, whether intended or not, was to extinguish what little spirit of belligerency was left in the British garrison, and no doubt materially contributed to its speedy surrender. Some good came out of this evil deed in the saving of British and American lives that would certainly have been sacrificed had the fort been taken by storm.

The supreme hour for the final downfall of the British in the Wabash and Illinois country had come, and the articles of capitulation were signed by Hamilton towards the close of the day in the following words:

I. Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton engages to deliver up to Colonel Clark Fort Sackville, as it is at present, with all the stores, etc.

11. The garrison are to deliver themselves as prisoners of war; and march out with their arms and accoutrements, etc.

III. The garrison to be delivered up at ten o'clock tomorrow.

IV. Three days' time to be allowed the garrison to settle their accounts with the inhabitants and traders of this place.

V. The officers of the garrison to be allowed their necessary baggage, etc.

Signed at Post St. Vincent(Vincennes), 24th February, 1779.

Agreed for the following reasons: The remoteness from succor; the state and quantity of provisions, etc.; unanimity of officers and men in its expediency; the honorable terms allowed; and lastly, the confidence in a generous enemy.

(Signed) Henry Hamilton, Lieutenant-
Governor and Superintendent

Clark's troops were posted in several strong houses around the garrison and patroled during the night to prevent any deception that might be attempted. The remainder on duty lay on their arms, and for the first time in many days, got some rest. The Americans did not take possession of the fort at once, in pursuance of the articles of capitulation, but instead deferred it until the next morning. Clark says, "One reason why we wished not to receive the garrison until the following morning was its being late in the evening before the capitulation was signed, and in view of the number of prisoners that we should have, when compared to our small force, we felt the need of daylight to arrange matters to advantage, as we knew we could now prevent any misfortune happening." The British flag came down the night of the twenty-fourth, and at ten o'clock the next morning the American flag was run up.

"About ten o'clock, on the morning of February 25, 1779, Captain Bowman and Captain McCarty's companies paraded on one side of the fort gate. Governor Hamilton and his garrison marched out, Colonel Clark, Captains Williams's and Worthington's companies marched into the fort, relieved the sentries, hoisted the American colors and secured all the arms. Governor Hamilton marched back to the fort, and shut the gate. Orders were given for thirteen cannon to be fired, during which time there happened an unlucky accident: Twenty-six, six-pound cartridges in one of the batteries blew up, burning Captain Bowman and Captain Worthington severely, together with four privates." This was the account given in Bowman's journal, but he did not then realize that the injury received from this explosion would contribute to his death a few months later, in this very fort—the name of which was changed soon after the capture, from Fort Sackville to Fort Patrick Henry.

Two days after the capture, on the twenty-seventh, "The Willing" arrived, and while her forty-six men were greatly rejoiced to find the fort already in possession of the Americans, they could not but regret their failure to arrive before the surrender. There came also on this boat a messenger from Virginia, bearing the pleasing information that the legislature of that state had adopted a resolution of thanks to Clark's troops for services in capturing the Illinois country; and he also brought commissions from Governor Henry promoting Clark from lieutenant-colonel to colonel, and Joseph Bowman from captain to major.

On the twenty-sixth three boats and fifty men were dispatched up the Wabash on a successful expedition against the approaching enemy. Under the command of Captain Leonard Helm, about 120 miles up the river they managed to surprise and capture seven British boats, manned by about forty men, and loaded with valuable goods and provisions intended for Fort Sackville, worth at least fifty thousand dollars. They had been sent from Detroit. With the captured party were Philip Dejean, "Grand judge" of that place, Mr. Adhemar, the commissary, and forty private soldiers. The Americans had sent scouts out and had been advised that the British were approaching, predetermining to receive them in a part of the river where the channel was made narrow by an island. It was an important achievement for the Americans, and for the Vincennes French and Creoles as well; for a large majority of the soldiers were inhabitants of that place, as were the two officers next in command after Helm, Bosseron and Legrace. Clark gives Bosseron and Legrace, both prominent citizens and officers of the Vincennes militia, credit for assisting him in obtaining Hamilton's supply of ammunition during the Fort Sackville battle.

It was an hour of great excitement on the historic Wabash at ten o'clock on the morning of the twenty-seventh of February, 1779, as the victors with their captives approached the town of Vincennes amid the rejoicing of the people. On the first arrival of the news some jumped into canoes, some mounted horses, others started on foot men, women and children — all heading up the river to meet the troops returning crowned with success. The climax came as the three American boats, convoying the seven British vessels, entered the long stretch of beautiful water above the town. Canoes eagerly approached to hear the joyful tidings, men waded and swam out into the river for the same purpose. A flood of questions and replies was shouted between them and the elated soldiers on the American boats. This little naval campaign on the Wabash was the last act in transferring the Wabash country from British to American rule.

If Clark had then been in condition to march against Detroit at once he could have carried the whole of the fighting population of Vincennes with him, so great was the enthusiasm excited by this campaign. And that was his first impulse, although he concealed it from the public, finally modifying his views somewhat and concluded to defer the forward movement until June, by which time he expected promised reinforcements from Virginia and Kentucky. The division among the soldiers of the valuable spoils which had been captured greatly increased the desire for further enterprises. Clark explains this as well as the reasons for and against a movement upon Detroit in his memoir. Of the captured goods he said:

> *The whole was divided among the soldiery, except some Indian medals that were kept in order to be altered for public use. The officers received nothing, except a few articles of clothing that they stood in need of. The soldiers got almost rich. Others envied their good fortune and wished that some enterprise might be undertaken to enable them to perform some exploit. Detroit was their object. The clamor had now got to a great height; to silence it, and to answer other purposes, they were told that an army was to march the ensuing summer from Pittsburgh to take possession of Detroit, although, from the last fall's proceedings, we knew that no such thing was to be apprehended.*

But Detroit was uppermost in Clark's thoughts, and not without reason, for it was indeed the golden opportunity which never again returned. The capture of that place was now his great ambition, and his failure to accomplish it rather embittered his later life.

> *We were informed, he said, that many of the principal inhabitants were disaffected to the British cause. The Indians on our route we knew would now more than ever be cool towards the English. . . . We could now augment our forces in this quarter to about four hundred men, as near half the inhabitants of Post Vincennes would join*

> *us. Kentucky, we supposed, could immediately furnish two hundred men . . . with our own stores, added to those captured of the British, there would not be a single article wanting for an expedition against Detroit. . . . It immediately became the common topic among the . . . soldiery and the inhabitants, and in a few days they had arranged things so that they were, in their imaginations, almost ready to march. . . .*
>
> *Early in the month of March I laid before the officers my plans for the reduction of Detroit . . . and the probability of keeping it until we could receive succor from the states. If we awaited the arrival of the troops mentioned in the dispatches from the governor of Virginia, the enemy, in the meantime, might get strengthened (and the promised reinforcements might not come, after all). There were various arguments; every person seemed anxious to improve the present opportunity; but prudence appeared to forbid the execution, and induced us to wait for the reinforcement . . . arguments that appeared to have the greatest weight were that with such a force we might march boldly through the Indian nations; that it would make a great (impression) on them, as well as the inhabitants of Detroit, and have a better effect than if we were now to slip off and take the place with so small a force; that the British would not wish to weaken Niagara by sending any considerable reinforcements to Detroit; that it was more difficult for that post to get succor from Canada than it was for us to receive it from the states; that the garrison at Detroit would not be able to get a reinforcement in time to prevent our executing our designs, as we might . . . expect ours in a few weeks.*
>
> *In short, the enterprise was deferred until the ____ of June, when our troops were to rendezvous at Post Vincennes. In the meantime every preparation was to be made, procuring provisions, etc., and, to blind our designs, the whole, except a small garrison, should march immediately to the Illinois, and orders were sent to Kentucky to prepare themselves to meet at the appointed time. This was now our proposed plan, and directed our operations during the spring.*

There were probably other reasons as well, for not marching against Detroit at once, not the least of which was the fact that Clark's troops were very nearly worn out by the strain and exposure of the exhausting ten days' march through water, which, after the excitement of capturing the fort was now causing a great deal of sickness among them.

The season of wet and stormy weather undoubtedly added to the prevailing ill health. Besides, the number of his prisoners, in proportion to his own force, was now so great as to be an object of anxiety. He commenced relieving himself of this incumbrance on the seventh of March (Hamilton says the eighth) by forwarding Hamilton and the principal British officers and eighteen other British prisoners to Kentucky, to be taken thence to Virginia and turned over to the authorities of that state. The account of the captivity of Hamilton and his fellow prisoners is an interesting story in itself, too involved to relate here.

Colonel Clark decided as a matter of policy, as well as necessity, to release certain others of his prisoners, but in such a way as to virtually win them over to the American cause. His plan was first to excite their fears and then surprise and win them by unexpected kindness. The technique worked; they were discharged on taking an oath not to bear arms against America until exchanged. "They received an order for their arms, boats and provisions, to return with," Clark says, "The boats were to be sold and divided among them when they got home. In a few days they set out, and, as we had spies who went among them as traders, we learned that they made great havoc to the British interest on their return to Detroit." According to Bowman, some few who were believed to be entirely trustworthy were allowed to join Clark's forces. He says the sixteenth of March was the day of departure of the released prisoners for Detroit, and that the day before a party of Miami and other Indians waited on Colonel Clark with assurances of their fidelity and begging protection.

On the same day a messenger arrived from Kaskaskia bearing intelligence of the arrival of Captain Robert George from New Orleans, with a company of forty men. Captain George was a native of Virginia and a kinsman of Colonel Clark, George's mother being a Rogers, as was Clark's. Matters were now arranged for the departure of a part of Colonel Clark's forces from Vincennes. Forty soldiers were to be left there under the command of trusty officers. Captain Leonard Helm was assigned to duty as commandant of the town in civil matters and superintendent of Indian affairs; Lieutenant Richard Brashears to command the garrison, aided by Lieutenants John Bayley and Abraham Chapline; Hoses Henry, Indian agent, and Patrick Kennedy, quartermaster. There were prisoners still on hand to be looked after, as indicated in Bowman's journal: on the nineteenth orders were issued for six boats to be made ready to return to Kaskaskia with prisoners; and on the twentieth Bowman entered in the journal, "The boats ready and loaded. Captain McCarty takes command of The Willing; Captain Kellar, Captain Worthington, Ensign Montgomery, Ensign Lorraine, each to take charge of one boat. Sergeant and six men to take the small boat called 'The Running Fly.' About four o'clock the whole embarked. . . . The boats, after rejoicing, are run out of sight. God send them a good and safe passage."

This was the last entry in Bowman's interesting and valuable journal, and his farewell prayerful appeal seems to have been answered, for Clark's memoir says that after "giving necessary instructions to all persons that I left in office, on the twentieth of March I set sail on board of our galley, which was now made perfectly complete, attended by five armed boats and seventy men. The waters being very high, we soon reached the Mississippi; and, the winds favoring us, in a few days we arrived safely at Kaskaskia, to the great joy of our new friends, Captain George and company, waiting to receive us."

A few days after his return to Kaskaskia, Clark received news that the Delaware Indians who had shown an unfriendly disposition towards the Americans in several instances had plundered and killed a party of traders who were going through by land from Vincennes to the falls of the Ohio. He "immediately sent orders to Post Vincennes to make war on the Delawares to use every means in their power to destroy them; to show no kind of mercy to the men, but to spare the women and children. This order was executed without delay. Their camps were attacked in every quarter where they could be found; many fell, and others were brought to Post Vincennes and put to death.

"They immediately applied for reconciliation, but were informed that I had ordered the war . . . and that they dare not lay down the tomahawk without permission from me . . . I refused to make peace with the Delawares and let them know that we never trusted those who had once violated their faith, but if they had a mind to be quiet, they might; and if they could get any of the neighboring Indians to be security for their good behavior, I would let them alone; but that I cared very little about it, etc., privately directing Captain Helm how to manage." Finally the Piankeshaw Indians who were always friendly to the Americans, "took on themselves to answer for the future good conduct of the Delawares." . . . "Thus ended," Clark continued, "the war between us and the Delawares in this quarter, much to our advantage, as the nations about said that we were as brave as the Indians, and not afraid to put an enemy to death."

The month of June had been fixed for a movement against Detroit, and provisions had been collected for that purpose. But when the time arrived the ardor in favor of it had somewhat cooled. Additionally, the expected number of reinforcements had not arrived. Colonel John Bowman, the county-lieutenant of Kentucky, and brother of Joseph and Isaac Bowman who were with Clark, had said he would furnish three hundred good men, but instead of doing so, he went with them on an expedition of his own against the Indians in the Ohio country. His failure to join Clark was probably a mistake, and to Clark it was a great disappointment, as only thirty Kentuckians, under Captain McGary, joined him when he had expected three hundred.

But the most discouraging of all was the arrival of news of the fall in price of paper money, which made its further use in procuring supplies almost an impossibility. Clark said: "Things immediately put on a different appearance." They now were sorry they did not march from Vincennes to Detroit immediately after the capture, but as there was still a possibility that reinforcements from Kentucky might arrive, they did not altogether abandon the hope that something could yet be done. "At least," Clark said, "we might maneuver in such a manner as to keep the enemy in hot water and in suspense, and prevent their doing our frontiers much damage. We went on with procuring supplies, and did not yet lose sight of our object."

"In order to feel the pulse of the enemy, I detached Major (Linitot), who had lately joined us, and a company of volunteers up the Illinois river, under the pretense of visiting our friends. He was instructed to cross the country and call at the Wea towns, and then proceed to Post Vincennes, making his observations on the route. This . . . would perfectly cover our designs; and, if we saw it prudent, we might on his return proceed. Early in June Colonel Montgomery was dispatched by water with the whole of our stores. Major (Joseph) Bowman marched the remainder of our troops by land. Myself, with a party of horse, reached Post Vincennes in four days, where the whole safely arrived in a short time after." After his return to Vincennes the first of July and careful consideration of the whole subject, Clark, most reluctantly, came to the conclusion that from lack of men and current money it was best to abandon it for the present.

It seems apparent that doubts had arisen in his mind some time before, as he indicated in a letter to the governor of Virginia on the twenty-ninth of April.

> *By your instructions to me, I find you put no confidence in General McIntosh's taking Detroit, as you encourage me to attempt it if possible. It has been twice in my power. Had I been able to raise only five hundred men when I first arrived in this country, or when I was at St. Vincennes, could I have secured my prisoners, and only have had three hundred good men, I should have attempted it, and since learn there could have been no doubt of success, as by some gentlemen lately from that post we are informed that the*

> *town and country kept three days in feasting and diversions on hearing of my success against Mr. Hamilton, and were so certain of my embracing the fair opportunity of possessing myself of that post that the merchants and others provided many necessaries for us on our arrival, the garrison consisting of only eighty men not daring to stop their diversions. They are now completing a new fort, and, I fear, too strong for any force I shall ever be able to raise in this country.*

In the same letter he expresses the opinion that "a small army from Pittsburgh, conducted with spirit, may easily take Detroit and put an end to the Indian war." He had already conquered a vast country, but, capable as he had proved himself to be, it was a grave question whether, with his limited means and number of men, he could continue to hold it against both the British and the Indians, much less hazard all by prosecuting an expedition against a distant point with wholly inadequate resources. For the present, the important points to be looked after were Vincennes, Kaskaskia, Cahokia and the falls of Ohio, and, a little later on, Fort Jefferson. To that end, on August 5, 1779, he issued orders that divided up his forces and strategically distributed them throughout the great extent of territory he had already acquired.

Clark's official report to the governor of Virginia concerning the capture of Vincennes and other important papers were entrusted to the same messenger who had arrived with important papers from the public authorities of Virginia two days after the capture of Fort Sackville. Unfortunately, the messenger, William Mires was killed by Indians near the falls of the Ohio, and all the papers were taken. Parts of the papers were later found, but having to duplicate them delayed substantially the news of the victory in Virginia. But the British prisoners themselves arrived there in May, which sent a feeling of gratification and excitement throughout the Old Dominion, and all the other colonies as well. It was everywhere justly regarded as an important and far-reaching event, and Colonel Clark and his brave soldiers were exalted still higher in the public estimation. The Virginia house of delegates on the twelfth of June resolved, "That the general assembly have a high sense of Colonel Clark's important services in the reduction of Fort St. Vincennes. That the governor be requested to transmit to him, by the hands of Lieutenant Rogers, an elegant sword, in the name of the general assembly, and in testimony of the merit of his services; and that the treasurer pay for the same." At the same time two hundred pounds were voted Lieutenant John Rogers, who was in command of the guard that conducted the British prisoners to Virginia, and it is presumed that, in pursuance of the resolution, he conveyed the sword to Colonel Clark.

Leaving Colonel Montgomery as commanding officer at Kaskaskia, Colonel Clark returned to the falls of the Ohio at the close of the summer of 1779 and found the population of the vicinity, and of Kentucky generally, quite enlarged. He at once took steps to further the public interests in every possible way. The garrison left on Corn Island had already moved to the main land on the Kentucky side and a rude stockade fort had been constructed, probably near where Twelfth Street in Louisville now intersects the river. He not only devoted himself to matters pertaining to the defense of the country, but took great interest in promoting the welfare of the settlement at the falls of the Ohio. He has the honor of being the founder of the important city of Louisville. As stated by a historian of that city, R. T. Durrett, "to him belongs the honor of settling our city as clearly as belongs to him the glory of the capture of Vincennes, Kaskaskia, and Cahokia."

Having started a settlement at the falls of the Ohio in 1778, he confirmed his first judgment of it as a most desirable location by returning to it after the capture of the Wabash and Illinois country from the British, and established his headquarters permanently there, "as the best place," he says in his memoir, "of having a general supervision over the whole." This action, and the security given by the forts he caused to be built there, attracted the first settlers and fixed the future destiny of Louisville, Jeffersonville and New Albany.

Colonel Clark was involved in numerous Indian skirmishes and in supervising Kaskaskia, Jeffersonville and Cahokia through enormously troubled financial situations. And on his return to the falls of Ohio, he resumed his consideration of moving against Detroit and convened a council of war there in the autumn of that year to consider important military questions in connection with an expedition against the British, either at Detroit or in the Floridas, then in British possession. Time and again, needed manpower was promised but never materialized. He had already secured approval of Governor Jefferson for an expedition against Detroit, and Jefferson did everything in his power to facilitate it. He had written to General Washington some time before asking his cooperation, which was cheerfully given.

> *I have ever been of opinion,* said General Washington, *that the reduction of the post of Detroit would be the only certain means of giving peace and security to the whole western frontier . . . I have never had it in my power to make the attempt. I shall think it a most happy*

> *circumstance, should your state, with the aid of continental stores which you require, be able to accomplish it. . . . I do not think the charge of the enterprise could have been committed to better hands than Colonel Clark's.*

In January 1781, Jefferson issued to Clark a commission as "brigadier-general of all the forces to be embodied in an expedition westward of the Ohio." Elaborate preparations were set in place. Governor Jefferson followed up General Washington's efforts, arranging for Colonel J. Gibson "to attend you as next in command, and of course, to succeed to your office in the event of your death or captivity . . . our duty to provide against. I have added my most pressing request to Colonel Broadhead that he permit Colonel Gibson's regiment to be added to your force for the expedition." Gibson's selection was entirely satisfactory to General Clark, and all that now seemed to be required was the raising of two thousand men, which was the number thought to be necessary to make the expedition a success.

Then, notwithstanding the favor shown the enterprise by Washington and Jefferson, difficulties and disappointments began to appear. The long war of the revolution had brought people to realize that this was a very serious matter and that military zeal and desire to engage in military campaigns had very much abated. This was particularly true in Pennsylvania and Virginia where the horrors of war had been brought within their own states, and it was in Virginia that General Clark expected to raise his troops. The fighting population felt they were needed nearer home, and, besides, continental money had become so worthless that pay was not likely to be at all adequate. Even the effort to draft militia for the expedition proved fruitless as it was met with general indifference or repugnance. Also, the deplorable financial condition of Virginia prevented suitable clothing and equipments being furnished the troops when they were raised. When money did come it was usually in paper, and of little or no value.

But General Clark ". . .bore up under all the vexations and disappointments with remarkable fortitude." Foiled at one point he turned hopefully to another and never relaxed his efforts. The severest blow came in Broadhead's failure to assign him Colonel Gibson and his regiment as requested by Jefferson and Washington. Realizing the danger of this failure, from Fort Pitt he wrote earnest appeals to both men. On the twentieth of May he wrote to General Washington asking his help. He also wrote to the governor of Virginia explaining his actions and enclosed a copy of his letter to Washington. Colonel John Gibson, then in command at Fort Pitt, offered General Clark every facility in his power, but he plainly foresaw that he could not likely secure the number of men necessary to the success of a campaign against Detroit.

General Clark had expected to have left Fort Pitt by the fifteenth of June, 1781, with two thousand men, but they could not be secured. The failure to secure the continental troops under Gibson was followed by the failure to procure seven hundred men expected to be raised in Hampshire and Berkeley counties in Virginia, and those from Frederick dwindled away to only a small part of the number anticipated. These and other disappointments and difficulties delayed his departure, and, finally, he started down the river with only about four hundred, instead of two thousand men. Some additional troops were expected to overtake him but never did. From Wheeling, he wrote a gloomy letter to the governor explaining his difficulties in raising an army.

> *If I find a prospect of completing my forces in any other country I shall do it, and make my strokes according to circumstances. If I find it out of my power to do anything of importance, I shall dispose of the public stores to the greatest advantage and quit all further thoughts of enterprise in this quarter. I do not yet condemn myself for undertaking the expedition against Detroit. I yet think, had I near the number of men at first proposed, should have carried it. . . . I have been at so much pains to enable us to prosecute the plan, that the disappointment is doubly mortifying to me, and I feel for the dreadful consequences that will ensue throughout the frontier if nothing is done.*

Colonel Archibald Lochry departed Pennsylvania in late July or early August, 1781, to join General Clark's forces. Clark waited at Wheeling five days longer than was intended, and, finding further delay dangerous, as his troops were restless and many deserting, he left Wheeling the day before the arrival of Lochry's party, and dropped down the river "about twelve hours," leaving provisions and boats for their use and directions to follow him. But there was another delay, and they missed connections again. Misfortunes were still pursuing them. So much dissatisfaction had developed among the troops with General Clark that there was danger of the force being greatly reduced by desertions, nineteen already gone, and he decided not to remain at the mouth of the Kanawha for the Lochry party, as he had intended. He left a letter suspended from a pole, directing the party to come down the river. Lochry gave up hope of catching up with Clark with his whole force, but sent Captain Shannon with seven men in a swift moving boat to overtake him to inform him of the situation. Shannon's party was captured by the Indians, and with them a letter to Clark disclosing the situation of Lochry's party, previously unknown to the Indians and their British leaders, who supposed that Clark and Lochry's forces were coming down the river together.

General Clark had already passed on down the river in safety, entirely ignorant of the threatened calamity to Colonel Lochry's command. The place where the attack on Colonel Lochry's party was made was where a sand bar projected far out from the shore making the river very narrow at that point. The Indians knew they were three times as strong in numbers as the party they were going to attack, and they had a portion of their force on each side of the river, to take advantage of the advance or retreat of the Americans in either direction. The evidence, however, is positive that the main attack and the slaughter and capture of Lochry's party was on the Indiana side.

This sad and deplorable ending of Colonel Lochry's unfortunate expedition was more destructive and disastrous to the Whites than any conflict with the Indians that had ever before occurred on what is now Indiana soil, or probably anywhere. Forty-one Americans were killed and the rest taken prisoners. But it was not only in Pennsylvania that the sad news filled hearts of the people with sorrow. It was mourned and deplored by sympathizing Americans everywhere; but by none more sincerely than by General Clark, for many reasons, not the least of which was that it was the finishing blow that extinguished, forever, all hope of a successful campaign against Detroit, as well as all hope of any immediate campaign against the Indians.

His distress was increased by unjust criticism of some of the people of Pennsylvania who thought he ought to have prevented Lochry's defeat. This censure was the outgrowth of the strong prejudice and unfriendly feeling existing between certain parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia at that period on account of the disputed boundary line between the two commonwealths. This condition of affairs had much to do with preventing General Clark from getting the men he expected to join him at Pittsburgh.

On General Clark's return to the west, he at once devoted himself to ascertaining the true condition of affairs in Kentucky and Illinois with a view of bettering them as rapidly as possible. He called the military officers within reach to meet him in consultation at the falls of the Ohio in early September, shortly after his return there. The council favored locating a strong fort at the mouth of the Kentucky River, but General Clark thought the falls of the Ohio a better location. His preference prevailed and a stronger fort was finally built on the Kentucky side at that point and was called Fort Nelson.

The fall, winter and early spring passed without the occurrence of any event of special interest, but in May, 1782, twenty-five Indians attacked Estill's station in Kentucky. Captain Estill and eight of his men were killed and four wounded. The Indians lost about the same number. In August, several hundred Indians, headed by Simon Girty and other White men, made an attack on Bryant's station and continued it for several days, but only succeeded in killing four men and wounding three; their loss was five times that number. The Kentuckians speedily assembled, 182 in number, under the leadership of some of their most prominent citizens and pursued the Indians, overtaking them near the lower Blue Licks, when a battle ensued. Among the distinguished men killed was Colonel John Todd, the senior commanding officer on the occasion, and the lieutenant-commandant of the Illinois country. Also killed was Major Harlan who had served with General Clark in the Illinois campaign.

The whole country was aroused to action by this disaster, and General Clark at once assumed the command of the forces, with Colonels Floyd and Logan to assist him. They gathered, then moved forward as mounted riflemen, a thousand strong, to the mouth of the Licking, where they remained some time getting organized. From there they marched in early November against the leading Indian towns, making a clean sweep of destruction to their homes and food supplies. Clark's intent was to make them realize that they had nothing to gain by continuing the contest with the Americans. It was effective in keeping the Indians quiet for a long time, ending forever all formidable Indian invasions of Kentucky.

This was effectually the end of George Rogers Clark's successful military life.

It is probable that the main reason why formidable expeditions were not made against the frontier settlements after the campaign of General Clark against the Indians in November, 1782, was because for some time thereafter they were not instigated, led and supported by the British. All their hopes of conquering the so-called "rebels" vanished with the capitulation of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Virginia, on the nineteenth of October, 1781. British authorities signed provisional articles of peace with the United States, November 30, 1782, a few weeks after this campaign of General Clark.

It was when the terms of this treaty came to be considered, and the northern and western boundary of the United States debated, that the general public began more fully to realize the important services General Clark had rendered the country.

The lack of supplies and efficient government support extended into 1782, and from this, or some other cause, Clark wrote a letter to the governor asking to be relieved from service in that department. This letter was evidently not favorably considered, if received, as the request was not granted.

General Clark, who had so materially contributed to the acquisition of the vast territory northwest of the Ohio River, was a Virginia officer only, and held no position in the organization created by congress, known as the Continental Army. It was also evident, after the capture of Cornwallis that the war with England was virtually ended, as it soon was, in fact, for hostilities were suspended the next year, and treaty of peace signed a year later.

Under these circumstances, and with her resources entirely exhausted, the executive of Virginia determined to reduce her separate military organizations, and, accordingly, General Clark was relieved of his command on July 2, 1783. The disagreeable duty of informing General Clark of this action devolved on Benjamin Harrison, then governor of Virginia:

> *The conclusion of the war, and the distressed situation of the state, with respect to its finances, call on us to adopt the most prudent economy. It is for this reason alone I have come to a determination to give over all thoughts for the present of carrying on offensive war against the Indians, but before I take leave of you, I feel myself called upon, in the most forcible manner, to return you my thanks, and those of my council, for the very great and singular services you have rendered your country, in wresting so great and valuable a territory out of the hands of the British enemy, repelling the attacks of their savage allies, and carrying on a successful war in the heart of their country. This tribute of praise and thanks, so justly due, I am happy to communicate to you as the united voice of the executive.*

This was a sugar-coated pill, but a very bitter one, no doubt, to Clark, in his then distressed condition. Nor was it calculated, in the least, to relieve him from the financial embarrassment from which he was suffering, to say nothing of the humiliation of being thus unceremoniously dismissed from a public service with which he had so long and so prominently been associated. In 1783, the exact time not known, "the conqueror of the British forces at Kaskaskia and at Vincennes made a long and lonesome journey in a condition of poverty, from the west, through the wilderness, to Richmond, Virginia." On his arrival at that place, in his forlorn and pitiable situation he addressed, on the twenty-seventh of May, the following appeal to the governor of Virginia:

> *SIR—Nothing but necessity could induce me to make the following request to Your Excellency, which is to grant me a small sum of money on account; as I can sssure you, sir, that I am exceedingly distressed for the want of necessary clothing, etc., and don't know of any channel through which I could procure any except of the executive. The state, I believe, will fall considerably in my debt. Any supplies which Your Excellency favors me with might be deducted out of my accounts. I have the honor to be Your Excellency's obedient servant,*
>
> *G. R. Clark.*
>
> *His Excellency, Governor Harrison*

And the state did "fall in his debt," for on an adjustment of his accounts over fifty years after he was retired from the service, and some twenty years after he was in his grave, over thirty thousand dollars were allowed the administrator of his estate. This was largely absorbed in fees, and the distribution of the balance was made the subject of long litigation among the collateral heirs, he having neither wife nor children. A small pension (four hundred dollars per year) was granted him, at last, by Virginia, but this was nearly twenty years after his dismissal from her service, and when he was a paralyzed and helpless cripple, and only five or six years before his death.

For less services than George Rogers Clark rendered his country, men of inferior merit have been ennobled by other governments and granted great pensions and vast estates; but Clark, a poor young man when he entered the public service, not only made nothing out of his position, but expended all he had, and involved himself in debt, in forwarding the interests of his government. Virginia had turned him adrift, poor and in distress, with absolutely nothing but the vague promise of a few thousand acres of land, in the future, out of the almost innumerable millions he had conquered.

From this period of sore trouble and bitter disappointment aggravated by bodily pains incurred by exposure in the field, dates the use of liquor to excess by General Clark. "As far as the author's knowledge extends," relates Mr. English, "there is not an instance to be found where he used liquor to that extent before this time; a fact which should be remembered in charity, when considering the only weakness of this neglected old soldier's life."

General Clark made no complaint before the public, but that he keenly felt the ingratitude and neglect of his government, and the injustice which had been done him, especially the failure to pay what was justly his due which is well documented. Included in English's meticulous documentation is the ledger of General George Rogers Clark's ACCOUNT AGAINST THE STATE OF VIRGINIA "for sundry payments, expenses and other disbursements by him made, in behalf of the said State and Illinois Department." Beginning March 30, 1778 and continuing through October 15, 1781, the ledger shows a balance due Clark amounting to over two million dollars.

For some time after George Rogers Clark's dismissal from service by Virginia he remained in comparative obscurity, giving some attention, however, to the allotment of the land in the Illinois Grant among his soldiers. But in January, 1785, Clark, Richard Butler and Arthur Lee were the United States commissioners who executed an important treaty at Fort McIntosh with the Wyandot, Delaware, Chippewa and Ottawa Indians. On the thirty-first of the next January, General Clark, Richard Butler and Samuel H. Parsons acted as United States commissioners in negotiating a treaty with the Shawnees.

The Wabash and Miami Indians were not included in the treaties enacted thus far, and had grown very unfriendly to the Americans. Likewise the French inhabitants of the towns had become exasperated because of shameful neglect by the government. There were numerous other causes conspiring to produce dissatisfaction as well, and the old sympathy between the French and Indians was revived and strengthened. Strongest of all was the powerful influence of British officers who still remained in possession of Detroit and other military posts within the boundary of the United States. In flagrant violation of the treaty of peace they did all they could, short of actual participation themselves, to induce the Indians to unfriendly acts against the Americans. The people of Kentucky became weary of waiting for the United States to enforce remedial measures, finally taking the matter into their own hands. They naturally turned to General Clark as the best possible military leader.

Clark had in May, 1786 written about the situation of affairs to his old friend Patrick Henry, who had again become governor of Virginia. Another letter written to the governor in the following July by John May states the condition of affairs and the opinion of General Clark held by the people.

> *I find it is the unanimous opinion of the inhabitants of this country that General Clark is the properest person to take command here, and notwithstanding the opinion (to the contrary), of his not being capable of attending to business, I am of the same opinion with the rest of this country. I have been with him frequently and find him as capable of business as ever, and should an expedition be carried on against the Indians I think his name alone would be worth half a regiment of men. . . . Colonel Logan is acquainted with the contents of this letter, and has authorized me to say that in case a general officer should be appointed, he thinks General Clark's abilities and experience entitle him to the appointment.*

The expedition was inaugurated at a meeting of the inhabitants of the district of Kentucky, at Danville, some time in 1786 and confirmed by the military officers of the district on the second of August of that year. Among other resolutions, Clark was appointed to ". . . act as general officer, and have the command and direction of the army at this time, ordered in offensive operations against our enemy, the Indians." The militia were to assemble at the falls of the Ohio by the tenth of September, mounted or on foot, as they pleased. They came straggling in during the month . . . there was no time to efficiently organize and discipline them, as they were moved forward the latter part of the month, across the wilderness to Vincennes. There were between one thousand and twelve hundred men, brave, but self-willed and independent of restraint.

Bad luck seemed to fasten on the expedition from the beginning. Provisions arrived nine days after the soldiers, a large part spoiled. Discontent arose and factions formed during inactivity which became disastrous in the end. The Indians obtained information of the intended movement and prepared to ambush the Americans at Pine creek. Those in the region about the mouth of the Vermilion River, however, deserted their villages as the troops approached. Meantime, the fatigue of the march, lack of provisions, and an absurd rumor that Clark had given the Indians an option to make peace without fighting if they wished, all added to the deplorable insubordination, disorganization and bad feeling. At this point several hundred of the troops resisted the "commands, entreaties, and even tears, of General Clark, and marched off in the direction of home."

This, and the distressing lack of provisions, left nothing for him to do but return to Vincennes, overwhelmed with sorrow and humiliation at a result that was impossible for him to prevent.

The sympathy and aid extended to the Americans by the French and Creole inhabitants at the time of the original conquest by Clark had been rewarded by neglect, pecuniary loss and oppression which naturally produced resentment, and now they were anything but friends. In spite of their earnest appeals for help, as far as the American government was concerned, they had been forsaken and were almost in a state of anarchy. In Vincennes, Americans not having special permit from the Creole court to remain were ordered to leave. There had been near collision, and a dangerous disposition manifested by a part of these inhabitants to join the Indians and British against the Americans. Several conflicts with the Indians in the vicinity had caused loss of life on both sides, and conditions were so unfavorable to the Americans that they were in danger of being all killed or driven out of the country. Of all men, Clark was best suited to reconcile the unfortunate differences which had arisen during his long absence from the country, between the French and American inhabitants; both sides, in fact, appealed to him as a mediator.

He wanted to quickly check the growing evil and do a great service to his country, by placing an adequate garrison of American soldiers at Vincennes and again establish law, order and good feeling over the Wabash and Illinois country such as had existed when he commanded there. To this end, after returning from the unfortunate campaign against the Indians, he enlisted 140 men who had remained faithful. It is true he did this without the direct authority of the government and caused many bitter criticisms to be leveled against him. It was a case of emergency, not lending itself to waiting until he could communicate with the distant government to procure technical authority, which would probably have required a year to accomplish, if it could have been done at all. He did, however, consult such persons in authority as were within consulting distance who were supposed to be entitled to give advice in the premises.

There was nothing on which to base criticism except that the command, being wholly destitute of money, provisions and army supplies were forced to make impressments. In doing so, they took the property of one Bazadone, who claimed to be a Spanish merchant doing business at Vincennes. This was not an unusual action at that period; impressments had frequently been resorted to against the French inhabitants which good judges considered legal and justifiable. This situation was exactly the same as when in 1786 Patrick Henry had authorized Clark to supply his troops with clothing from a Spanish post. And that is exactly what he did on this occasion, nothing more. The only difference was that some of the goods taken were claimed to belong to a "Spanish merchant doing business in

Vincennes." The supplies were receipted for and accounted for by a duly appointed commissary of the garrison, John Rice Jones, a man of great ability and high character, who served the people in many honorable positions afterwards, both in Indiana and in Missouri.

Because a considerable amount of the property impressed belonged to Bazadone, and because the western people at that time were extremely bitter against the Spaniards on account of being denied free navigation of the Mississippi, with a possibility of war on that account, an outcry was raised in that section and a portion of the west, against Clark's action. He was charged with intending to make war on the Spaniards, without authority. The council of Virginia, without waiting to hear any explanation from General Clark, disavowed, not only his acts in impressing the "alleged" Spanish property, but "the existence of a power derived from them to the said Clark to raise recruits, appoint officers, or impress provisions." They also immediately apologized in advance to "His Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain," because this son of Virginia, who had done so much for her in former service, impressed a few thousand dollars' worth of Bazadone's property to keep the suffering soldiers from want.

These hastily adopted resolutions of the council were forwarded to the delegates in congress, and congress capped it by adopting a resolution "for dispossessing a body of men who had, in a lawless and unauthorized manner, taken possession of Post Vincennes in defiance of the proclamation and authority of the United States." General Clark naturally felt deeply aggrieved over this action of congress and the Virginia council, and earnestly maintaining that his conduct was entirely justifiable, wrote the governor of Virginia in December, 1786, demanding a court of inquiry. But it does not appear that any was ever held.

The severity of the blows that followed the failure of the campaign against the Wabash Indians, added to his previous dismissal from the service of Virginia three years before, exacted a terrible toll on General Clark. He had served his country faithfully and well, but everything seemed to have turned against him. He felt that he was not only neglected, misunderstood and misrepresented, but treated with positive injustice.

He now more frequently endeavored to drown his disappointments and sorrows in drink, even his countenance taking on a sterner and more forbidding appearance. It is said that he was so soured and disgusted with it all that at one time he considered moving from the country. He applied for a grant of land in the Spanish territory with the view of establishing a colony there; however, although he was deeply hurt, he never carried that impulse to fruition.

He never recovered from these blows or regained a prominent military position. The nearest he came to it was in 1793 when he accepted from agents of the French government then in the United States, a commission with the high sounding title of "major-general in the armies of France and commander-in-chief of the revolutionary legions on the Mississippi." The acceptance of this commission has been viewed as the greatest mistake of his career. Always before he had been an officer of his own country, and his sword had been drawn only in behalf of his own countrymen.

The object of this endeavor in the name of the French republic against New Orleans and the Spanish possessions on the lower Mississippi was to revolutionize the Spanish control and government of that region. He thought it would open the Mississippi River to American use which had long been denied by the selfishness and injustice of Spain. However, a proclamation issued on the following twenty-fourth of March, following much deliberation and quarreling about the proposed expedition, declared the proposed movement unlawful, and followed it up by ordering General Wayne to establish a force at Fort Massac, if needed, to prevent the expedition from going down the river. It was not necessary, for, in addition to the recall of Genet to France, and this action of the general government, Clark's sober second thoughts caused the expedition to be abandoned. This was the last effort of General Clark's military career, and the last mention of him in connection with any military enterprise, contemplated or otherwise. Spain deserved little consideration from the government of the United States since for years her emissaries intrigued to induce the western people to inaugurate a separate government, using large sums of money to that end, and offering the much-coveted free navigation of the Mississippi and other valuable awards. Fortunately for the republic, these efforts were not successful, and the free navigation was at last nominally secured by treaty in October, 1795, but never completely so until the purchase of Louisiana by the United States in 1803.

The Virginia law granting land to the officers and soldiers of the Illinois regiment provided that one thousand of the 149,000 acres were to be set aside for a town. On August 4, 1784, the commissioners appointed by law at their meeting "ordered that John Campbell, George R. Clark, and John Bailey, or any two, with the surveyor, fix on the most convenient place in the grant for the town and lay off the one thousand acres appropriated for the purpose and also draw up and report a plan for the same." The place selected was opposite the lower part of the Ohio falls, above the mouth of Silver Creek. The law required the town to be called Clarksville. Great expectations were held for the future of the place. General Clark was much interested in it, and its future prosperity was another of the bright dreams of his life which was never realized. Coupled with the distribution of the land in Clark's Grant, however, it gave him employment for many years, as well as solace and great comfort to his restless spirit.

Joseph Espy, who published a journal of western travel, visited Clarksville and General Clark in 1805 and had this to say about them:

> *At the lower end of the falls is the deserted village of Clarksburgh (Clarksville), in which General Clark himself resides. I had the pleasure of seeing this celebrated warrior at his lonely cottage seated on Clark's Point. This point is situated at the upper end of the village and opposite the lower rapid, commanding a full and delightful view of the falls . . . The general has not taken much pains to improve this commanding and beautiful spot, having only raised a small cabin. . . .*
>
> *General Clark has now become frail and rather helpless, but there are the remains of great dignity and manliness in his countenance, person and deportment, and I was struck on seeing him with, perhaps a fancied likeness to the great and immortal Washington.*

William Hayden English's comment:

> *In this humble, isolated home the sturdy old soldier spent many weary and lonesome days and nights, at the very period of his life when he most needed the tender care and solace of pleasant companionship. Female companionship he had none, and the men who were about Clarksville at that time were generally of the free and easy sort, and a good deal given to dissipation. In fact the habit of drinking was general, everywhere, in that day, and it must be admitted that General Clark, at this period, indulged in it to an extent that was wholly unjustifiable. He had greatly impaired his health by exposures in his military campaigns, and this was now being aggravated by dissipation and living about the falls, which was notoriously unhealthy in early times.*

The heaviest blow came at last, with terrible effect. A party of acquaintances from Kentucky made him a visit on a hunting excursion, and, after spending some time with him "in a jovial way," departed on their hunt, leaving him alone in his humble cabin. Some time after their departure he was stricken with paralysis and fell to the floor helpless, and, for a time, unconscious, without anyone present to assist him. He fell in front of the old-fashioned log fireplace in such a way as to burn one of his legs, which brought him back to consciousness — but he never recovered from this stroke of paralysis. He lived about ten years after it, but in a helpless condition, and the burn on his leg finally turned into erysipelas (an acute, infectious skin disease) which made its amputation an absolute necessity. General Clark requested the drums and fifes to be played during the operation, and "the brave old soldier kept time to the music with his fingers." This was before the advent of anesthetics, of course. Finally the music stopped, and he asked, "Well, is it off?" He was answered that it was, and the severed limb was shown him, said to have been the left leg.

It is a fact that two swords were presented to George Rogers Clark by the state of Virginia. Much uncertainty and conflict surrounds their presentation. Mr. English was able to locate one of them in California, in the possession of Mrs. Rodgers, a descendant of the sister of George Rogers Clark, at whose house he died. That clears up part of the mystery, but the tradition is universal in the Clark family, as Mr. English was personally able to establish, that at some time or other General Clark, feeling deeply aggrieved at what he considered bad treatment by Virginia, destroyed a sword that state had given him. Since it is not known just when the act of destroying the sword occurred, or which sword was destroyed, the reference to his breaking the sword with his crutch would infer that it was the second one which was presented in 1812 — highly unlikely, based on the record of its presentation.

After General Clark was stricken with paralysis he was taken to the residence of his sister, Mrs. Lucy Croghan, at Locust Grove, near Louisville, Kentucky, where he remained the rest of his life. It is said that the second sword was presented him by C. F. Mercer, the gentleman who had introduced the measure in the Virginia legislature to cause its procurement for General Clark. At the time of the sword's presentation, General Clark was old and decrepit, one leg gone, the other paralyzed, and all the energy and ambition of his younger days had departed. Earthly honors could be of little importance to him then, sitting in his invalid chair listening to the polished Virginian's eloquent words. He took the beautiful unsheathed sword, and, holding it before him on his two open hands looked at it long and earnestly. Doubtless at the moment his memory dwelt upon the glories of Kaskaskia and Vincennes, and it is not likely he either broke the sword or received it with insulting or bitter words. "It is much more probable," says English, "that another version of the presentation is true, and that he simply said, in a feeble voice broken by tears, 'you have made a very handsome address, and the sword is very handsome too. When Virginia needed a sword, I gave her one. I am too old and infirm, as you see, to ever use a sword again, but I am glad that my old mother state has not entirely forgotten me, and I thank her for the honor and you for your kindness and friendly words.'" He lingered on until the end finally came on Friday morning, February 13, 1818, when he died at his sister's home.

General Clark's little army had taken from Great Britain enough territory for an empire. This reference to the taking of Vincennes and some of the predicaments that followed seemed necessary as a connecting link in the chain of events of which Kaskaskia was the prolific source, and to show more fully the operations and character of General Clark, "than whom no man was better fitted for the conquest of Illinois. High upon the scroll of fame should be registered, in enduring characters, the name of George Rogers Clark. Upon the summit of Garrison Hill, amidst the remaining ruins of Fort Gage — Illinois should do honor to a gallant soldier and pure patriot, by the erection of a monument to his memory." (Mr. Wellner)

General Clark had the glory of capturing the "Hair Buyer," but he did not get to realize his fondest military ambition of taking Detroit.

Mr. Wellner's further comment:

> *It often happens that those who God means shall do good works are to be wrongly treated by the very ones whom they are to benefit. This case was not an exception, for General Clark was never paid anything nor was he in any way rewarded. He asked for a pension but Congress voted him a sword. He answered, 'I asked for bread and they gave me a toy.' He suffered many years with rheumatism contracted in his country's service, and died neglected and in poverty, the same year that the Illinois Country which he had gained for America, became a state—1818.*

%%%%%%%%

George Rogers Clark was not only a soldier, he was also a pathfinder. After the Revolution, some of the men who had been with him in the Illinois campaign came to the Illinois country and settled near the Mississippi, above Kaskaskia, in what has since been known as the "American Bottom."

I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves,
Where soon shall roll a human sea.

Whittier

Those immigrants were followed by other emigration parties from "Back East," who pushed across the mountains to the Monongahela Valley or to Pittsburgh, built large flatboats or keelboats on which they loaded all their belongings and finally landed somewhere in that strange new country— Illinois.

When the White man came to Illinois, it became necessary to establish trade routes. The pioneer boatmen were quick to see their chance and built keelboats possibly fifteen or twenty feet wide and fifty or sixty feet long, and with these crafts they plied the Ohio and the Mississippi from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. Regardless of the fact that they were in constant danger of being attacked by Indians or other boatmen, they drank and gambled and generally had a glorious time as they went down the river, but the return trip was full of hardships. Often they could make no progress at all against the current, and they had to go ahead and tie a rope to a tree, then pull themselves up "hands over," or wind the rope up on a windlass. It is not surprising that a trip often took a whole season.

These boatmen were strong and courageous and despised a life of ease and luxury. They feared no one, not God, not devil and not man.

France had agreed to help the United States in the Revolution, more on account of enmity toward England than to her good feeling for America, and when the negotiations which led to a treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain were in progress, it was plain that the French representative was warmly supporting the claim of Spain to all territory west of the Alleghenies. England, dreading the combined power of France and Spain, did not prolong the controversy, and the treaty of peace was signed September 3, 1783. This relinquished all of England's claim to territory east of the Mississippi River and confirmed the title of the United States.

That same year, Samuel J. Seeley taught the first school in Illinois, which was located in what is now Monroe County, at New Design.

After Clark's successful expedition, Patrick Henry sent John Todd to organize Illinois as a county of Virginia.

Todd was to familiarize the new citizens with Virginia's Bill of Rights so that they could learn the principles of self-government.

Virginia, however, was not allowed to keep Illinois for long. During the period of forming a national government, Maryland would not sign the Articles of Confederation until Virginia and three other states gave up their claims to the lands north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi. This region, called the "Northwest Territory" officially became part of the United States when the peace treaty was signed in 1783. But there was a period of confusion in Illinois and the other parts of the territory while Congress planned a government for it.

The states of New York, Virginia, Massachusetts and Connecticut gave up their claims to the territory north of the Ohio River in 1784 and 1786.

In 1787 Congress passed a measure proposed by Thomas Jefferson which was a code of laws for the government of the Northwest Territory. Some of the principal provisions of the Ordinance of 1787, as it was known, were that Congress would appoint people to administer the laws; that religious freedom should be guaranteed; that slavery, except as a punishment for crime, should not exist in any of the territory; and that it should eventually be divided into not less than three states (never more than five), each of which could be admitted into the Union when it had sixty thousand free inhabitants.

Nearly fifty years later Daniel Webster said,

> *We are accustomed to praise the great lawgivers of antiquity, . . . but I doubt whether one single law, ancient or modern, has produced effects more distinct, marked and lasting in character than the Ordinance of 1787.*

It was three years after the adoption of the Ordinance of 1787 before Illinois had any government. President Washington appointed General Arthur St. Clair as governor of the Northwest Territory in 1787. After spending some time in Ohio and Indiana, he reached Kaskaskia in 1790 and organized St. Clair County with Cahokia as the county seat, the first in the present state of Illinois.

The Northwest Territory was so large that it was difficult to govern. In 1800 Congress divided the territory into two parts. The eastern part, Ohio, was made a separate territory and soon became a state. The western part, called the Territory of Indiana, included what is today Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, part of Minnesota and part (later all) of Michigan.

While Illinois was part of the territory of Indiana, the capital was at Vincennes, and the governor was William Henry Harrison. This was a period of strained relations with the British, who still held several forts on the Great Lakes. The pioneers believed, with good reason, that these forts incited Indian attacks on American settlements. To help meet this threat, Fort Dearborn was built on the Chicago River in 1803.

In 1809 Congress created the territory of Illinois. This new division included all of our present state and the land north of it as far as Canada. President Madison appointed Ninian Edwards as governor, and our territorial capital was located at Kaskaskia.

The unsettled condition of Indian affairs was a handicap to further settlement in Illinois until the end of the War of 1812. Then Illinois grew rapidly.

In 1818 her population was large enough so that, under the terms of the Ordinance of 1787, she was ready to apply for statehood. Illinois was admitted to the Union in 1818. The legislature met at Kaskaskia, the capital, on October 5, 1818; Shadrach Bond was inaugurated as governor the next day. After strenuous opposition, a bill approving the Illinois Constitution was passed December 2, and President Monroe signed it the next day. Illinois became a state on December 3, 1818. The home of a French planter (Pierre Menard) was used as the capital.

Randolph County was organized October 5, 1795, being all of the Illinois country south of a line drawn due east from the Mississippi, through the New Design settlement to the Wabash River.

Prior to the War of 1812, British agents had been among the Indians of the Illinois country and poisoned their minds against the Americans. With the declaration of war against England, the Indians began a rampage. The Americans had built a line of forts, or blockhouses, from Alton to Kaskaskia; another from Kaskaskia to the salt works in the Wabash Valley; another along the Wabash and the Ohio; and one —Old Fort Dearborn —near where Dearborn Station in Chicago now stands. The largest and strongest of these, Camp Russel at Edwardsville, was made military headquarters for Illinois.

In 1812 Illinois Territory was changed to second class, giving it the right to elect all town and county officers. As more counties became organized, immigration was encouraged, and the country rapidly filled up.

For protection, several families traveled together and formed a settlement near a stream where timber and water were plentiful. Every man had an axe, a rifle, a frow (fro) (a cleaving tool having a wedge-shaped blade, with a handle set at right angles to it), a drawing knife, and he soon made a type of sawhorse. Among them they would own one or more whipsaws.

Thus equipped, they built their single-room log houses with "stick and clay" chimneys, their puncheon floors (a slab of timber or a piece of split log with the face roughly dressed, used for flooring, and so forth) and their clapboard roofs.

They made their furniture, for all the "furniture" they had brought was a skillet with an iron lid. Nor were the women and children idle while this was going on. They worked in the "clearing" or did anything there was to do.

This is the "start" these brave and good people had when they came into a region filled with wild animals and merciless Indian savages.

Mr. Wellner:

> *The Lord sent manna from heaven to feed the Israelites and he was not less kind to the pioneers. He filled the forest with deer which might be killed for food. Thus, through the help of Divine Providence, they had venison to eat and, figuratively and literally speaking, they kept the wolf from the door.*

Nor were they limited to venison for meat. Sometimes it was wild turkey, squirrel, rabbit, "possum" (opossum) or possibly it was quail. Those who had cows furnished good sweet milk, buttermilk and butter to everybody in the neighborhood. The corn pone and the "johnny cake" were practically always in evidence at the dinner table. (Dinner was at 12:00 "Sun time.")

Mush and milk was the common supper dish, and if they got tired of that they could vary it with hog and hominy. They made both sugar and 'lasses (molasses) from the sap of maple trees, and they often cut a bee tree, sometimes getting several gallons of honey. They raised beans and pumpkins in the corn, and the bread they ate was from corn they had both grown and ground, or it was made of wheat they had grown and by a laborious process flailed out and ground ready for bread.

Their corn and wheat were ground on a hominy block, a grater or a hand mill. As they sat at the crude table to eat from wooden or pewter dishes, they had a good appetite and a clear conscience, and they enjoyed it.

Pioneer women generally wore homemade dresses of what they called linsey-woolsey, with more fortunate ones sometimes getting something a little more to their taste, possibly calico, from the old home back east.

At first the pioneers shunned the prairies of our Prairie State, because they thought that these unforested plains could not be fertile. But as settlement increased, the pioneers had to turn to the prairies.

Breaking the sod—the thick layer of matted grass roots—could not be done with cast-iron plowshares. The pioneers devised a bar-share plow, a heavy log with a long bar which had to be dragged through the field by several span of oxen. It was slow, backbreaking work.

Once the sod was broken, the Illinois earth still did not offer easy riches to the farmers. The thick prairie soil stuck to the plowshare like glue so that the plowman had to stop frequently to scrape it clean. A new type of blade was needed. Two inventive young men in two different areas came up with the same idea at almost the same time: a self-scouring steel blade. In lawsuits over patent rights, the Illinois Supreme Court gave the decision to Harvey Henry May; but the other young man, John Deere, generally gets the credit.

Now Illinois farmers could reap treasure from the earth. The fertile soil produced such bountiful harvests that within the next twenty years Illinois became one of the leading agricultural states in our nation.

%%%%%%%

Among the early settlers superstition held sway, and many still believed in witchcraft. One Negro at Kaskaskia and one at Cahokia were sentenced to be burned at the stake and their ashes scattered. Governor Todd signed their death warrants, and they were duly executed. Doubtless there were others, but these are the only ones of which we have any reliable record. As was previously related, Mr. Todd went to Kentucky in 1780 and was killed in a fight with the Indians. For the next ten years, Illinois was practically without any government.

Slavery advocates knew Congress would not admit Illinois to the Union unless the constitution contained an anti-slavery clause. So they inserted a phrase providing that, "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall hereafter be introduced." The trick word, "hereafter," was discovered, but men like William H. Harrison did not believe it was so intended and it passed.

Illinois' star was added to the stars and stripes flag on July 4, 1819.

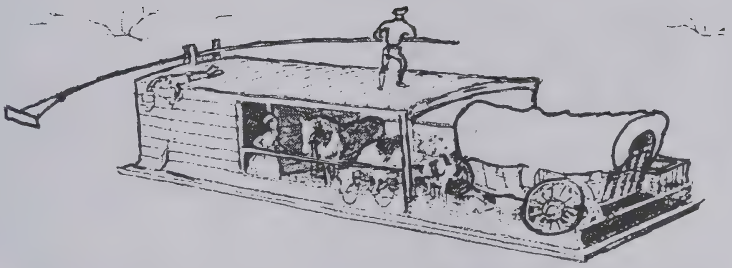
In 1819, Governor Bond called the legislature together, and it passed a law locating the capital at Vandalia.

It also passed what was known as the "Black Code." It provided: That a Negro could neither bring suit nor testify in any court; that if he were found ten miles from home he could be taken before a justice and whipped twenty-five lashes; that unless he had a certificate of freedom his services for one year could be sold by the sheriff; that he might be sold or mortgaged for his master's debt; that no person could legally bring a slave to the state for the purpose of freeing him (slavery was not legal in the state of Illinois) without giving a bond of one thousand dollars guaranteeing that such slave would be a law-abiding and self-supporting citizen. The Negro slave had a home and a master that would protect him but the free Negro was an outcast liable to all kinds of indignities even to being kidnapped and sold down the river. He therefore often made himself a voluntary slave to some master.

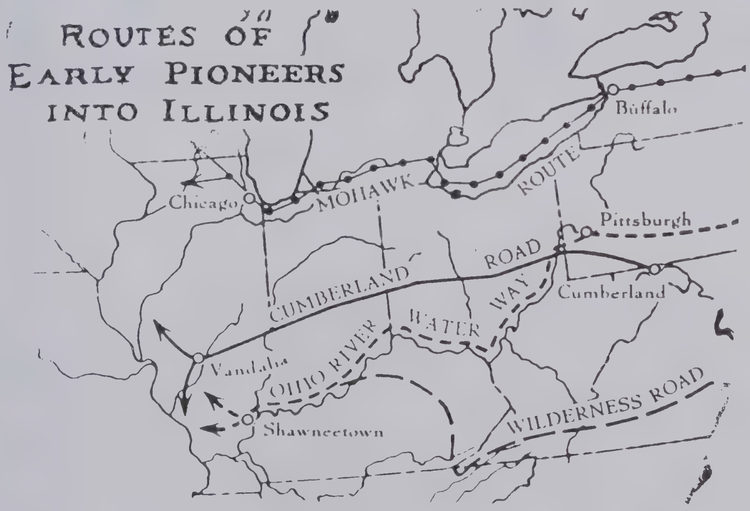
In 1822 after Edward Coles was elected governor, the slavery men, claiming no longer to be bound by the Ordinance of 1787, wanted to amend the constitution to legalize slavery in Illinois. Governor Coles spent his entire salary for four years (four thousand dollars), fighting this measure. The anti-slavery men won when it was voted on in August 1824. Governor Coles' name will live in history as one who did most to prevent the legalizing of slavery in Illinois.

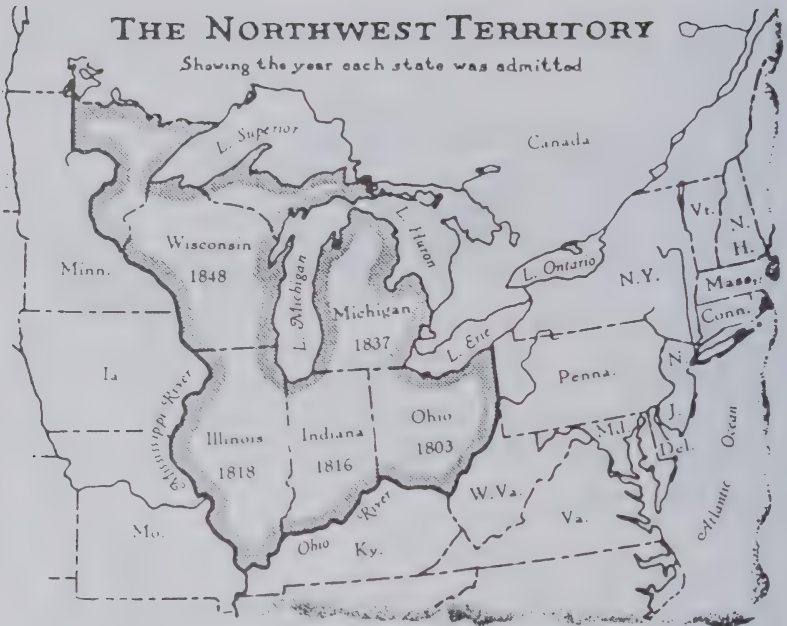
In 1839 the state capital was moved again, this time to a central location, Springfield, where it has remained.

The 1840s saw continued rapid growth of Illinois. Many of the newcomers at this time had emigrated from Ireland and from Germany. They settled on farms or found work in the towns and cities.



Flatboats on the Ohio carried the covered wagons that the pioneers would need to travel farther inland after they landed at Shawneetown.


ROUTES OF EARLY PIONEERS INTO ILLINOIS
Buffalo
MOHAWK ROUTE
Chicago
Pittsburgh
CUMBERLAND ROAD
Cumberland
WATER WAY
OHIO RIVER
Vandalia
Shawneetown
WILDERNESS ROAD


THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY
Showing the year each state was admitted
L. Superior
Canada
Wisconsin
1848
Minn.
L. Michigan
Michigan
1837
L. Huron
L. Ontario
N.Y.
Vt.
N.H.
Mass.
Conn.
L. Erie
Penna.
N.J.
Ia.
Mississippi River
Illinois
1818
Indiana
1816
Ohio
1803
Md.
Del.
Atlantic Ocean
W.Va.
Va.
Mo.
Ohio River
Ky.

4

ANCESTORS AND ILLINOIS

ON JANUARY 11, 1989, OUR FORTIETH PRESIDENT, Ronald Reagan, nearing the end of two terms, delivered a farewell to the American people from the Oval Office in the White House. The following brief passage is from that message of credence.

> *If we forget what we were, we won't know who we are.*
>
> *I am warning of an eradication of the American memory that could result, ultimately, in an erosion of the American spirit.*
>
> *Ronald Reagan*

Great-Grandfather William Mulholland I was born in Ireland around 1820 and left for the United States in approximately 1830. He settled in Illinois, in the area of New Palestine—Ellis Grove. The first available record of him is his marriage January 7, 1846, to Mary Stipe. It is not known whether he came to America with his family or if he traveled alone or with friends. Pending further research in Ireland, our best guess is that as a boy of ten or so, he managed to board a ship on his own. His brother Thomas, with his wife and five children, had already arrived in America and settled in Kaskaskia. We therefore assume young William's objective was to join them.

William's wife, Great-Grandmother Mary (Stipe) Mulholland was one of fourteen children of John "Jackie" Stype(Stipe) and Susannah Thurman Stype.

Jackie was born in Holland April 29, 1802, and emigrated from Holland to Grayson County, Virginia, around 1812.

The spelling of Jackie's last name changed upon arrival in the United States, from Stype to Stipe. It was quite common for name spelling to vary during the heavy influx of immigrants. The paperwork required for processing newcomers was handled by people of diverse backgrounds and levels of education. Records were handwritten and subject to inaccuracies due to misspelling or misinterpretation.

Jackie met Susannah Thurman (born November 8, 1803, in Grayson County), and they eventually married. In 1850 they moved from Virginia to Ohio, then to Illinois, settling near Ellis Grove. Their farm (later owned by Harold Rickenberg), still known as "The Old Stipe Place," contains the family cemetery where Jackie and Susannah were buried. Their graves are enclosed by a rock wall which Jackie built after Susannah's death January 16, 1863. He lived another 10 years, until February 10, 1873.

Three years after Susannah's death, Jackie married Johanna Goetz, just 16 years old, and they produced two more children, Joseph Stipe and Kate Stipe Fink. According to Stipe Cemetery records, the private cemetery contains the remains of Jackie and Susannah and Joseph, presumed to be their son; however, I have recently discovered that this may not be the case.

As the story is told, Jackie Stipe had found a way to diffuse the unrest among the Indians who were attacking and pillaging colonists. The Stipe property was massive, reaching deep into surrounding forests. At a distance close enough to be seen from the house, Jackie placed salt licks to attract deer. Making contact with an Indian of high rank within his tribe, Jackie offered to let them come onto his property to hunt the deer that gathered at the salt licks. Jackie and the Indian, who came to be known as Joseph, eventually became friendly towards each other, to the extent that when the Indian died, Jackie allowed him to be buried on the Stipe property. But not inside the wall Jackie built for himself and Susannah, we have always presumed.

Jackie's legacy provided that at no time in the future was the private cemetery to be viewed or disturbed by outsiders. For many generations responsibility for keeping the vigil has passed from one occupant of the property to the next, to insure compliance with those wishes.

An exception was made within the last decade, however. My cousin, Charles Dean, and his wife, Melba, visited the cemetery site a few years ago. Upon learning

Charlie's familial identity, the occupant escorted them to the cemetery site and allowed them to photograph the tombstones and surrounding wall. I hope to also visit the site in the near future. I would like to sort out the mystery of exactly who is resting within those walls. To our great loss, Charles Dean has passed away, taking with him much valuable family information. An innate curiosity and dedication had kept him in active pursuit of genealogical matters for many years. He would have enjoyed this journey into the past.

A tragic set of circumstances befell one of Jackie and Susannah's children, Nancy Stipe Roberts, born in 1830. She was in the yard of her father's place when a stray dog ran through the yard and snapped at her, tearing her skirt. She went inside and sewed up the tear in the fabric, biting off the thread when finished. Evidently some froth from the rabid dog's mouth had penetrated the skirt fibers. Nancy contracted rabies and died soon after.

Our story mainly concerns two of Jackie and Susannah's other children, Mary and Sarah.

Mary Stipe, as I have indicated, married Great-Grandfather William I.

Mary's sister Sarah married John Edward Roche.

The Roche family moved from France to Ireland in 1166. John Edward Roche's mother, Margaret Roche (maiden name unknown) was born in County Cork, Ireland, December 18, 1775. John was born there as well, on October 20, 1815. It is assumed that Margaret's husband died in Ireland, or aboard ship, for it was only she and John Edward who arrived in Grayson County, Virginia (date unknown). Neither is it known whether or not John had any brothers or sisters.

Now we are getting close to bringing the Stipes and Roches together in order to make some sense of this story.

Margaret and son John Edward moved from Virginia to Ft. Kaskaskia, and that is where the young folk eventually got together.

John Edward Roche married Sarah Stipe November 12, 1846. In January of that same year, Sarah's sister Mary had married Great-Grandfather William Mulholland I.

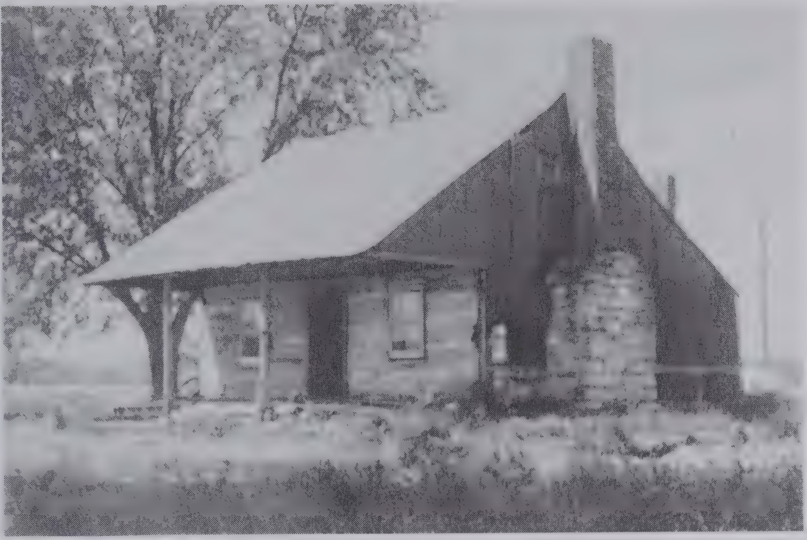
We know that William was born in County Cork, Ireland, and came to Illinois as a young boy. Research to date has not revealed specific data pertaining to his childhood in Ireland prior to leaving that country.

Things begin to get clearer as we follow the offspring of these two happy young couples:

William and Mary Mulholland had ten children: one girl and nine boys. The third son was my grandfather, William II, born June 22, 1854.

John and Sarah Roche's eight children included Margaret, born October 20, 1854, a few months after her cousin William's birth.

The mystery unravels as William Mulholland II and Margaret Roche fell in love and married. This union produced ten children, one of whom was my father, Albert, born January 18, 1892.



Mulholland Homestead just before burning down in 1988

Me and remains of homestead - April 1992

5

“HOME” AND FAMILY

IN LATE MARCH 1992 I EMBARKED on a genealogical research mission to Southern Illinois.

My niece Erjuana Hartmann joined me in Sparta to assist in locating the "Old Mulholland Homestead." Born and reared in Cutler, not far from New Palestine where her great-great-great-grandparents settled, Erjuana was familiar with the surrounding area. She and her husband, Robert, had remained in Cutler while raising their own family of three children. Erjuana shared my interest in genealogy, having collected substantial family history material over a period of several years.

Intending to also visit cemeteries and copy information inscribed on headstones, our primary objective was to locate the homestead. Leaving Sparta, we knew that our journey would actually begin at Steeleville and so we headed in that direction. Winding gravel roads curling gently over serene hills and valleys delivered us through quiet and sunny farmland in our search for landmarks. We stopped along the way to ask assistance of kind and patient folks living on sparsely populated farms. A composite of helpful clues finally gave us some specific directions which we recorded for future reference: From Sparta, turn RIGHT at the Steeleville "T" onto SHAWNEETOWN TRAIL blacktop. At DIAMOND CROSS ROAD, continue to 14.30 N., TWP RD 223, 2000 KM (20.00 E., TWN RD 110), approximately two miles. Turn LEFT at 14.30 and continue over winding rock road to first road to the right. Turn RIGHT and proceed approximately one-half mile to the Mulholland homestead.

After several disappointing false starts, we met a family who was familiar with the homestead. As children, some of the elders had discovered the abandoned place during hiking expeditions and had enjoyed many happy hours playing there. The main attraction apparently was an old piano left to deteriorate on the front porch. Armed with more specific spatial relationships of roads, fields and building landmarks, we regrouped and proceeded as directed. A specific landmark we had been looking for, a farm where llamas lazily grazed on pre-spring shoots of grass, was quickly before us as evidence that we were on the right track.

Nature's architecture unfolded before us as we continued over the rock roads through pristine countryside.

We pushed onward, until, rounding the bend of a sharp curve, on the top of a little hill ahead of us, a huge solitary tree came into view. And in the shadow of its budding branches we could begin to make out the form of the charred remains of a burned-out trailer. As we approached more closely, the remnants of the house's fireplace and chimney, partially hidden behind the trailer, gradually came into focus. And we knew it was the end of our pilgrimage; we had found the homestead!

Pulling off the road and across the little bridge over the roadside ditch, we parked the car and walked up the lane to the "house." Standing next to the fireplace remains and from this lofty view surveying the endless open fields and rolling hills, I felt at peace with the surroundings and with all who had preceded me to this tranquil place called "home." And I did not want to leave.

Looking out over miles of open land surrounded by wooded areas, it was easy to visualize a truck patch replete with vegetables, flowers and berries near the house. Some fruit trees undoubtedly stood over there, beyond the huge sycamore. Chickens and geese would be flitting about, squawking and quacking. Somewhere, off to the side or a good distance from the rear of the house, would be the hogpen. And was there a barn just beyond that pasture, where sweaty horses and mules rested after long hard days of field work? No doubt some kind of shelter was provided for the very important milk cows. A barn, perhaps. Or some kind of lean-to where hay, as well as the rough makeshift tools and farming equipment could be stored.

There was a presence there of all those strong, proud people who had lived and endured in that house. As we paid awesome respect I hoped that they could somehow know that they were being revered and remembered.

Here in this tranquil place of his birth, I could begin to understand and appreciate my father's lifelong feeling of oneness with the land. It was the same homogeneity that had consumed and comforted those who had preceded him to this place.

A terrible tragedy took place here. My father's sister, Anna, born February 9, 1880, died at home in 1905, when she was twenty-five.

Arising before her mother early one morning, she proceeded to get the fire going to cook breakfast, as was her usual habit. The sleeve of her nightgown brushed against the lighted coals and ignited. Running outside while attempting to beat out the fire by flailing her arms, her thick wavy auburn hair that hung to the waist also caught fire. It was January; perhaps there was snow on the ground and she intended to make use of it to put out the flames. The flailing of the arms apparently accelerated the fire's spreading to the rest of the nightgown, and her entire body was quickly engulfed in flames. As the story is told, poor Anna looked like a lighted cross as she ran helplessly across the lawn flailing her outstretched arms. By the time her father got to her, the voluminous nightgown was nothing but ashes, her body hideously charred, and she had succumbed to smoke inhalation.

Married January 7, 1846, in Kaskaskia, Great-Grandfather William Mulholland I and Mary (Stipe) Mulholland decided to settle in the New Palestine-Ellis Grove area. Clearing the land with primitive tools, they set up farming. They built a sturdy, large, comfortable log home in which ten children were produced and reared. The home was subsequently also the birthplace of William II and Margaret's ten offspring.

The large, box-shaped log home was essentially divided down the middle. The living area was enhanced by the huge fireplace at one end, built of stone quarried from the farm. It is not clear to me whether there was a cook stove, or if cooking was done in the fireplace. I have the impression that there *was* a cook stove. It would have been at the opposite end of the "great room," along with dining table and chairs and other kitchen furnishings and equipment. Bedrooms took up the other half of the floor space, along one side. A cellar was dug under the house to provide refuge from possible Indian attack and from severe storm activity, such as tornadoes.

The second story of the log home, best described as a loft, contained two additional bedrooms. Combined with two or three on the lower level, they provided comfortable sleeping quarters for the large family. Typical of house construction in those days, a ladder provided access to the upper level. It could be quickly removed in the event of Indian attack.

Supported by four huge timbers, the roofline of the house extended out as cover for the porch that ran across the front of the house.

All that remains of the house today is a part of the stone fireplace and bits of chimney. The house was destroyed by fire in the late 1980s through the carelessness of renters living in a trailer on the property. The trailer occupants apparently stacked straw around the base of the trailer as winter insulation. The straw caught fire somehow, igniting the trailer and then the house. The scorched metal trailer bed still sits on the property, in front of the remaining fireplace stones.

Scattered heaps of ashes are mute testimony of a vanished place in time.

I regret that I had no personal knowledge of my grandparents and that I missed the wonderfully interesting stories they must have told. A glimpse of Grandpa Mulholland as he lay in the casket is the extent of my contact with any of them. I was five years old when he died November 6, 1935, and I remember standing on tiptoe trying to peer into the casket, barely glimpsing a part of his arm and the outline of his face.

My father, Albert, was born January 18, 1892, in the log home built by his grandfather.

Albert Mulholland married Mayme Margaret Marshall November 12, 1913. Continuing the Catholic large family tradition, their marriage produced thirteen children, ten of whom still survive: Travis, Opal, Margie, Lloyd, Melvin, Allen, Wanda, twins Ada and Arlen, and Darlene.

Much remains to be resolved as I continue shaking the very large family tree, especially concerning my mother's ancestors. But research of Dad's ancestors is also incomplete. For example, what became of all the descendants of William I and Mary? Popular belief has two or more of the boys settling on the west coast; that Mulholland Drive in California bears the name of one of them. Montana may be the home of descendants of others.

It is hoped that as a result of this book, contact might be made with someone having information pertaining to the siblings of William II: Charlie, George, Hugh (Bushrey), Peter (married Margaret Hayes), Lawrence, John (Jack) (married Emma McCarty), Patrick Henry (married Mary Bollinger) and Mary (Sis) (married John Allen).

Perhaps also, as a result of this effort, information might be forthcoming regarding the Marshalls and Abbeys, as well as the Rockwells with whom, it is believed. Mayme Marshall lived from approximately age six to her teens.

My mother's ancestral path has proved unexpectedly difficult to retrace. Remaining to be determined is whether Grandfather Charles Marshall's family emigrated from France as Mother always indicated, or from Scotland, as proffered by cousin Tommy Marshall. Did they go to South Carolina or to New Orleans, eventually traveling north via Mississippi River boats? Since Mother often spoke of her dream of going to England to visit her mother's birthplace in a small town called Abbeyville near London, we do not question Mame Abbey's origin. How dreadful that I failed to take the opportunity to pursue that dream in her memory when I accompanied my husband on a business trip to London in 1984. I hope to rectify that mistake in the near future.

Mame Abby and Charles Marshall met and married somewhere along the way. One of five children resulting from the union, my mother was born July 26, 1894, at Ft. Gage, Illinois. I recall stories of a sister who died at age eight of diphtheria, but Mom was the only living daughter; the other four siblings were boys.

Details are still sketchy, but we have determined that Grandfather Charles Marshall died in 1900 when the five children were quite small. A popular belief is that he was followed a short time later by his wife. Orphaned, the children found homes with different families and became dispersed. But I have recollection of Mom saying that her mother died at age forty, after having remarried. And I remember her talking about her stepfather, Frank (we believe his name might have been Frank Johnson).

Mom's brothers all lived in other states: Ohio, Indiana and Virginia. We rarely saw them. Except for Tommy Marshall in Modoc, Illinois, there were no cousins with whom to interact. Uncle Will and Aunt Margaret, who lived in Indianapolis, did have a daughter, a professional dancer, whom we had never met.

When my mother died in 1981 she was the last one of her family to go. And so, once broken, the circle cannot be rejoined. In my continuing quest for the truth I hope to eventually shed some light on her mysterious, sparse family history.

I recall seeing only one snapshot of Mother as a child. She must have been around age twelve, beautiful dark curls hanging to the waist. And then there was the later one with the Gibson-Girl look. Her hourglass figure was pinched in at the waist, and the bosom and bottom were corseted so tightly I don't know how she could have breathed in that long-sleeved, long-skirted dress stitched from yards of, I imagine, cotton muslin.

I loved hearing her stories about the fun times of her youth, few as they were. She worked in a candy factory in her late-teen years. We could almost taste the sweet morsels as she described the fun of dipping fondants, caramels, coconut and other sweet centers into the gloppy chocolate. As she described it, there was plenty of horseplay and giggling with co-workers to lighten the drudgery of the job.

Uncle Ohra, an artist (watercolorist, mostly), also played violin. Mom often recounted stories of the gambling boats that plied the Mississippi and how she had been offered a job singing on one of them, with her brother playing the violin. Of course that would not fit the image of a "proper lady" so her mother (or surrogate mother, Rose Rockwell, if it turns out that her mother in fact was not alive at that time) would not permit it. Actors and other stage performers were considered "painted ladies" in those days.

I loved to hear her sing. Never have I heard the equal of the lilting softness, perfect pitch and clarity of her voice—until Pam's. Some of my fondest childhood memories center around the vision of Mom happily singing, missing neither a note nor a motion as the buxom figure vigorously kneaded bread dough for the eight-loaf bread pan. Or perhaps she would be kneading, punching and rolling the egg-rich sweet dough, also made with her homemade yeast, that would become breakfast rolls or "raised" doughnuts. Filled with raisins and cinnamon and sugar or frosted with creamy, white frosting then sprinkled with ground peanuts, the rolls were especially wonderful while hot, spread with fresh butter. We always argued about who would get the just-fried doughnut "holes."

At age twenty Mayme Margaret Marshall Mulholland began her life as a farmer's wife and a mother. The creative juices and inherent talents were quickly quashed in the day-to-day struggle to survive the harsh farm life raising a flock of kids. Quashed perhaps, but not obliterated. The inherent need to create was evidenced in numerous ways, for she had a way of adding flair to the most mundane daily tasks.

Throughout the hard years of her life she retained the ability to remain feminine, always delighting in compliments on her natural beauty. The naturally curly dark brown hair glistened with highlights. It was a soft and flattering frame for the fine facial features, high cheekbones, straight slender nose and dark dancing eyes. The smooth softness of her skin always amazed me. Certainly she had nothing other than home concoctions for cosmetics. Cheeks were rosied by pinching between the thumb and forefinger, lips brightened with a bit of vaseline, and perhaps there was a dab of loose powder to reduce shine. Having access to real makeup in later years was special fun for her.

At the time Dad asked for my mother's hand in marriage, he was a dapper lad of twenty-two or so, with a pretty good start as a farmer in his own right. We always loved the snapshot of him in straw hat and spats as he sits proudly in charge of the reins of a handsome team of horses pulling his surrey with fringe on top. A beautiful girl of chaste virtue, mother was sought after, to be sure; a good catch. They were a handsome couple at their wedding on November 6, 1913.

Dad's catholic background and beliefs often ran afoul of Mother's Baptist upbringing, resulting in many spirited arguments. A volatile subject for two such strong-willed people, it would undoubtedly have received more determined attention in the early years if there had been time for it. As the years passed and babies arrived in rapid succession, there was no time for worrying about things one could not change. But she never gave in on one issue: To her dying day, although she did finally join the Catholic church, she steadfastly opposed calling priests "Father." "There is, always was, always will be only one Father," she insisted.

We have all often wondered where the strength came from to survive the hardship, heartache, disappointments, body-punishing physical labor, dashed hopes and dreams. Only an iron-willed individualist could retain a private identity through the tribulation endured by our mother in her early years. Always out there almost in reach was the hope of one day publishing one of the many songs she scribbled on whatever was handy when a thought came to mind. With only pencil and scraps of paper as art supplies, she could sketch anything from the birds and animals she so loved, to portraits. Her songs, poems and sketches, all begging for further expansion, were stashed in her metal box along with other memorabilia. Her box of lost dreams.

The Old Maple Tree

There's an old maple tree by my door,
Where it's stood for many long years.
It sheltered my lonely childhood,
And shared all my sorrows and pain. . . .

The Robin

This morning I heard a sweet lullaby,
It came from the maple tree,
High up in the sky.
'Twas a gay redbreast, so happy and free,
Singing his sweet song to me.

He sailed away on the early breeze,
Leaving an echo among the green leaves.

We all should be more like the robin so free,
Leaving our message along life's way,
Singing away, happy and gay,
Happy and glad to be free.

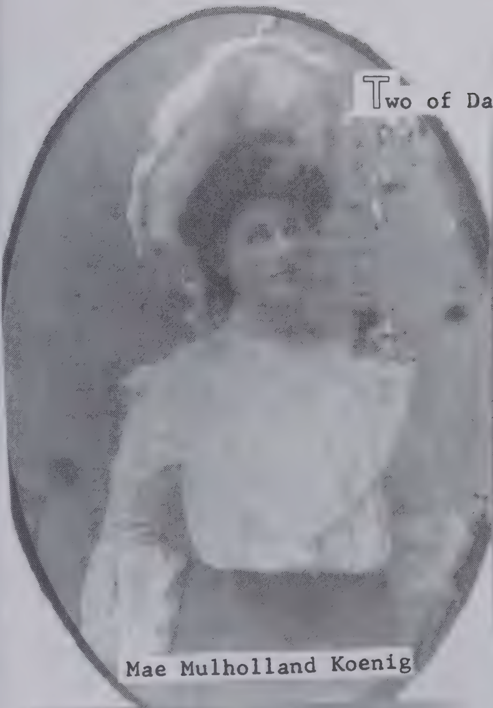
Mayme Marshall Mulholland

Grandmother Margaret Mulholland
1864—1918

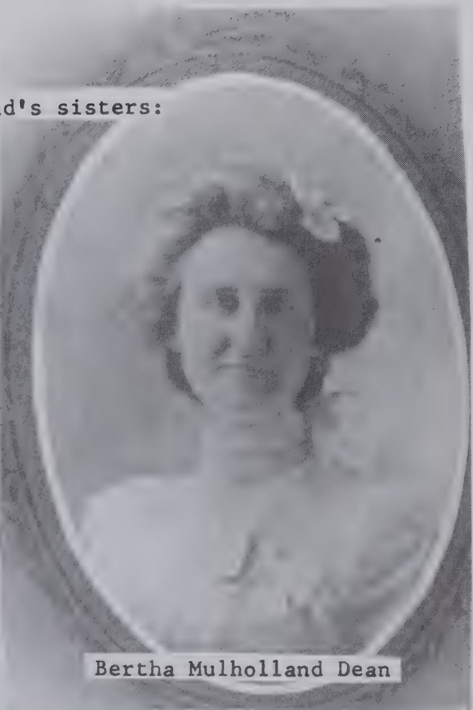
Grandfather William Mulholland II,
Mary (Sis), Hugh, Patrick and Peter

My parents, Mayme and Albert.
1913 Wedding
1963 50th Wedding Anniversary

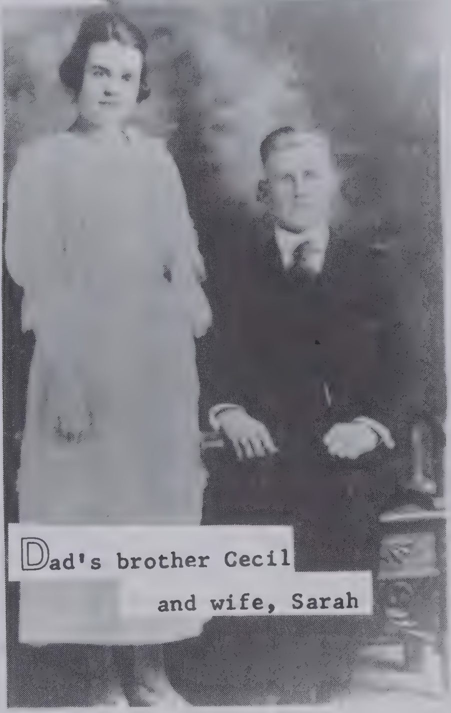
Two of Dad's sisters:



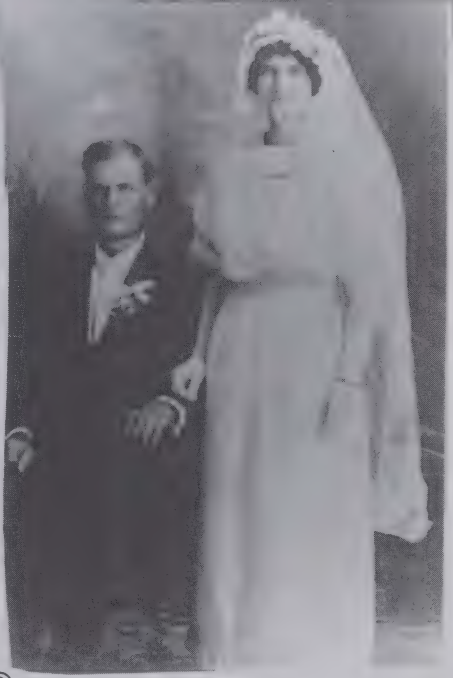
Mae Mulholland Koenig



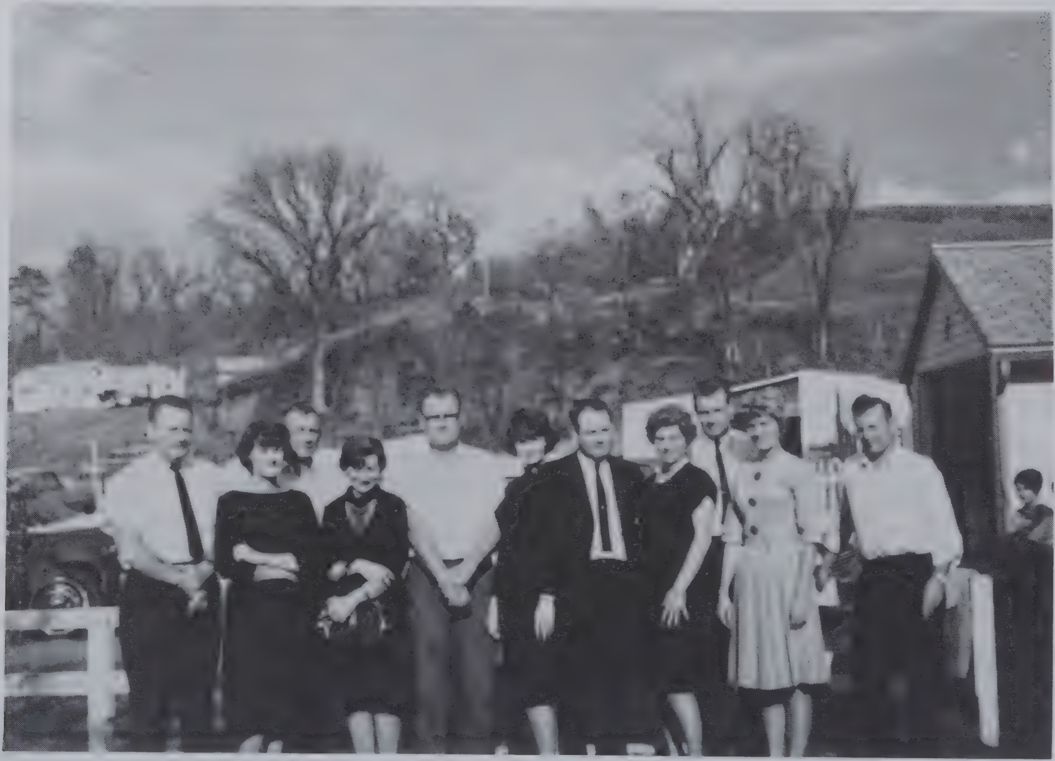
Bertha Mulholland Dean



Dad's brother Cecil
and wife, Sarah



Dad's brother Arthur and wife, Molly



Dad's funeral, 1965: (L. to R.) Roland, Opal, Travis,
Margie, Lloyd, Wanda, Melvin, Ada, Allen, Darlene, Arlen

6

A MOST USEFUL WOMAN

GRANDMOTHER MARGARET MULHOLLAND died tragically in an automobile accident in 1918. Following is a reprint of the actual newspaper article recounting the sad news:

> *CHESTER, ILLINOIS, TUESDAY, OCT. 22, 1918*
>
> *MRS. WM. MULHOLLAND KILLED IN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT*
>
> *Mrs. William Mulholland met a tragic death near Chester last Tuesday afternoon when their automobile, driven by her husband, backed into a ditch and turned over upon both occupants.*
>
> *Mr. and Mrs. Mulholland, whose home is eight miles northeast of Chester, drove to town that afternoon in their Overland automobile, which they had owned only a short time. After doing some trading at the stores here they started home, about six o'clock. When half way up the Gant or Gravel hill, three miles from town, the motor stopped and the car began to run backward. Mr. Mulholland became confused and failed to get his foot on the brake and the machine continued to back down the hill for about thirty feet when it turned to the right and went over an eight foot, almost perpendicular, embankment. The machine landed in the old abandoned road below with the four wheels in the air. Both Mr. and Mrs. Mulholland were pinned beneath the heavy car.*

Also three sacks of mill stuff he had in the car fell upon them. Mr. and Mrs. Mulholland were both injured but neither was unconscious and they talked to each other while waiting for help. The last words Mrs. Mulholland spoke were to tell her husband that she was dying.

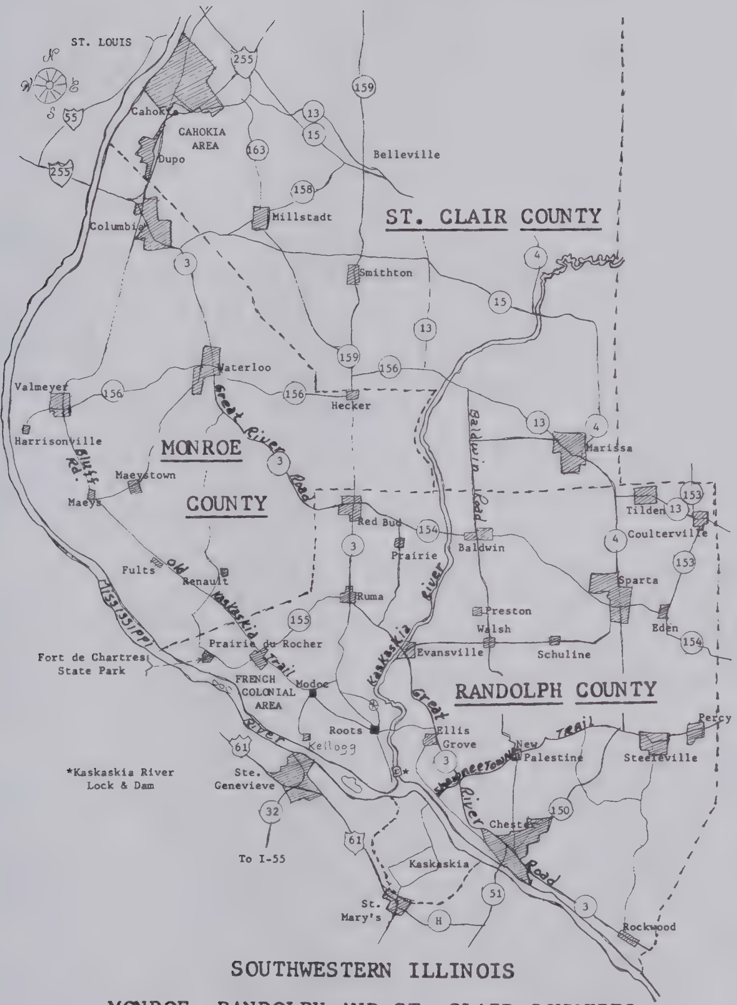
A little boy nearby had witnessed the accident and ran to some men who were working in the bottom and told them a car had turned over in the road. They hastened to the spot, reaching there in about ten minutes, Mr. Mulholland thought. The men pried up the machine and took out Mrs. Mulholland's dead body and released her husband. Mrs. Mulholland, it is believed, was killed by some internal injury as only small bruises on her head and breast were visible. Mr. Mulholland, fortunately, found that his injuries were not dangerous, though he suffered painful bruises.

Deputy Coroner H. S. Burbes held an inquest over the remains of the victim of the disaster and a verdict was returned by the jury according with the above statements.

Mrs. Mulholland was aged 63 years and 11 months. She is deeply mourned by her husband and a large family of grown children, most of whom are married and living in homes of their own within the county. Two sons are single and still at home.

No better nor more highly respected family is to be found in our county, and all members of it are among our best people. In the sudden sorrow which has come upon their home circle, they receive the sympathy of everyone in the neighborhood. Here, where for so many years they have held the affectionate esteem of their neighbors, will Mrs. Mulholland be most sadly missed.

She was a noble Christian woman, a kind neighbor and most loving wife and mother. She was esteemed as one of the county's most useful women, who had reared her family of children to be an honor to their parents, and in all respects had done her womanly duties in a manner worthy of emulation. It is sad, indeed, that she was taken from her dear ones so suddenly and so tragically.


ST. LOUIS
N
W
E
S
55
255
Cahokia
CAHOKIA AREA
Dupo
163
13
15
159
Belleville
158
Millstadt
Columbia
3
ST. CLAIR COUNTY
4
Smithton
15
13
159
156
Waterloo
Valmeyer
156
156
Hecker
Great River Road
13
4
Marissa
Baldwin Road
Harrisonville
MONROE
COUNTY
Bluff Rd.
Maeystown
Maeys
3
Red Bud
154
Baldwin
Tilden
13
153
Coulterville
Prairie
4
3
Fults
Old Kaskaskia Trail
Renault
Mississippi
Ruma
Sparta
153
Preston
Walsh
155
Eden
Prairie du Rocher
Fort de Chartres State Park
Evansville
Schuline
154
Kaskaskia River
FRENCH COLONIAL AREA
Modoc
RANDOLPH COUNTY
Great River Road
Roots
Ellis Grove
Percy
Kellogg
61
River
New Palestine
Shawneetown Trail
Steeleville
*Kaskaskia River Lock & Dam
Ste. Genevieve
3
150
32
Chester
To I-55
61
Kaskaskia
51
3
St. Mary's
H
Rockwood

SOUTHWESTERN ILLINOIS

MONROE, RANDOLPH AND ST. CLAIR COUNTIES

7

BIRTH AND LEGENDS OF RANDOLPH COUNTY

TRADITION HAS IT THAT WHEN George Rogers Clark took possesson of the country in 1778, he named the district around Kaskaskia *Randolph County* as a compliment to Edmund Randolph, the distinguished statesman of Virginia. The limits of the county were not defined; neither was there a county organization. Upon Governor St. Clair's arrival at Kaskaskia in 1790, he established St. Clair County which embraced all the southern part of the state below a point on the Illinois River, including the region which Col. Clark had previously named Randolph County.

In 1795, however, Randolph County was formally established, and the machinery of local government put in operation. Included in the county were " . . . all that part of the state which lies south of a line running upon the parallel of the New Design Settlement in Monroe County, due east to the Wabash River."

At the time Randolph County was organized, the area which it now includes was an almost unbroken wilderness interrupted only by the villages of Kaskaskia and Prairie du Rocher. At the turn of the century these two towns made up the county's entire population. But the precursors of civilization and refinement were on their way, and the rays of a new era were reaching into its wild woods. The story of its fertile soil, its delightful and health-giving climate and its crystal streams of water had gone to the Atlantic coast and awakened a spirit of emigration. Lured by the accounts of a country for which nature had done so much, the pioneers began to drop in and join the scattering few who had already located amidst its darkened forests. These were a brave and noble race of men. They opened the way for the great improvement that followed.

A little colony of pioneers, some of whom were soldiers under Col. Clark, established a settlement on the east side of the Kaskaskia River, three miles from town, as early as 1780. The names of these settlers were: John Montgomery, Joseph Anderson, John Dodge, John Doyle, David Pagon, M. Augustus, James Curry and Levi Teel. They erected a few rude cabins and made small farms. John Montgomery located upon the identical spot where Stace McDonough settled when he came to the country twenty years later. The settlement was almost broken up before 1790.

These pioneers experienced all the incidents common to frontier life and encountered perilous adventures of a character so thrilling as to assume the air of fiction.

One day James Curry and Levi Teel were out hunting and, being overtaken by nightfall, they encamped in a new house that had just been erected by David Pagon, but as yet unoccupied. During the latter part of the night, the house was besieged by a band of sixteen Piankashaw Indians. Teel proposed to surrender, lest a worse fate should befall them. To this proposition Curry resolutely demurred. He was brave, even to desperation; and knowing the house had been substantially built, and that the door was strongly barred, he decided they should give battle.

Teel went to the door, either to open it or to reconnoiter, and while he was standing near it, one of the Indians stuck a spear through a hole in the door into his foot, which fastened him to the floor. Instinctively he seized the spear to pull it out when another spear was driven into his hand. His heartless enemies now had him fast, and they jagged and cut his hands mercilessly. Curry, fearing Teel would open the door, mounted the loft and commenced firing upon the assailants. He fired three shots in rapid succession, each time bringing a warrior to the ground. Still fearing that Teel would open the door, he descended to the floor, and, finding him disabled, he again sprang to the loft and renewed his desperate defense. Discovering that the Indians had huddled close against the house to avoid his destructive shots, he tumbled the weight-poles of the roof down upon them, killing their chief and wounding some others. This intrepid feat and the approach of morning light drove the Indians from the house, leaving Curry the victorious champion of the siege.

Curry was one of Clark's favorite soldiers, having distinguished himself in the capture of Forts Gage and Sackville. He was foremost in every perilous enterprise and never quailed before danger. His life was one of thrilling adventures but fate doomed him to a tragic end: in company with Joseph Anderson he went out hunting and never returned.

The presence of lurking, hostile savages left no doubts about the manner of his death. The pioneer hero's grandson, Joseph Curry, was an old man when last reported living at Riley's Mill.

That same year, 1780, when the settlement was made opposite Kaskaskia, another one was commenced on the same side of the river above the mouth of Nine Mile Creek, by some of Clark's soldiers and a few friends whom they had induced to come to the country. Among those settlers: Daniel Hicks, Henry and Elijah Smith, Hitterbrand, Hayden, Lanceford and some others. Most of these men lived and died in this settlement. Quiet, industrious people, they took little part in anything beyond their own neighborhood limits. Descendants of some of them still live in the county.

In 1783 Thomas Hughs, a Kentuckian, came to the Territory to select a place with a view of bringing out his family. He marked a place for settlement on the eastern side of the Kaskaskia River in the Montgomery neighborhood and then returned for his family in Kentucky. On his return trip to Illinois, he persuaded some friends to accompany him, and a small party started out. While crossing the Ohio River, they were attacked by Indians, and Hughs and three others of the party were killed. Mrs. Hughs was sitting in the boat with her child at the breast, and a ball from one of the savages' guns " . . . spattered the child's brains in her face." The balance of the party escaped and returned to Kentucky. Some years afterwards, Mrs. Hughs married James Pillars, and with his two sons John and Richard and the surviving son of Hughs, James, resolved to resume the journey to the wilds of Illinois.

They arrived at Kaskaskia in 1795 and made a settlement on the east side of the river on the farm which at last report was occupied by Henry Hughs. Pillars remained on the farm, known as the "Old Hughs Place," for several years and became an industrious, quiet and respected citizen. At last report, descendants of the Pillars still reside in the county.

Stace McDonough, one of the most conspicuous and leading characters of pioneer times, came and located in the Pillars' settlement in 1787. A soldier in the Kentucky militia, he was in many expeditions against the Indians. He served under Col. Clark in an expedition to the Wabash in 1786. He was also in the disastrous defeat of Gen. St. Clair in 1791 and miraculously saved himself from that dreadful carnage. He commanded a boat on the Ohio River in 1793, and, while passing down the stream, was shot in the shoulder by some lurking savages on the shore. This wound affected him throughout his life. He was also with Anthony Wayne and suited the character of that general whose exploits gained for him the sobriquet of "Mad Anthony." During the War of 1812, McDonough carried the mail from St. Louis by way of Kaskaskia to Shawneetown and, though the route was beset by dangers from hostile Indians, made his trips regularly. He lived on the farm where he had first settled nearly half a century before.

Before the close of the century, several settlements were attempted by noble specimens of the pioneer class. One of these settlements was Horse Prairie, so named because of the great number of wild horses found in it. Settlers here were: Samuel and Winder Kinney, Jarrot Brickey, Chance Ratcliff, Gibbons, Robert McMahon, Mr. Judy and some others. These men had first located about New Design in Monroe County. For a time Horse Prairie promised to become permanent but was harrassed by the Indians until nearly all the settlers left.

One of the most shocking Indian butcheries that ever befell the family of any man happened to Robert McMahon. The Indians attacked his house one day while the family were all at home and killed Mrs. McMahon and four children. McMahon himself and two small daughters were fettered and taken prisoners. The Indians, with their captives, hurried away lest the Whites should pursue them.

Some days afterward, Mr. Judy went to McMahon's house. Instead of finding the family alive and well as he had expected, he found the mangled bodies of five stretched in a row upon the floor and the dead body of the baby in the cradle, assumed to have died of hunger. During the few days that McMahon's family lay dead in the house where they were murdered, their feisty little dog would come to New Design, whine pitifully and run back and forth towards McMahon's house. But no one took notice of him. His visits were repeated daily, the object of his anxious behavior unimagined or thought of until Mr. Judy went to the McMahon home. Upon discovery of the carnage a small party started in pursuit of the Indians, but they had made good their escape.

The people of surrounding neighborhoods gathered together and buried the dead bodies, holding a religious meeting after the funeral. The solemn devotions continued until late in the evening. Just as the congregation was about to break up, Mr. McMahon came in, nearly exhausted and faint from fatigue and mental anxiety. He was informed that his family had been buried that day, and the awful butchery had been the occasion of the meeting that followed. Struggling emotions of sorrow and thankfulness filled his heart. His family had been murdered, but kind friends had buried them and mingled tears of sorrow with the sod over their graves. He had escaped from a horrible captivity, and generous friends surrounded him. But his thoughts were of his two lovely daughters still subject to the will of heartless savages, making him almost frantic.

He told the story of the attack upon his house and how brutally his lovely family were murdered before his eyes while he was bound and tied down, unable to defend them. When his wife and four children lay dead upon the floor, he and the two little girls were marched off under the control of their captors, they knew not where. The first night after they started, the Indians tied McMahon down with tug-ropes, stripped him of most of his clothing and put a belt containing little bells around his body to make escape impossible.

This same night a heavy snow fell, and the weather turned extremely cold. The next day they traveled hastily over the snowy, frozen ground which almost killed McMahon and the little girls. The third night the party camped above Sugar Creek, not far from the locality of Lebanon, in St. Clair County. They had nothing but dried venison to eat, and so little of that, that it did not satisfy the cravings of nature. But McMahon, nearly starved and frozen, determined to make his escape. The Indians took the precaution to tie and secure him as they had done the previous night, but after they had all lain down and were asleep, he slipped the cords from his wrists and body, tied what little clothes he had on around the belt of the bells so that they made no noise. He was just attempting to rise when one of the Indians raised his head up and looked around. Not noticing McMahon, he lay down again. When the Indian slept again, McMahon rose quietly and escaped, leaving his shoes and most of his clothing. Traveling a short distance barefooted and almost naked, he thought it would be death to continue, so he returned to the camp and tried to get his shoes, but he could not do so without waking the Indians. Preferring to die a free man of cold and hunger in the woods, rather than risk his life with those who had so cruelly murdered his family, he started for New Design, scarcely expecting to ever reach it. The night following that of his escape, he lay down by a log, and, covering himself with leaves, slept a little, but his feet and elbows were severely frost bitten. The next day, late in the evening, he arrived at Prairie du Rocher, nearer dead than alive. From there he proceeded to the Lemons' Fort to join his friends as related above.

McMahon did not inform his daughters of his intention to escape, fearing they might cry and prevent him from getting away. He bitterly left them to the mercy of the savages, trusting that they might yet be rescued. And the little girls were soon rescued.

The family's little dog did not know McMahon when he returned to his house, changed as he was by his ordeal.

But after a while the sagacious animal recognized him, leapt up on him and frisked about almost wild with joy.

Some years after the murder of his family McMahon remarried and lived in Horse Prairie. He was appointed a judge of the Common Pleas Court and a Justice of the Peace in Randolph County, offices he filled with great ability for a long period of time. He later moved first to St. Clair County and subsequently to Madison County where he died.

Besides McMahon, Henry Levens and Jarrot Brickey were about the only settlers who remained permanently in Horse Prairie despite Indian trouble. Levens' four sons all located around the home of their father and became prominent men in that little community. None of their descendants remain.

Jarrot Brickey was another of the sturdy, staunch pioneers who braved the dangers of Indian massacres and midnight assassinations. He lived an industrious, respected citizen of Horse Prairie for nearly half a century, prominent in all those scenes which mark the pioneer times of Randolph County. He was a ranger in 1812. Preston Brickey, Jarrot's son, located half a mile north of Red Bud and became a respectable farmer. Preston's sons, John and William, citizens of Red Bud, owned a large flouring mill.

Among the first immigrants to the County after 1800 was Robert Reynolds from Tennessee, originally from Ireland. After being in Kaskaskia a few months, he located in the settlement of Hughs and Pillars and remained there for more than twenty years. His eldest son, John, became a distinquished personage. He was elected a judge of the Supreme Court, a member of the legislature, a member of Congress and the governor of the state. Eventually he settled permanently in Belleville.

Joseph Heard arrived in Kaskaskia and settled upon Garrison Hill in 1801. A few years later he moved and started a farm two and a half miles north of Chester on Gravel Creek, eventually owned by J. B. Holmes and cultivated by John Claupick. Heard's son Hugh settled on a farm about two miles north of his father's, later known as the "Old Heard Farm." (Subsequently occupied by Henry Bode.)

James Heard, Joseph's second son, located still farther north, on a farm where he lived until he was an old man. Joseph, William and James Heard, sons of James, spent their entire lives in that same neighborhood.

George Franklin came with Joseph Heard in 1801 and established the farm on which Lemuel Barker later lived, four miles east of Kaskaskia. Some years afterwards he moved and settled one mile east of the present location of

Pinckneyville, in Perry County, on what became known as the "Old Baldridge Farm."

In 1802 the "Irish Settlement" near the mouth of Plumb Creek was founded. James Patterson from Abbeville District, South Carolina, came with his family and, branching out beyond the limits of the other settlement, made a permanent location at this place. Irish Settlement took its name from the fact that Patterson and subsequent settlers were from South Carolina, from what is sometimes known as the "South Carolina Irish." James Patterson was a man of remarkable energy and activity, always standing high in the community. He often held the offices of justice of the peace and county commissioner. In the ranging service of 1812, he bore an active part. He had four sons: John, Samuel, Reuben and James Harvey. John located in the same settlement as that of his father, where he lived for many years but later moved to Hill Prairie, where he died in 1837; Samuel settled in Horse Prairie; Reuben made his home in Hitchcock Prairie where he remained the rest of his life; and James Harvey remained on the farm first established by his father.

Robert Tindall also came in 1802 from Chester County, South Carolina. He settled on what later became known as the Fleming Farm situated some five miles northeast of Chester. Here he commenced erecting a watermill on a small stream flowing past his farm. Before it was completed, however, the floods washed it away. Then he erected a horsemill near his residence and supplied settlers with their breadstuff (grain, flour or meal for making bread). The advantage of this mill was a great inducement for newcomers to settle around it. A valuable pioneer in the settlement, Tindall had four sons, including Reuben, who became one of the oldest natives of Illinois. One of his other sons, Robert, lived to old age as well, in the vicinity of Steeleville.

8

ILLINOIS ANECDOTES

By thy rivers gently flowing, Illinois, Illinois,
O'er thy prairies verdant growing, Illinois,
Illinois,
Comes an echo on the breeze,
Rustling through the leafy trees,
And its mellow tones are these — Illinois,
Illinois,
And its mellow tones are these, Illinois.

%%%%%%%

THE LITTLE TOWN OF ROCKWOOD which lies a couple of miles south of Chester on the Great River Road once rivaled Chester as a commercial riverport. But its historical importance revolves around the Underground Railroad Network.

The town of Rockwood began its life with the name "Liberty." A man named John Stearns laid out plans for the town in 1832. Surveyed, platted and recorded in 1836, it was incorporated as Liberty the following year. In that same year, as the town began to grow, the citizens built a wharf to take advantage of the growing river traffic.

In those days Liberty sat right on the river. Because the river was so narrow at this point it was a natural entry point for those escaping the horrors of slavery. Crossing the Mississippi River via Liberty Island to Liberty, slaves entered the Underground Railroad Network here and proceeded by several routes to Eden, Coulterville and Sparta, where they were hidden on their way north.

Two industries had developed in the area: Rocks were quarried from the tall bluffs, and trees were harvested from the abundant forests. At first the wood was sold to passing riverboats. In 1855 a mill was built. Combining the town's two principal money making industries, the city fathers renamed the town, "Rockwood." By 1860 Rockwood boasted one of the largest wood markets on the river. Silas P. Tuthill operated the Tuthill Chair Factory which produced quality chairs. Tuthill chairs might still be found at auctions if one is lucky; however, most people do not part with these locally made chairs.

When the Mississippi River changed its course in the 1880s, the village of Rockwood was placed one mile inland. This was a terrible blow to the trade of the town. Soon it was a shadow of its former self.

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The first English speaking Catholic Church in Randolph County was founded in Ruma, on land donated by Henry O'Hara. Henry O'Hara and his family were originally from Maryland but arrived in Randolph County by way of Kentucky and settled one mile southwest of present day Ruma, at that time a sparsely populated area. Eventually the region was called The O'Hara Settlement, and others gravitated to the spot. The nearby O'Hara Cemetery contains numerous tombstones from the early days of this settlement. Exactly when it was renamed "Ruma" is unclear. According to legend the name is a derivation of Rome, center of the Catholic Church. Old Italian maps bear out the possibility, for Rome is sometimes spelled "Ruma."

O'Hara left a hundred acres to the Catholic Church, and on this land the first St. Patrick's Church was built in 1820. Prior to this first English speaking congregation, all other Catholics had been French.

Convent of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, begun in 1866 at this site, was first intended for a girls' academy, but was used for boys, then became a theological school. In 1875 the Sisters of the Precious Blood, a teaching and nursing organization, opened a teaching and training school for local parish school teachers. The present St. Patrick's Church built in 1854 stands near the site of the original building at Illinois Rts. 3 and 155.

%%%%%%%%

From Illinois Historical Anecdotes (author unknown), a collection of rarely publicized but interesting data, comes a printing of a somewhat well-known ditty:

I eat peas with honey;
Done it all my life.
Makes the peas taste funny,
But keeps 'em on my knife.

%%%%%%%

Also from this study of Illinois customs is the story of how in the early days of the development of Illinois, any property owner who wished to keep wolves off his land had only to build a railroad around it. Farmers whose livestock had been harrassed by those animals learned to their surprise that the wolves were afraid to cross iron rails.

%%%%%%%

A humorous golfing story from the anecdote collection concerns my own adopted town of Danville, Illinois:

> *When golf first won the hearts of feminine players in Illinois about 1901, style in attire seems to have made up for lack of skill in the game. Freedom and comfort were successfully barred by the high starched or boned collars, leg-o-mutton sleeves and long skirts that swept the grass. Notwithstanding these hazards, records show that the game was followed with high enthusiasm. At Danville, for example, all-day excursions to the links became popular. Women left for the courses early in the morning, taking the family horse and buggy and a noon-day lunch.*

%%%%%%%

Sobering stories of riots in Danville during the post-Civil War years were recently recounted by Kevin Cullen, a reporter for The Commercial-News, our local newspaper. Cullen compared the "Hatred—wild and uncontrollable; mobs pulsing with bloodlust; dead bodies dragged through streets; looting, arson and death that rocked our city. . . ." to the Los Angeles riots of 1992:

RIOTS: A CIVIL WAR LEGACY

> *Passions were particularly inflamed during the Civil War. Many Danville folk were Southern, having followed the popular Virginia-Kentucky-Indiana-Illinois immigration path. Others were solidly pro-Union, descended from New Englanders.*
>
> *July-August 1863.* *Draft riots rock Northern cities. In Danville, John Payne and William Lamm are shot and killed in partisan riots on West Main Street. Offices of* The Danville Plaindealer, *a pro-Union newspaper, are damaged.*
>
> *October 1864.* *Two-hundred Union soldiers restore order after rioting leaves two men dead. A Republican rally had been disrupted by a Dr. Ferris, who yelled anti-Lincoln remarks. Ferris then shot and killed George McKibben, a Union soldier. A mob dragged Ferris into Main Street, where he was shot more than forty times, then stabbed. Hundreds marched across his grave with contempt.*

Cullen relates that Danville's "no-holds-barred lunacy" continued to erupt periodically through the turn of the century:

> *May 1895.* *A mob breaks into the Vermilion County Jail, grabs two rape suspects and hangs them from the Gilbert Street Bridge. John Halls, 20, and William Royce, 22, were Danville's first lynching victims. About one thousand people watched as a mob crushed the jail door with a railroad rail.*
>
> > *'This is notice to lustful devils that they must give Danville wide berth or behave themselves in this region,'* The Danville Daily News *reported.*
> >
> > *'The blood of the people is hot and will never cool towards that sort of thing.'*
>
> *July 1903.* *Four companies of the state militia patrol the streets after a mob beat one man to death then stormed the county jail to try to lynch another. Henry Gatterman, 23, died in a fight just east of the Wabash Railroad tracks on Main Street. John D. Metcalf, a black laborer, was arrested immediately and taken to the city lockup on Walnut Street.*

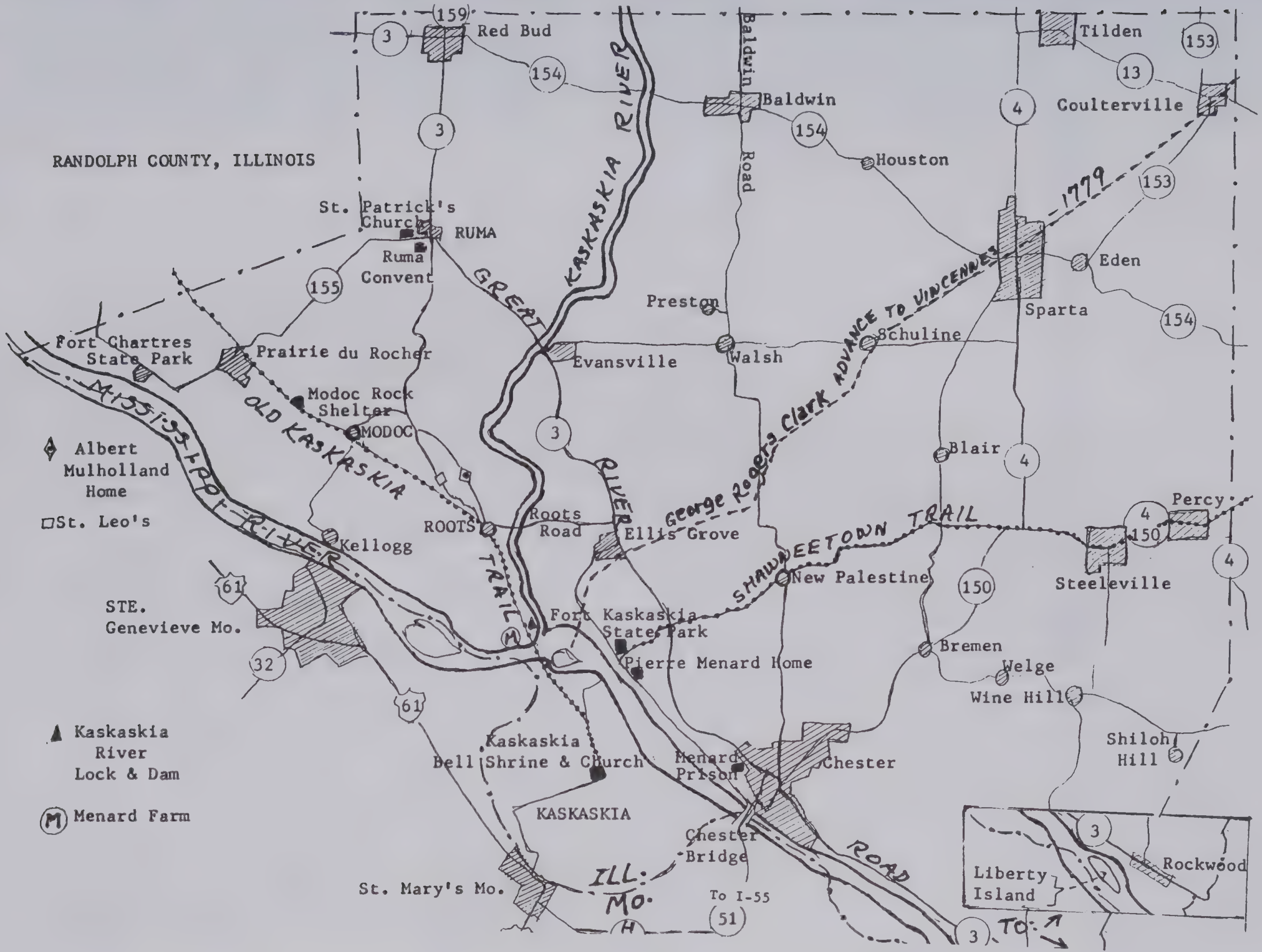
> *Within minutes, a mob of a thousand men shouted their demand for 'justice.' Doors were battered in and Metcalf was dragged out with a rope around his neck. Within minutes, he'd been bludgeoned to death with a crowbar and shot more than a dozen times. The body was dragged east on Main Street, then to South Street, where it was thrown onto a bonfire.*
>
> *The crowd tried to lynch a prisoner charged with assaulting a woman. The crowd rammed the door with a railroad rail. Sheriff Hardy Whitlock fired his shotgun point-blank, wounding more than twenty men. The mob dissolved, but eighteen of its members served prison terms. Whitlock's incredible courage was praised by the national press; President Theodore Roosevelt sent a congratulatory telegram. And that shotgun blast ended rioting in Danville.*

%%%%%%%

Another interesting anecdote concerns dueling in Illinois. In 1821 Timothy Burnett was hanged at Belleville for killing Alonzo C. Steward in a duel. It was the only legal execution for dueling in Illinois.

%%%%%%%

In the summer and fall of 1838, a great epidemic of chills and fever raged in Southern Illinois. For a period of over four months there was scarcely any rain. The dews no longer fell and the sun was mercilessly warm. Suffering and death reigned supreme. In going through these regions, travelers would often find homes in which every member of the family was sick. It continued until the great eclipse of the sun on September 18.


RANDOLPH COUNTY, ILLINOIS
159
3
Red Bud
154
Tilden
153
13
Baldwin Road
Baldwin
4
Coulterville
154
Houston
KASKASKIA RIVER
St. Patrick's Church
RUMA
Ruma Convent
155
GREAT
1779
153
Sparta
Eden
Preston
GEORGE ROGERS CLARK ADVANCE TO VINCENNES
Schuline
154
Fort Chartres State Park
Prairie du Rocher
Evansville
Walsh
Modoc Rock Shelter
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
OLD KASKASKIA
MODOC
3
Blair
4
Albert Mulholland Home
St. Leo's
ROOTS
Roots Road
RIVER
George Rogers Clark
Ellis Grove
SHAWNEETOWN TRAIL
Percy
4
150
Kellogg
TRAIL
Steeleville
New Palestine
150
4
61
STE. Genevieve Mo.
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32
Pierre Menard Home
Bremen
Welge
Wine Hill
61
Kaskaskia River Lock & Dam
Shiloh Hill
Kaskaskia Bell Shrine & Church
Menard Prison
Chester
Menard Farm
KASKASKIA
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ROOTS – AND OTHER PATHS TO THE FUTURE

TO THE EXTENT THAT THIS unspoiled little piece of the world that I call "home" encompasses so much historical and geographical significance, it seems appropriate to include some notes about some of the places inhabited by our country's aboriginal people.

Although Modoc is the official post office address of the farm community where I was born and reared, our home was actually closer to Roots, Illinois. Roots still appears on current maps but today no evidence of life is to be found there. Only a small cemetery; the abandoned, once thriving rock quarry; and shreds of the Roots train station give testimony to the town's ever having existed at all.

Around the turn of the century, and continuing into the early 1900s, Roots was a thriving bustling town which centered around the very important train depot. Livestock sold to processing plants, corn, wheat and other goods produced on the rich bottom land were loaded onto west- or north-bound railcars destined for cities such as Kansas City, St. Louis or Chicago. The trains also brought in much-needed supplies: machinery and other farming equipment, dry goods, food staples and household furnishings. A U.S. Post Office was established in Roots December 13, 1902. A general store and tavern provided the additional facilities necessary to the community's livelihood.

Farmers could take care of business, buy food staples, pick up or dispatch mail and perhaps also engage in some well-earned recreation such as a lively afternoon card game at the tavern. Wives could also avail themselves of an occasional day's outing to town when household duties permitted. Purchasing flour was best handled by wives because the flour sack would be used for making clothing, and men could not always be relied upon to select the prettiest prints. It might also be possible to buy yard goods or other frivolous items such as hair ribbon, a pretty comb, buttons or maybe even a new pair of scissors—if the egg money stretched far enough. And it was an exciting adventure for youngsters fortunate enough to accompany their parents on such an all-day excursion.

I believe my older brother Melvin (perhaps other siblings too) was born at Roots when our parents lived there, before moving to the Menard Place in the Bottom.

Disbanded May 15, 1906, the Roots Post Office was restablished August 7, 1915. On March 31, 1923, it was again disbanded, this time for good. The address now is RFD Ellis Grove.

My memories of Roots center mainly around two experiences: "Shank's pony" trips to church after we moved to the "Hill Place," approximately a mile north of the settlement, and our annual treat from Clarence and Maude Roach.

I remember the excitement created by our St. Louis cousin Clarence Roach and his wife, Maude, on their annual Memorial weekend visit. Tall, straight, always well-groomed, Clarence was as handsome as he was ingratiating. Thick, dark, wavy hair combed straight back and neatly trimmed, smiling eyes and broad smile above the starched white shirt and tie, the effect was striking. Maude was equally kind and fun. A tall large woman with red hair and exuberant personality, she always seemed happy. She played with us, tickled us and giggled with us—and we loved her. Childless, they seemed to have infinite patience with such a motley crew of kids.

After they accompanied our parents on the ritualistic visit to Kaskaskia to pay homage to ancestors buried there, it was time for their treat for us kids: Loading all of us into their seemingly always-new, big black, nice-smelling car, they would drive us to Roots to buy us a cold soft drink. We could each have a whole bottle of soda pop to ourselves. It was not necessary to share it with others. I'm not quite sure which I enjoyed more: The lush, quiet softness of the car as it rolled almost silently along the dusty gravel road; or that wonderfully delicious cream soda, my favorite. I can still almost taste its cool sweetness sliding down my throat as I lingeringly savored each swallow. (The only thing that could possibly equal that sensation was the ice cream cone Dad would sometimes buy for us, on rare occasions when we were permitted to accompany him to the tomato processing plant near Collinsville.)

Over the years, several attempts were made to establish and maintain a Baptist Church at Roots. Because of her Baptist upbringing, Mom eagerly grasped the opportunity to attend whenever possible, always gathering her brood to accompany her even though Dad considered the whole enterprise foolish. In retrospect, I would guess that her resolve in the matter might have been born of defiance as much as of a burning desire to attend a Baptist Church.

The anticipation and preparation for church on Sunday morning began with the ritualistic Saturday night baths the evening before, our best dress or overalls laid out in readiness, and our only pair of shoes inspected and properly cleaned. In my prettiest floursack dress which Mom had fashioned into a flowered dirndl skirt and white top with neck and sleeve trimming to match the skirt, I felt quite dressed up. Shiny clean, dark, shoulder-length bobbed hair, reddish highlights glistening in the early morning sunlight, I felt quite ladylike, sometimes even pretty.

Carrying our shoes to avoid unnecessary wear and tear on them, off we went, following along barefoot behind Mom as we scurried down the mile or so of dusty road to Roots. Before entering church the feet were cleaned as well as possible and shoes slipped on. Securely imbedded in a handkerchief and tucked into a pocket or tied to the belt of a dress was the shiny penny we were to place in the donation plate when it was passed around. Church over and visitation finished, shoes were again removed as we headed for home.

The Baptist Church could never succeed of course. Every once in a while a new semi-ordained preacher would show up, clean up the building and declare church "open." Building a congregation was quite another thing in a Catholic community where St. Leo's was THE CHURCH. And even though a few stalwart dissenters like my mother had enough courage to try to support the only other worshipping option, there was never enough contribution money to pay a preacher, much less maintain the building or promote sufficient following.

Roots held another attraction for youngsters: the railroad tracks that once brought commerce to the town. For some inexplicable reason, those tracks that had remained intact long after the town and its people had disappeared, held a kind of magnetic attraction. I just recall the feeling of freedom and adventure on those rare occasions when Ada and I would walk to Roots then follow the railroad tracks for two or three miles in a southwesterly direction, to the Flinton Depot. We could daydream about how far the tracks went and wonder what it would be like to actually be on the train, traveling to some unknown, faraway destination.

I liked the smell of tar and creosote which permeated the railroad ties. Recalling that we sometimes actually chewed the tar, as if it were chewing gum, now makes me shudder! Sparkling in the sun, alongside the gravel beds supporting the iron rails, could be found shiny pieces of jet-black coal of interesting shapes and sizes. An occasional keepsake might be found among the gravel as well: A shiny green piece of glass, an interesting piece of metal, a nail loosened from the rail or some personal effect such as a glove or neckerchief caught by the wind as the train sped along the tracks.

I suppose the teenage boy who lived at Flinton could have been part of the railroad's attraction; his name was Roger Fries. I was flattered by his attention, but, looking back, I am certain Ada was the real object of his fancy. Deprived as we were of human contact in an environment where we might go a month at a time without seeing a human being outside our family, we were of course eager for any kind of interaction. To say that we were unskilled in the art of interpersonal relations is a vast understatement.

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MODOC

Modoc was established in the early 1870s as Brewersville, named for Thomas Brewer. When it was discovered that another Brewersville already existed in Illinois, it became necessary to rename the town. (No town named Brewersville appears on today's Illinois map, however.) During the time the city fathers were trying to come up with a new name, several men returned to Brewersville after serving in the Modoc Indian War. It is theorized that the town was named in honor of their participation.

There really was a Modoc War. The Modoc Indians lived in Southern Oregon near Klamath Lake but ranged as far as Clear Lake in Northern California. In 1864 the Modoc and another tribe, the Klamath, were put on a reservation around Upper Klamath Lake. By 1870 a group of the Indians lead by Kintpuash, better known as Captain Jack, left the reservation. About eighty warriors and their families went to the badlands near what is today the Lava Beds National Monument in Northern California. Efforts to return these Indians became known as the Modoc War of 1872-73. In 1873 Captain Jack and his followers murdered General E.R.S. Canby who had approached the Indians as part of a peace commission. This treachery lead to increased army efforts, and Captain Jack was hanged in October 1873. His followers were taken to reservations in Oklahoma. Today few Modoc Indians remain.

The population of Modoc has never fluctuated more than a fraction of a percentage point from the hundred kindred souls listed in every census for as long as I can remember.

The earliest trace of human habitation east of the Mississippi River was discovered here in 1952 during an archaeological excavation at the base of a wall of sandstone and limestone bordering the Mississippi River flood plain.

The residence of Early Archaic Hunters has been dated by archeologists as from about 9,000 B.C. to about 4,000 B.C. Dates have been ascertained by measuring the radioactivity of bits of charcoal and bone excavated by teams of University of Chicago students working with Illinois State Museum scientists. The Modoc Rock Shelter people, contemporaries of a glacier melting four hundred miles to the north, were displaced or absorbed by the Early Woodland people, centuries before the Mound Builders, who reached their peak between 200 B.C. and 200 A.D.

The archaeological potential of Modoc was made apparent in the late 1940s when sediment from the shelter was removed with heavy machinery for use as road fill. In the spring of 1952, Melvin L. Fowler, then a graduate student at the University of Chicago and curator of anthropology at the Illinois State Museum; Irvin Peithman, a local amateur archaeologist from Chester; and Dr. Thorne Deuel, director of the Illinois State Museum, were on a field trip to Randolph County in preparation for the Illinois State Museum excavation of the Kaskaskia Village site. They stopped at Modoc to examine the three pillars of sediment at the edges of the road fill removal areas. Numerous bones, chert flakes (a compact rock consisting essentially of cryptocrystalline quartz used by prehistoric dwellers for tool production) and charcoal were visible in stratified layers. As the Kaskaskia Village site was an open site, it was decided that rain days would be spent excavating at the rock shelter.

In 1953 a major field season was undertaken at Modoc under the direction of Howard D. Winters, sponsored jointly by the University of Chicago and the Illinois State Museum. Stimulated by the age of the radiocarbon dates and the integrity of deposits at the site, the Illinois State Museum continued excavations in 1955 and 1956. A summary report of the Modoc Rock Shelter excavations including the 1952, 1953, 1955 and 1956 seasons determined that the site exhibited evidence of gradual human adaptation to the environment of the eastern woodlands. In spite of some controversial aspects of the site, it was deemed of sufficient importance to national heritage that it was designated a national historic landmark in 1965.

In 1980 the Illinois State Museum and the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee collaborated on a project designed to address some of the controversies surrounding research at the Modoc Rock Shelter. The project was part of a long-term research commitment by the museum to study archaic adaptations in the southern prairie peninsula region. In the twenty-five years since Modoc had last been excavated, several important developments had taken place in Midwestern Archaic period research, and it was felt that reexamination of this stratified site using state-of-the-art recovery techniques would provide information not recovered in the 1950s excavation seasons. In general, the 1980 excavations and analyses substantiated Fowler's original interpretations of the early and middle archaic occupations at Modoc.

Employing recovery techniques similar to those used in the 1980 excavation season, the Illinois State Museum and the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee executed a major excavation project in 1984 under the aegis of the National Science Foundation. This excavation focused on the Early and Middle Archaic periods in the main shelter.

Analysis of the 1984 material indicated that many of Fowler's original interpretations of both the Modoc site and the cultural systems of the Early, Middle and Late Archaic periods were basically correct. However, a growing understanding of archaic period subsistence, settlement and environment in the southern Midwest region and knowledge of specific physical characteristics of Modoc itself indicated that reanalysis of the previously excavated materials should allow a more refined interpretation of the site and its function in the system. In particular, the fact that the two shelters at Modoc were separate entities with their own histories strongly indicated the need for treatment of the shelters as separate sites. To implement this proposed reanalysis and reinterpretation of the Modoc collections, a successful research proposal was submitted to the National Endowment for the Humanities. A National Geographic Society research grant allowed adequate late archaic samples to be obtained and quadrupled the amount of material from the target strata.

Human remains representing one individual were recovered from the Modoc Rock Shelter during the 1987 field season. The individual was interred in the flexed position (left side) in an oval, straight-walled basin. The bone preservation was excellent. All skeletal elements were present, except for the cranial vault. All vertebrae were articulated in correct anatomical order. Based on the condition of the skeleton and its context, it appears that the complete body was placed in the grave. After a period of time, the grave was intentionally reopened, and the skull was removed. The skull was removed completely, leaving only two maxillary teeth to show that it had been present in the grave. Examination of reports on other late middle archaic and early late archaic burials from the region shows that removal of the cranial vault is not unique to this individual. This burial at Modoc, coupled with data from other sites in the region provides evidence for the existence of multiple burial programs during the late Middle Archaic and early Late Archaic periods. Differential treatment of the dead and the existence of multiple burial programs has been used to infer the development of social ranking among living populations.

The age of the skeleton, probably female, was determined to be at least thirty-five and probably closer to forty-five or fifty years old at death. This individual compares favorably with what is known about those previously recovered and analyzed from the site. These studies indicate that the majority of the archaic burial population was comprised of adults thirty years of age and above.

Modoc, the modern hamlet, may be located on the Illinois highway map about fifteen miles northwest of Chester, the Randolph County seat. From Illinois 3, the Great River Road, a motorist may turn southwest on Illinois 155 for seven miles to Prairie du Rocher and thence southeast on a crushed rock secondary road at the foot of a wall of limestone and sandstone thirty to eighty feet high. Farmers store field machinery under overhanging rocks.

At one of these overhangs, near a farmyard littered with junk automobiles, is the site, otherwise unmarked as late as 1967, where Irvin Peithmann was first to note smoke stains on a concave rock and to suspect their significance. This discovery led to excavations described in an Illinois State Museum report entitled, "The Modoc Calendar, The Living Museum." There is nothing for the visitor to see at the site unless he can imagine what life must have been like for these people who did not know how to make a pot, a bow and arrow, or a boat.

Most of the excavation findings reported herein were gleaned from another Illinois State Museum publication, Illinois State Museum Reports of Investigations, No 48 entitled, "Late Archaic Components at Modoc Rock Shelter, Randolph County, Illinois" (1992). Compiled by Steven R. Ahler, Mary J. Bade, Frances B. King, Bonnie W. Styles and Paula J. Thorson, it is a comprehensive report of the archaeological studies conducted at Modoc since 1952. This publication describes the presence of rock shelters in this region as the result of differential weathering of geological formations. The sandstone forms a resistant bedrock cap over the Ste. Genevieve limestone in a small portion of northern Randolph County. Where this formation occurs in the Mississippi River bluffs, numerous shallow overhangs of various sizes are formed by increased effects of weathering on the less resistant limestone. The Modoc Rock Shelter is not a unique formation; it is only one of hundreds of small shelters found between Prairie du Rocher and Chester.

Chert resources used prehistorically for tool production are abundant in the Modoc locality. The Ste. Genevieve limestone contains chert of variable quality; higher quality chert was also available nearby.

The forested, dissected bluffs and rolling uplands support a rich complex of terrestrial mammals and plants within a few kilometers of the bluff base. Deer, raccoon and a variety of small mammals are abundant in the uplands, and nutbearing trees provide another valuable source of food. The Mississippi River bottomland harbors a rich and varied selection of aquatic resources including numerous fish, mussels and seasonally abundant ducks, geese and other waterfowl. Muskrat, beaver, river otter and other small- to medium-sized mammals abound as well.

Modoc is unincorporated. The residents till the black alluvial flat, part of the American Bottom, here about five miles wide. The first prehistoric residents had not learned to plant a seed. From the traces uncovered by the archeologists, it is conjectured that they subsisted on fish and those animals they could kill with a club.

Following discharge from the U.S. Coast Guard after WWII, my brother Travis spent most of his life farming this American Bottom land near Modoc. Located a stone's throw from his current Modoc residence, the overhanging rocks between Modoc and Prairie du Rocher provided convenient parking/storage for his machinery and equipment during those years.

The road south from Modoc leads to a ferry across the Mississippi to Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, a town which has preserved much of its French and Spanish colonial atmosphere. A new side road ascending the limestone cliff near the archaeological exploration reaches heavily wooded and very rugged uplands. The great ridge of limestone was deposited by marine life probably a quarter of a billion years before the arrival of the Modoc man. The ridge is exploited near Prairie du Rocher and across the Mississippi near Ste. Genevieve by large quarries marketing the rock for its many uses in agriculture, industry and road building.

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PRAIRIE DU ROCHER

This little village at the base of a bluff facing the Mississippi River flood plain is a remnant of French colonization promotion which severely wrenched the financial system of France nearly two and a half centuries ago.

Prairie du Rocher is unique among the French settlements along the Mississippi River for it did not begin as an Indian mission. The area was settled by the French for the French. Originally under the jurisdiction of the Canadian province of Quebec, the Illinois Country was transferred as a district to the province of Louisiana in 1717. The first commandant of the Illinois Territory was Pierre Duque Boisbriant who arrived in 1718 to govern the country and to build a fort on the Mississippi River to protect the French territory from possible aggression by the English to the east or by the Spanish to the west. When completed, he named the fort Fort Duc de Chartres. A village, Nouvelle Chartres, grew near the fort and drew settlers from both Canada and France. A parish church was established called Ste. Anne du Ft. de Chartres. At first the area was called "LaBelle Prairie du Rocher" meaning beautiful meadow beneath the rocks. Later in that same year, 1722, the village of Prairie du Rocher was founded on a tract of land granted to Boisbriant, who had transferred the land to his nephew, Jean St. Therese Langlois. The land was divided in arpents (an old French unit of length equal to about 63-1/4 yards) from the bluff to the river.

Thousands of French individuals and companies were pauperized with the collapse in 1720 of Philip Renault and John Law's schemes to exploit the Louisiana Territory. The venture was recorded in history as John Law's Mississippi Bubble. John Law was supposed to organize a company to transport six thousand Whites and three thousand Negroes in twenty-five years, during which time big profits would be paid to the investors, thereby enticing more immigrants to the area. There were never any profits. There were, in fact, only a few immigrants. Some of their descendants still live in Prairie du Rocher, below hills covered with maple, hickory, oak, dogwood, redwood and sycamore and slightly above a cultivated flat of silt today protected from floods by dikes and storm drains.

A few French families gathered together in 1722 and formed the nucleus for the town. Others coming to the country cast their lot with them, and a flourishing little village was started.

E. J. Montague in his 1859 *Sketches of Illinois* offers vivid descriptions of the area during this period of that evolution. According to Montague, the strongest inducements it could hold out to immigrants was its secluded situation and romantic scenery. It stood at the foot of the Mississippi bluffs " . . . whose picturesque grandeur is unsurpassed by any range along that great river," fourteen miles from Kaskaskia and three miles from Fort Chartres. Though it never attained that degree of importance which marked the prosperity of its contemporaneous rivals, in an early day it acquired all the concomitants of a healthy, vigorous town. Montague wrote, "The evidences of watermills in its vicinity, erected in a very early period of its existence may still be seen, and the vestiges of stone buildings in the town evidently the work of wealth and enterprise are still visible."

In the vicinity of the town were many natural objects of curiosity to attract attention of those who had a taste for the wonderful. The natural mill site situated in a ravine which abruptly breaks the range of rocky bluffs that overlooks the town was something to attract wonder and admiration, as well as to furnish to some enterprising capitalist the advantages of a sawmill. The range of bluffs on one side of this break, following the course of the ravine, describes an arc, and a natural ridge, starting from a point of the bluff on the opposite side of the ravine, marks the diameter of the circle and reaches within two hundred feet of the bluff on the other side. This ridge was finished out by artificial means in the days of the Jesuits and gave a fall of nearly twenty feet to the water where it dammed the ravine. The area of the millpond is about two hundred acres, and the stream of water coming through the bluffs is fed by never-failing springs.

The spring situated at the foot of the bluffs one mile above the town gushes out at the base of a perpendicular rock, towering up two hundred feet high, sending forth an immense volume of water. At one time the aperture through which the water rose was about six feet in diameter, its depth unfathomable. Unfortunately at last report it was nearly filled with sticks and stones. The crystal purity of this spring would suggest that it might have been the fountain so eagerly sought by the Spanish explorers of this continent, which they supposed to possess properties that would give immortality to youthful vigor.

A cave in the side of the bluff not far from the spring is another object of curious interest. The entrance to the cavern is about sixty feet high from the base of the rock; it is almost round, and about six feet in diameter. Its interior chambers have been explored somewhat but nothing is known of their dimensions. There is a legend which relates that at one time the Spaniards hid valuable treasures in the cave. Many an avaricious spirit has searched and shoveled in vain for the possession of those treasures.

The common Field and Commons of Prairie du Rocher were granted to the village in the year 1730 by Jean Baptiste St. Therese Langlois. It was a three-mile square section of land that was to be used for the good of all citizens.

No original houses dating back to 1722 can be found, but if one looks closely one can still see the distinctive roof line of early French design. The roof is peaked and extends out over a porch which often surrounds the entire structure. These French homes were constructed by driving cedar posts into the ground and filling the space between them with stick, mud and stones. The roof was covered with thatch. Some homes were made from native limestone.

The French were not an ambitious people. They sought neither wealth nor knowledge but seemed to be a pleasant, happy people who enjoyed parties and an active social life. Since they did not disturb the land much or destroy its resources, they got along well with the native populations.

A particular Prairie du Rocher incident of note is a party at which George Rogers Clark was a guest. Clark and a party of his men attended a ball given for their entertainment. Unfortunately, Clark received word the British were in the area and had to cut short the festivities. The socially prominent ladies of Prairie du Rocher undoubtedly outfitted themselves in their best finery, in anticipation of the opportunity to regale such a celebrated guest with their most charming behavior. Punctilious in attention to style and propriety, they did their best to copy the latest fashions and social mores of New Orleans and France. Blue, by all available accounts, seemed to be their favorite color.

Four miles west of Prairie du Rocher, separated from the Mississippi by a levee, is Fort Chartres State Park. The fort, which attracted French immigrants from Canada, was the strongest military post in the Midwest. Built by France in 1718-1719, reconstructed in 1727 and again in 1753-56, Fort de Chartres surrendered in 1765 to the British, who destroyed it in 1772 when it was threatened by river floods. The bastion has been partly reconstructed since the state park service acquired the nineteen-acre site in 1915.

Under the patronage of the Company of the West, and bearing a charter from the crown of France, M. Pierre Duque Boisbriant, the representative of the government, and Marc Antoine de la Soire de Ursins, the principal secretary of the company, came to Kaskaskia in 1717 with instructions to erect a fort which should be made the seat of government for the Illinois country. In 1718 Louis XIV, King of France, appointed Boisbriant as military commandant in the Illinois Country.

He built the fortress about eighteen miles up the Mississippi from Kaskaskia. The site selected was in the American Bottom, a mile from the Mississippi River, and about three miles from the eastern range of bluffs, in the northwest corner of the present limits of Randolph County. The work was commenced in 1717, and the fort was completed in two years. It was built of timber of ample dimensions for the erection within of a building to accommodate the executive of the territory, one for the garrison, a magazine (a room for keeping gunpowder and other explosives) and some others. The fort was surrounded with a strong palisade constructed of such immense timbers and finished so substantially as to be almost impregnable to the assaults of any implements of war known to those early days. At a cost of a million dollars, it practically bankrupted the government of France.

The seat of government for Illinois, it was the headquarters of the French officers while the country remained in the possession of France. The celebrated Francois Renault resided here and directed his extensive mining operations. Boisbriant and Ursins were vested with the power of making grants of land. Some of their records are now in the recorder's office of this county. For a time, Fort Chartres became the center of business, fashion and gaiety.

The unfortunate fate of the brave and chivalrous Governor D'Artaguette has been previously related. LaBuissoniere succeeded D'Artaguette to the governorship of Illinois. His tenure from 1736 until 1751 following the Chickasaw War was a peaceful and happy time in the settlements.

LaBuissoniere's successor, Chevalier McCarty, arrived at Fort Chartres in August of 1751 with troops to reinforce the fort. As war at that time was raging between France and England and threatening to disturb the Western country, it was decided to rebuild and improve the fort. This time it was built of durable limestone quarried in the bluff three miles distant, boated across an intervening lake and carted to the fort. The plan of the new structure was different from that of the old one, and much larger. It was an irregular square, or quadrangle.

The exterior sides were 490 feet. The main building, therefore, covered an area of over five acres. The walls were twenty-six inches thick and pierced with loopholes at regular distances, two portholes in the faces, and two in the flanks of each bastion for cannon. A banquette (platform) around the interior side of the wall was raised three feet high for the soldiers to stand upon when they fired from behind the parapets. Within the square of the main building were erected a commandant's and a commissary's house, a magazine for stores and two barracks. In the gorges of the bastions were the powder magazine, a bakehouse and a prison. On the lower floor of the prison were four dungeons.

The commandant's house and the commissary's house each was ninety-six feet long and thirty feet wide. Each contained a parlor, a dining room, a bedchamber, a kitchen, one small room, five closets for servants and a cellar. Opposite these houses was the storehouse, ninety feet long and twenty-four feet wide. It contained two large storerooms, a parlor, a chapel, an officers' guardroom, a closet for the storekeeper and a bedchamber. Beneath the storehouse was a vaulted cellar. The barracks were each twenty feet square, and each contained two rooms for officers and three for soldiers. Over each building, spacious lofts extended from end to end and were used for storing regimental stores and entrenching tools. Capt. Pitman, an engineer belonging to the British army, visited Fort Chartres about the year 1768 and gave it as his opinion that it was the strongest and most conveniently arranged fortification on the North American Continent.

The brave English General Wolfe's defeat of the French at Quebec and the signing of the Treaty of Paris, September 3, 1763, provided that France give all her territory east of the Mississippi to the English. Capt. Sterling, with his 42nd Highlanders, took possession of Fort Chartres on October 10, 1765. On that date the Lilies of France came down from the flagstaff, and the Union Jack (the flag of Great Britain adopted in 1707) went up in its place. The people were guaranteed religious freedom and all the rights of British subjects if they would take the oath of allegiance to the King of England; those who chose to remain French subjects were at liberty to go to French territory. Possibly as many as two-thirds of them went to St. Louis, not knowing that region had been secretly ceded to Spain.

When the English took possession of the country in 1765, Fort Chartres was made the Seat of English Government, and a small garrison was stationed there. Capt. Stirling formally took possession of the country on arriving at Fort Chartres by issuing a proclamation in the name of "His Britanic Majesty," signed by Thomas Gage, Commander-in-Chief of the British army in the Colonies. Capt. Stirling as well as each of his successors, Major Frazier, Col. Reed, then Col. Wilkins made his residence at the Fort.

When the fort was first built in 1718-19, it stood about a mile from the river. In 1724 a great freshet (flood) overflowed the river bottom and washed away some of the bank in front of the fort. The margin of the Mississippi, made by alluvial soil, is ever changing. In 1756 the river bank was half a mile from the fort. A short time before Capt. Pitman's visit in 1768, a sandbar was formed in the river and directed the current against the bank nearest the fort, which wore it away rapidly. Two years afterwards the river had approached so near the fort it alarmed the officers about the safety of their magnificent fortress. In 1772 another freshet inundated the river bottom and undermined the western wall of the fort. The balance of the structure was greatly injured. It was abandoned, and the seat of government was established at Fort Gage upon the summit of Garrison Hill, far above the reach of floods.

When the Mississippi overflowed its banks in 1772 and swept away a part of Fort Chartres, the British recognized that they had now an enemy that no bravery could daunt, so they built a fort near Kaskaskia and called it Fort Gage, in honor of General Gage who had command of the British troops in Boston.

On the twenty-fourth day of 1765, George III issued a proclamation which forbade any of his "loving subjects" to acquire title to any of this territory wrested from the French. It cannot be denied that he intended to establish a government similar to the old feudal system in a vast inland empire encompassing the whole country west of the Alleghenies.

Hitherto the people had been content to allow the priest to act as judge and jury in disputed cases; however, the English wanted something different, and the jury system was adopted. As previously stated, the first court in Illinois was convened at Fort Chartres December 9, 1768.

Fort Chartres was thought to be the Gibraltar of America, but the turbulent current of the Mississippi, more powerful than armies and navies, worked its downfall. It crumbled and wasted rapidly. It was deserted, and the demolishing elements played familiar with its crumbling walls. In 1820 the southeast angle was still remaining. The traces of the front wall were completely gone, and the northeast sections were in ruins. From this period the process of demolition and dilapidation was rapid. Much of the stone was taken away and used for building material in other places. It was soon a heap of moldering ruins and the fate of Palmyra, Persepolis and Balbec is suggested to the visitor as he beholds its remaining vestiges, slumbering in the midst of a forest. Trees of stately growth and clinging vines are growing upon its foundations. The river has retreated and is a mile distant from the ruins. Upon the intervening land which is in the very place where the mighty volume of the Mississippi's sullen waters swept along eighty or more years ago, there is a heavy dense growth of timber.

It was the greatest structure of its kind on the Western Continent, but it never fired a hostile shot.

Today Fort Chartres is a state park. The stone fort has been partially reconstructed, and daily tours are now conducted in period French Marine attire. The annual June rendezvous is an event attracting over thirty thousand tourists with over a thousand participants in period attire demonstrating crafts, music, marksman and marching competitions. Other events are held the first full weekend of the month of the event. The eighteenth century French re-enactment group, Milice de Ste. Famille portrays the French lifestyles in the Mississippi Valley, circa 1750s. The original Milice was formed about 1724 and consisted of all able-bodied men between sixteen and sixty who lived within the Holy Family Parish of Cahokia. These were called upon to help defend the French territory from the British and Spanish, repair roads, build docks and perform other important tasks needed by the community.

The Church of Ste. Anne Fort de Chartres was in the village outside the fort walls. In 1731 the mission St. Joseph's was founded from Ste. Anne's in LaBelle Prairie du Rocher, "The beautiful meadow beneath the rock." The present church, St. Joseph's is where the sacred vessels from St. Anne's now are housed. The church cemetery has been used since 1731 and has burials of Indians, slaves, French and American settlers and is still used today. The annual church picnic is held the last Saturday in July.

La Maison du Rocher Country Inn is a restaurant and bed and breakfast establishment. Built in early 1800s with rocks taken from the original Fort de Chartres walls, it is decorated with furnishings relating to the French Victorian era.

Among the earliest of the French settlers in Prairie du Rocher appear the names of Etenne Langlois, Jean Baptiste Blais, Jean Baptiste Barbeau and Antoine Louvier.

Etenne Langlois came from Canada and devoted himself to farming. He became a very influential man in the community and left a very respectable family.

Jean Baptiste Barbeau was one of the founders of Prairie du Rocher. His descendents are numerous, with some possibly still living in the town.

Other early settlers to the area included the Godair brothers who came from Detroit and engaged in farming. They became somewhat distinguished for hunting adventures and left a numerous descendency.

About the year 1800 the first English or American settlers appeared among the people of Prairie du Rocher. Clement Drury from Maryland erected a horse mill. (Perhaps he might be an ancestor of Virginia Drury, a youthful girlfriend?)

The town itself was first incorporated in 1825 but that effort failed, as did a similar effort in 1835. Finally, in 1871 the town was again organized and trustees were elected. In 1873 the people voted to organize the village under general law.

The Missouri Pacific Railroad, following the Mississippi, passes through Prairie du Rocher, as does Illinois 155. Seven miles east is the Great River Road, a tourist route, here marked Illinois 3. Highway approaches to Prairie du Rocher are posted "Oldest Town in Illinois." The use of the superlative is debatable, although Prairie du Rocher is certainly one of three or four towns with some claim to the title.

It has been recently reported that a possible business collaboration could bring improved prosperity to Prairie du Rocher and the surrounding area. Supposedly, Mississippi Lime Company in Prairie du Rocher is mining limestone from beneath the surrounding bluffs in a massive undertaking that would give the beleagured Southern Illinois coal mining industry a much-needed shot in the arm.

According to newspaper reports, the lime company, in a joint venture with Peabody Coal and Illinois Power, will produce the lime that will be used to neutralize the coal's high sulfur content, to meet EPA standards. A highway is apparently under construction between Prairie du Rocher and Baldwin to facilitate the hauling of lime to the Baldwin Power Plant owned by Illinois Power.

Illinois Power reportedly had set aside one hundred million dollars to gear up its Baldwin plant to burn sulfur-laden coal. That expensive project, according to reports, will apparently be abandoned in favor of the lime-neutralizing process. The combined venture, if it becomes reality, reportedly would employ 750 people when the entire project is underway.

Fort de Chartres and Prairie du Rocher are part of the 22-square-mile French Colonial District on the National Register of Historic Places.

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CHESTER, SEAT OF RANDOLPH COUNTY

On high bluffs overlooking the Mississippi River sits this city, organized by Cincinnati promoters in 1819 to compete commercially with Kaskaskia, capital of the new state of Illinois, four miles upstream. The rivalry was short-lived.

In 1820 Kaskaskia lost the capital to Vandalia. When the 1844 flood severely damaged the older town, many residents moved downstream to the new town on the hills. County records were also moved for safekeeping, and in 1848-49 a Randolph County courthouse was built in the bluffs of Chester. The spring flood of 1881 destroyed most of the rest of Kaskaskia, and by 1910 the final vestiges were inundated.

Chester's growth, however, was not entirely at the expense of Kaskaskia. In the 1830s and 1840s the port city boomed as a producer of castor oil, mainly as a lubricant. This market waned with the development of petroleum.

The Menard Penitentiary, constructed here in 1877, and later the Illinois Security Hospital contributed substantially to the local economy and still do. Inmates at the two institutions have averaged twenty-five hundred. Other large employers include a hosiery factory, grain elevators and food mills. Barge lines and the Missouri Pacific Railroad serve industries. Tourists are attracted by the Fort Kaskaskia State Park and by the Great River Road (Illinois Rte. 3). Illinois 150 also traverses Chester, leading to a toll bridge over the Mississippi to Missouri and thence to Kaskaskia Island. Chester is sixty miles by highway from St. Louis and eighty-seven miles by highway from Cairo, through Shawnee National Forest and through wild goose country.

Originally standing at the conflux of the Mississippi and Kaskaskia Rivers, before the Mississippi's changed course created Kaskaskia Island, Chester is now about five miles downstream. There are coal mines up the Kaskaskia, and iron ore deposits have been explored in southern Missouri, a combination of resources most profitable when linked by water transportation.

In Evergreen Cemetery, at the summit of one of Chester's hills overlooking the Mississippi, stands a tall white marble shaft. Its inscription identifies this spot, a state memorial, as the grave of Shadrach Bond (1778-1832), first governor of Illinois and a resident of Kaskaskia.

Shadrach Bond, from Maryland, arrived in Kaskaskia in 1794. He was a nephew of Shadrach Bond whose name was mentioned among the first settlers in the American Bottom. Nature had designed Bond for a representative man, and though he was surrounded by and competing among men of great minds, he soon became a leader. He was elected first to the Territorial Legislature, then to the lower House of Congress, and the first governor of the state, without opposition. After he retired from the executive chair, he was appointed registrar of the land office at Kaskaskia, and continued in that position for many years. He died in 1830.

PART TWO

10

THE MENARD PLACE

PIERRE MENARD'S VAST LAND HOLDINGS included massive acreage in the bottom, across the river from his celebrated mansion. Taking with him slaves and equipment, he settled hundreds of acres of farmland and built a large two-story house. It was on this property that Pierre's son, Edmond, remained after his father's death in 1844. And it was in this house, still known as "The Menard Place," that I was born nearly a century later. I have been unable to ascertain whether or not the present building retains parts of the original structure, or if it has been replaced entirely. In good repair in 1991, its appearance was the same as I recall from childhood, except for an addition at the rear of the house.

My father rented and farmed the Menard land, just four miles south of Roots, for many years before purchasing the "Phegley Place" in the hill country.

My earliest memories of the Menard place include the birth of the twins, Ada and Arlen, when I was about three years old. I was chased outside on that hot late-July morning while a midwife deftly managed the birthing process.

"There's a little piggy in the house! There's a little piggy in the house!" Do I really remember racing through the back porch screendoor yelling as I heard the babies crying? Or is it the recounting of the story by older siblings and parents that is indelibly imbedded in the mind and not the event itself? Doesn't matter. I do recall the special excitement of the day, even though there is no memory of actually seeing the babies.

One thing I do vividly recall is how I despised having to change Arlen's diaper. Especially as he grew into a two-year-old and beyond, and still not potty-trained. Seemed like I was always in trouble for swatting his bottom when he had an "accident." Guess I must have really laid it on him with the paddle one time, for I recall Mom getting the switch and laying it on me after he went screaming to her.

After the twins came Evelyn, a chubby-cheeked, curly-headed blond, blue-eyed baby girl. Always cheerful and happy, Evie lived only eighteen months, her vibrant chuckle choked forever by pertussis (whooping cough, it was called then).

With primitive tools, strong horses and mules—and kids with strong backs—Dad managed to eke out an existence for his large family there in the bottom land. He seemed as strong as Hercules to me. Harnessing a team of horses and wrestling the singletree or doubletree (never could figure out which was which) onto whatever antiquated equipment was suitable for the day's job, he and the boys would be out in the field before daybreak. All day long, sunup to sundown, the body punishing work went on. Up one row, turn, down the other, man-handling machinery and animals, stopping only for an occasional drink of water and a hearty noon meal.

Physical labor was a way of life for my sisters and me as well, helping Mom with household chores or working outdoors. Chore assignment started at a very young age for all of the children. By age six or seven, girls were regularly washing dishes, sweeping up after meals and caring for younger siblings. Boys worked in the fields alongside Dad, and responsibilities for all of us increased as we grew older. Many chores were year-round in nature, such as feeding and caring for livestock, milking cows, 'tending chickens and cleaning up after them. Spring and summer months brought additional work such as planting, cultivating and harvesting crops and putting up hay. In those busiest times there was no such thing as "gender-related" jobs. Everybody worked—all the time.

Mom always insisted that I was too young to remember my big brother Roland closing me up inside the daybed where I was sleeping. (Accidentally?) Already something of a "dandy" by his teen years, he had little patience with snotty-nosed siblings. It is therefore not entirely inconceivable that he might do such a thing to assert authority. Whether I remember the deed, or just hearing about it, I seem to experience the smothering feeling while closed up in there. Fortunately for me, someone's curiosity about my whereabouts prompted an investigation. I believe it was Roland who "found" me.

I do remember with clarity the beautiful spring day when my eldest brother Clifford came home ill. He pulled into the driveway and parked the big red truck with slatted sideboards but did not get out. I idly mused that it was early for him to be home. But I was concentrating on a make-believe game I was constructing with the long, soft-green needles that had fallen from the huge tree nearby.

Vaguely wondering why he didn't get out of the truck, I hopped over to it, climbed up on the running board and peered into the open window. He was doubled over the steering wheel, crying. I had never seen an adult cry before. I really liked Clifford (unlike Roland, he was always patient with smaller siblings), so it disturbed me to see him in pain. Running into the house, I yelled to Mom, "Something's wrong with Clifford! He's out in the truck and he's crying. I think he's sick."

Events that followed are unclear. I do not know if a doctor came to the house or how Cliff was taken to the hospital. There was no telephone, of course, and the doctor's office was in Red Bud, at least ten or fifteen miles away. At the hospital, emergency surgery was performed for a ruptured appendix. He was apparently recuperating all right until a fever developed and, at some point, caused delirium. For some reason he jumped out of bed and ran down the hall. This caused severe trauma to the surgical work, resulting in complications from which he never recovered. He was twenty-two when he died in April, 1937.

Too young to fully appreciate the tragedy of Clifford's death, I do recall that Mother was devastated. Her firstborn, he had been such a dependable, helpful child and a mother's pride and joy as a responsible adult. Sadly, few pictures of him remain. And so I was delighted when my great-niece Kathi McCarthy, in Dayton, Ohio, sent me a couple of snapshots of him that she retrieved from her Grandmother Norma's archives. His slender, tall, blond good looks were in great favor with many young girls for many miles around, I understand, but not until just before his death had he indicated a serious involvement with any of them. As I was only six at the time, I have no personal recollection of the one he might have married.

Tragedy struck again that summer. It was in early July that little Evie died of pertussin complications. Born February 28, 1936, she had always exuded perfect health, reflected in her smiling, cherubic face. The day she became critically ill, the pleasant happy disposition belied her true condition.

I had been placed in charge of watching over Evelyn while Mom did the family laundry. A never-ending task, this was not a simple matter of throwing dirty clothes into a machine and pushing a button. It was laborious, back-breaking and time-consuming work. An "automatic" washing machine was purchased in 1932, a heavenly innovation compared to the "old way" of washing clothes — scrubbing by hand on a washboard with homemade lye soap. Still, water had to be hauled, heated and loaded into the washer. For this application the lye soap was shaved into a pan of hot water and allowed to melt before being added to the washwater. Clean soggy laundry was then cranked through the two rollers on top of the Maytag to extricate as much of the soapy water as possible, then guided into the tub of rinse water snugged against the back side of the washer.

After rinsing by plunging into the water, swishing, lifting and plunging again to remove the soapy water, articles were fed back through the wringers and into a waiting basket. No such thing as a dryer, of course. Everything had to be hung outdoors on long metal clotheslines that seemed to stretch forever— summer and winter, in good weather or bad.

About mid-morning Mom came in to check the baby's temperature and found her face hot and flushed. She seemed so jolly and happy, her usual good-natured self, despite the coughing, runny nose and fever. Babies often run a fever when they have colds. The cough didn't seem any worse, so after doing what she could to make Evie comfortable and admonishing me to stay with her, Mom went back to her work. But she was uneasy and returned soon to check Evie once again. This time she was convinced that she was seriously ill and needed a doctor's attention.

Without a telephone, I do not know how the doctor was summoned. I seem to remember my parents carrying her to a car for the long trip to the doctor in Red Bud. The next time I saw Evie was in her casket, all dressed up in her white christening dress. Looking like a big soft baby doll angel on the soft white puffy clouds of white satin that lined the small casket, her little arms seemed to be reaching upward. Mom said she was reaching for her when she died.

Among my parents' old papers is a poignant document dated April 29, 1937, with later addendum. It is an itemized statement from Mathews Furniture and Funeral Directors for services rendered:

April 26 - Charges for Clifford: Embalming, Casket, Hearse

Services	$265.00
Suit Clothes	10.00
Under Garment	.65
Flowers	2.10

July 6 - Charges for Evelyn: Casket and

Services	$ 38.00

Paid in full Aug. 16th, 1937

In those days it was customary for the deceased to be kept at home for the wake, during which time they were never left alone. It seemed to last such a long time, and everyone was so sad, for so long.

That summer presented another major event. The purchase of the "hill place" was consummated. Dad's check written July 8, 1937, to the order of Nora Phegley and Stella R. Phegley in the amount of $2,250.00 was "Full purchase price of eighty acres land." Popular opinion among my siblings is that the move to the new home was postponed until the following spring.

Darlene, the last arrival in our family was born on Ground Hog Day, 1937, just a year after Evelyn's birth. Mom was forty-three.

Where I was born. The Menard Place

Clifford on the right with buddy James Brown 1936

The Hill Place: House, Barn

11

THE HILLS

WE WERE EXCITED about our new two-story white clapboard home in the hills. The porch across the front of the house opened to the foyer. Straight ahead, a stairway led to the second floor bedrooms and veranda. To the left of the stairwell was the master bedroom. The parlor (or sitting room as it was also called) on the right extended to the spacious country kitchen beyond.

The sitting room-parlor was reserved primarily for entertaining. Except for the priest who stopped by on regular visitation rounds, it was sparsely occupied. My most vivid recollection of the room is that of Norma and Roland presenting the first family grandchild. The wood floor was bare and the room as yet unfurnished. The vision remains clear of Norma sitting on some type of makeshift seat such as an orange crate in the center of the room, holding the baby, Charlene, in her lap.

After Dad enclosed the front porch and installed screened windows we found it a welcome place to sleep on hot summer nights. Second floor bedrooms often retained the day's heat throughout the night, making sleep impossible. Pitching pallets on the front porch was sort of like camping out. Full advantage could be taken of any cool night breezes while the screens provided protection from hungry mosquitoes.

A new kitchen was added soon after we were established in the house. All the other rooms on the first floor — the old kitchen, master bedroom and sitting room — were then rearranged for better efficiency and comfort. In contrast to the rambling Menard Place in the bottom, the house seemed cozy.

The move to the hill farm was undoubtedly precipitated by the devastating floods that perpetually plagued bottom land farmers. Those who refused to be driven from their land, in many cases because they had no alternative, stubbornly returned time after time to rebuild, replant their crops and generally start over. They needed a lot of help to survive. Dad's brother Cecil was one of those determined to keep the family home in the bottom. It was always a guessing game to determine how the flood water would behave. In those days before the levee was built to protect the farmland, and without sophisticated measuring equipment, inhabitants pretty much had to rely on past experiences to guide them in deciding when and if to evacuate. I remember Uncle Cecil and Aunt Sarah telling of the night when the family went to bed thinking they were safe, only to awaken the next morning to find clothing and shoes floating. That particular flood encroached so fast and so ferociously, they quickly moved with as much furniture and belongings as possible to the second floor. When it became obvious that the family might not be safe even on the second floor, they were plucked from second-story windows by men in rowboats. I believe that was the year our house became refuge for their family as well as numerous other evacuees. As a precautionary measure, everybody in the house had to be vaccinated against typhoid fever. It was an adventure for all of us children. We moaned and complained to excess about the red swollen arms caused by the injections, taking full advantage of our suffering to obtain sympathy from already overburdened adults. A month passed before the water receded enough to allow people to return to their homes and start the awesome cleanup.

Next to the "new" two-story house stood the old house which was to be razed. I remember the musty smells of that old place, inexplicably different from anything experienced since. We had such fun playing in it before it was torn down, probably endangering our very lives considering the rotted timbers. It was easy to make up scary games and imagined hauntings. Memories of that old place became the basis of an English term paper in my junior year of high school. Our assignment was to write a story of specific length depicting either an actual living experience or a figment of our imagination. I chose to write a fictional spooky tale of two or three ten-year-olds happening upon an abandoned "haunted" house. Dialogue between the children as they enter the place at sundown and come into contact with various ghoulish inhabitants was easily recalled from my own imaginings at age ten, in my very own "haunted" house. The paper elicited an unexpected "A" from my English teacher.

I remember eating succulent white grapes plucked from the very tall vine that clung to the old building when we moved there. We were quite sad when the old house was torn down; we missed our playhouse. I am sure that some of the better lumber from its demolition was used to build the neat "two-holer" outhouse.

This solitary place was my home for all of the years that I remained in southwestern Illinois. Childhood adventures recounted herein are but a few of many more preserved in my mind for recall and enjoyment at will. In some ways, I feel sympathetic to people who did not experience life on a farm, as if they have been somehow cheated.

12

DOWN ON THE FARM

AS A YOUNGSTER, Pam loved visiting her Grandmother and Grandfather Mulholland on their farm in Southern Illinois. She was fascinated by her grandpa's fiddle playing, content to sit for hours listening as her uncles joined in on piano, guitar or banjo with her mother's vocal contribution occasionally rounding out the "band." A common Sunday afternoon pastime, it was nice family entertainment in the days before television. A multitude of aunts, uncles and cousins made frequent boisterous gatherings a lot of fun.

She treasured her grandma's stories about her own childhood and raising a large family on the farm. Among her genealogy data I found some notes she had written on the subject.

> *Mulholland Memoirs:*
>
> *"The Lady in White"*
>
> *When we cousins were young, we always tried to talk Grandma Mulholland (Mayme) into telling us about some of the 'spooky' things that had happened to her. One story that I recall has special meaning to me because late one night, while driving home, very tired and overworked, I saw the Lady in White myself crossing the road in front of my car! Had to swerve to miss hitting her, in fact.*
>
> *Anyway, here's Grandma's story, at least as closely as I can remember it.*

One night after she had been asleep a while (she and Grandpa slept in separate rooms at this time), she suddenly felt something very cold around her neck, which, of course, woke her up. She sat up in bed a while and not seeing or experiencing anything odd, lay back down. As she started to drift off she felt the cold sensation again as if cold fingers were around her throat—she woke up to see a very beautiful lady in white standing next to her bed. She was so lovely, dressed in old-fashioned clothing, all white, with a big flowered hat and parasol. As she moved closer to Grandma's bed, she began talking to her. They talked together for a long time (Grandma wouldn't say what they talked about, and I assumed it must have been something very private). Then the lady in white disappeared, never to be seen again by Grandma Mulholland.

I never did understand why I, many years later and with no previous thought of this story, was witness to this same lady. It was mysterious then and still is today.

Pam Hanlon 15 April 1987

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Something I'd like future generations to know about Grandma Mulholland: She seemed almost cold to me, as she was not an outwardly affectionate person. I always thought though that after having thirteen children, and God only knows now how many grandchildren, that she may have just used up all the affection she could muster. She was never mean or cruel, just not warm and affectionate like Grandma Gibson was.

I remember too the summers Mom and Dad would send me to stay with Grandma and Grandpa for a week or two (I don't know why my brothers didn't come too—it was just me). Those were special times for me, and I got a lot of individual attention from Grandma (she would sit and color with me for the longest time) that she never had time to give me with all her children and grandchildren around. They were peaceful, contented times for me in the middle of my tumultuous adolescence.

I remember every time we went to visit her, she made a special angel food cake with pink *icing, and some big soft sugar cookies (I've never tasted any like them anywhere else). What a surprise for me though when I walked into the kitchen one day to find her beating the twelve egg whites for the cake by hand with a wire whip! She said that was the only way to do it.*

Also, Grandma Mulholland was so artistic and talented with a needle and thread. She made beautiful quilts and comforters throughout her life. She also kept an enormous and really beautiful flower garden each year. I was so impressed that she could do that!

Grandma used to tell me too, about her singing voice as a young girl. She could hit "High C" without hardly trying (a special thing she shared with me, probably because I sang a lot in high school and church choruses).

Grandpa (John Albert Mulholland) was musically talented as well. He played the fiddle. But not the same way most folks do. He would sit in a chair, place the bottom of the fiddle on his left thigh facing away from his body, fret with the left hand and bow with the right, as though he were playing a bass violin. It looked strange, but sure got the job done! I remember him playing 'Orange Blossom Special.'

Of course, the whole family was musically talented in one form or another: Beattie (Lloyd) played guitar and sang (could have been a performer if he'd wanted to); my mom (Wanda) always had a beautiful voice and taught herself to read music and play the piano (she had always played, but only by ear). Travis played a mean piano; Allen sang, and on, and on. Some favorite memories we kids have of family get-togethers are those when all the parents and Grandpa would form 'The Band' and play all evening while everyone danced and had such a good time. (Usually at Tommy & Millie's, a tavern in Modoc owned by Tommy and Millie Marshall, cousins on Grandma's side. There was a dancehall attached to the tavern, and we had great fun there on many occasions).

%%%%%%%%

Pam (Dan and Brooke too) liked teasing me about my "underprivileged" upbringing.

"Come on, Ma, tell us once again how far you had to walk to school. Was it a hundred miles or just two or three?"

"Tell us how hard you had to work back in the olden days when you were a kid, ha! ha!"

On the other hand, I have a sneaking feeling that they were just a bit envious as I recounted some of our homemade fun. Ice skating on the spring-fed pond which lay between the house and barn, the roasted "mickeys" (potatoes), thrown into the hot glowing coals of a fire built in a carved-out place in the bank. Huge pots of steaming hot cocoa sitting on the improvised grate over the open fire, its fragrance wafting across the ice to tempt frigid skaters—or sliders. Those of us without ice skates had just as much fun running to get up speed, to sail across the ice on shoe soles, or, if we lost our balance, on the seat of our pants.

The pond also provided summer fun. Catfish, gleefully pulled from the pond, were also roasted in a hot fire in the bank "oven." The same principle used at elegant restaurants today, wrapping foods in clay and then baking, worked just as well for us by using the mud. Entrails removed, fish were thoroughly washed, packed in mud and thrown into the hot coals. When the mud pack was baked dry, we knew the fish was cooked through and ready to eat. As the hard-baked mud was peeled away, the catfish skin came with it, leaving clean, succulent, steaming hot meat ready for seasoning.

Dad had stocked the pond with the catfish. Swarms of tiny minnows grew quickly, eventually large enough to eat. Fishing was such fun and not too challenging; as fast as a baited hook could be thrown into the water, it would be grabbed by a hungry fish.

Another little creature that we liked was the tadpole. It was fascinating to watch the metamorphosis from tiny specks with wriggly tails to frogs. One day they were swimming about looking somewhat like black minnows with fat bellies; the next day legs would start to appear, and the tail would begin to shrink. We liked to guess how big the grown frog would be, based on the size of the tadpole. Soon the tadpoles would disappear, magically replaced by tiny frogs. The frogs were fun to play with too, but they were a bit more elusive.

One spring day following rain the night before, roaming the pasture beyond the barn, I came across a puddle of rainwater and of course wanted to check for creatures living in it. Engrossed in tadpoles swimming about, I heard an unidentifiable sound coming from the wooded area nearby.

Leaving the water hole and following the sound, I came upon an apparently newborn lamb. Its mother was nowhere to be seen. When I tried to pick up the little fellow he bleated loudly, as if in pain, so I decided to take him back to the house to see if Mom could find out what was wrong.

While carrying him back to the house I could tell he was in pain by the squirming and bleating. Upon inspection, Mom discovered he had a broken front leg. I wanted to keep him and raise him as a pet and was somewhat surprised when allowed to do so. We fixed the leg, rigged up a bottle with nipple big enough for him, and in no time he was a chubby, happy pet. In fact he grew so fast and became so strong that one day in his eagerness to get into the house he literally jumped through the kitchen screen door. I believe it was that same day that he was put out to pasture with the other sheep.

The sheep were apparently raised for their wool, and for keeping down overgrowth in the pastures. I do not recall ever having lamb on the menu at home, so assume they were never eaten.

Giving them a haircut in late spring seemed like a benevolent act. They certainly must have been cooler without it. But they did not necessarily always seem to think they needed a barber. Some of the larger ones were more than a handful for Dad and the boys in the shearing process.

For my part, I loved the critters. Their soft bodies were a picturesque contrast to all the other farm animals who shared the pastures. Every species of fowl Mom could get her hands on also ran about the barnyard: chickens of numerous varieties, bantams, geese, ducks, turkeys. Granted, a mother hen with a brood of soft cuddly chicks makes a pretty picture. And, slowly gliding across the pond in front of the barn, a proud white mother goose or duck with golden fluffs of babies in her wake was a beautiful sight. But turkeys were hard to love; their only meaningful role as far as I could tell was as a centerpiece on the dinner table.

Anyway, I had the impression that Dad just kept the sheep around because he, too, liked the looks of them. And I suppose their close grazing did keep pastures looking neat.

Just behind the house on the south side, behind the smokehouse/wash shed, was a peach orchard. I remember those big succulent golden-peach Elbertas as the juiciest, most fragrant, most delicious I have ever tasted. As to their size, perhaps they seemed huge because my hands were small.

Mom's huge fenced garden lay to the east of the peach orchard. It stretched from a line even with the cistern near the kitchen door, past the smokehouse and continuing south about 100 yards with the back edge about even with the two-holer outhouse. The garden was her domain. From it came her family's sustenance. At the first signs of spring she became impatient for Dad and the boys to get the garden deep-tilled in preparation for the growing season. Preparing the earth and planting and producing massive quantities of vegetables afforded her an immense personal satisfaction. No less important, the digging, raking, hoeing and harvesting chores provided plenty of fill-in work for young hands that might otherwise become idle and tempted to do "devil's work."

Flowers embraced the entire expanse of fencing surrounding the garden and brightened paths wandering among the vegetables. Along the rear fence hollyhocks provided a colorful backdrop for myriad other annuals and perennials. Mom's roses were her main love, enjoying the showiest spot at the front of the garden where their strategic placement enhanced the walk from the driveway to the rear of the house.

But she also adored fragile little bloomers: sweetpeas, johnny-jump-ups, wild violets gathered from the woods and transplanted among friendly neighbors. Four o'clocks, snapdragons, buttercups and petunias in addition to sweet-smelling honeysuckle in the garden's far southeast corner to lend its haunting fragrance to balmy late-evening air. Huge masses of peonies always putting on their finest show around Mother's Day and Memorial Day weekend provided exquisite arrangements for graves of loved ones. Pink ones, deep dark reds too—but mostly whites. In great bunches by themselves, or blended with other early bloomers they were also a commanding centerpiece for the dining room table, surrounded by one of Mom's crocheted ruffled doilies.

Tulips, daffodils, irises, tiger lilies, dahlias, and every other kind of bulb or tuber she could acquire from mail order catalogs or as starters from friends and neighbors. Interspersed with each other or in solitary groupings, the early bloomers were always dependable as spirit boosters on the heels of winter.

And everywhere, lilacs of many colors: old-fashioned lavender, dark purple, white, vivid lilac—as tall as small trees—near the driveway, in the corner of the front yard as the mainstay of a flower bed in the southeast corner where a picket fence joined the row of hedge along the front and out by the chicken house, along the backyard fence.

Golden forsythia joined the early spring chorus of color, soon followed by my beloved spirea, its massive bunches of tiny white blossoms cascading like snow down a mountainside on bushes taller than I. Showy, fragrant mock orange bushes, snowball bushes, hydrangeas.

With military precision, the procession of spring flowers gave way to the summer parade of daisies, petunias, marigolds, zinnias of all colors, borders of sweet alyssum, marching in uninterrupted profusion of ever-changing color into late summer and fall. Chrysanthemums, tall commanding sunflowers, late-blooming gladiolas in concert with bronzing sugar maples, golds and russets of birch and oak.

Mom's unalterable rule for a proper English flower garden, one that I champion and also adhere to, was that it must include something blue. Periwinkle, ageratum, lobelia and the stately delphinium of varying shades of blues and purples, contrasting, highlighting and softening the masses of brighter colors.

Inside the fenced area that housed the chicken houses were cherry trees—Mom's favorite Queen Anne yellow cherry, and the regular old-fashioned sour cherry. Nearby, a blue plum and green gage plum sent forth pink and white blossoms in unison with cherry, peach and apple tree blossoms in a spring symphony of color.

Also near the chicken house was an elderberry bush. Mom produced delicious jelly from the pretty clusters of tiny berries and even tried her hand at making a little elderberry wine. Not bad, I believe. The only remarkable point here is that Mom was strongly opposed to alcoholic beverages, steadfastly forbidding any of them in the home.

In those early soft spring days before outdoor labor totally engulfed us, Mom liked to take us with her for educational walks in the woods. She loved to hunt for mushrooms and wildflowers. Lady slippers, sweet williams, bluebells—any blossom found poking through winter's accumulation of leaves and mulch—was gathered for a bouquet or dug up, roots intact, for transplanting in one of her flower beds.

I wish everyone in the world could experience the serenity of those visits to the woods. I think Mom was on to something back then: she knew the value of quiet surrender to nature's powerful beauty. In that tranquility where bouncy redbud blossoms sparkled among bright dogwoods, a calmness and peaceful fulfillment seemed to filter into the soul.

It was in these woods that my lifelong love affair with the dogwood tree began. Gently embracing lacy rustling branches, opulent blossoms caught the filtered sun stealing through regal sycamore, redwood, hickory and oak trees, softly murmuring, it seemed, "Stay. I am peace."

Somehow the dogwoods seemed the protectors of low-growing vegetation. Mayflowers, ferns, sweet williams, lady slippers and other small wildflowers that carpeted the forest floor seemed to absorb the filtered sun and reflect it as back lighting for the lovely dogwood blossoms.

When the time came to select a headstone for the resting place of Pam's ashes, I was drawn like a butterfly to nectar by one particular large bronze plaque. In relief in the plaque's corners, and also above and beneath the area reserved for inscription, were lovely dogwood blossoms with graceful trailing branches.

There is a legend that, at the time of the Crucifixion, the dogwood had been the size of the oak and other forest trees. So firm and strong was the tree that it was chosen as the timber for the cross. To be used for such a cruel purpose greatly distressed the tree, and Jesus, nailed upon it, sensed this. In His gentle pity for all sorrow and suffering, He said to it, *"Because of your regret and pity for My suffering, never again shall the dogwood grow large enough to be used as a cross. Henceforth it shall be slender and bent and twisted, and its blossoms shall be in the form of a cross—two long and two short petals. And in the center of the outer edge of the petals there will be the nail prints, brown with rust and stained with red, and in the center of the flower will be a crown of thorns, and all who see it will remember."*

__LEGEND OF THE DOGWOOD__ (Author unknown)

In Jesus' time the dogwood grew
To a stately size and a lovely hue.
'Twas strong and firm as oak—branches interwoven
For the cross of Christ its timber was chosen.

Seeing the distress at this use of their wood
Christ made a promise that still holds good:
Never again shall the dogwood grow
large enough to be used so
It shall slender and twisted be
With blossoms like the cross for all to see.

As blood stains the petals marked in brown
The blossom's center shall wear a thorny crown
All who see it will remember me
Crucified on the cross from the dogwood tree.
Cherished and protected this tree shall be,
A reminder to all of my agony.

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We collected wild onions from the woods for the table. Looking much like domestic chives but larger, their flavor was mild but distinctive. Chopped and scrambled with eggs in Mom's special concoction, they were a nice complement to the breakfast, lunch or dinner menu.

Mom taught us how to choose the proper material for sassafras tea. Tender young roots made the best tea, light pink in color, flavorful and smooth. The tree's bark on the other hand was more acidic, resulting in a stronger flavor with lingering aftertaste. A kettle of sassafras tea always rested on the reservoir of the cookstove in early spring. Its tantalizing aroma filled the house and wafted through open windows. Blended in a nice big mug with milk and a little sugar, it was one of Mom's "spring tonics" which required no coaxing to get the family to drink.

Mom also showed us how to harvest sap and make maple syrup. In fact, every walk with her became an adventurous learning experience. She felt it important for us to have a genuine appreciation of nature and its bounty. She had learned wilderness survival techniques as a child from ancestors whose very survival depended upon shrewdness in adapting to hostile surroundings.

In addition to fruits and vegetables grown at home, we harvested wild dewberries and blackberries when they were in season. Mom would make us bundle up in long-sleeved shirts and pants to ward off mosquitoes and other insects and a straw hat for protection from the sun. Grabbing large pails we would head for the back edge of the wooded area beyond the south forty. There, where the woods opened to a pasture of a neighbor's bordering property, were the best berries. But there was a problem with gathering them. Sharing the pasture with the berries were a couple of less-than-friendly bulls. We were chased by the ill-tempered fellows on more than one occasion.

Like thieves in the night, we stealthily gathered the berries, keeping quiet so as not to disturb the bulls. At the same time we tried to keep mosquitoes and the multitude of stink bugs, spiders and other insects at bay, while doing the best we could to avoid the bushes' thorns. But the worst part of it all was the oppressive heat and humidity! The blackberries ripened in June or early July, and the moisture collected among the bushes and undergrowth seemed to boil when the hot morning sun hit it. We were not permitted to leave, however, until the pails were full. Very often, in years when berries were especially prolific, several forays were made until Mom was satisfied with the harvest. Just color us purple for the duration of berry season; berry-stained hands (and mouths) were our perpetual condition.

There were many berry pies baked and lots of berry jams and jellies canned for winter enjoyment. But I do NOT eat ANYTHING with blackberries in it, now that I have a choice.

Those jams and jellies were joined by row after row of other canned goods in the root cellar. Summer canning was a major undertaking as every available morsel of produce was preserved for winter consumption. Each canning day began in pre-dawn light with the gathering of produce still moist with dew. Huge kettles and pots and jugs of all configurations were employed in one application or another.

Cucumbers became dill pickles, bread-and-butter pickles, sweet gherkins. Cabbage was turned into saurkraut, the core, my favorite delicacy, stuck in the center of the jar, if it made it that far before being devoured. Corn picked at its flavor peak was prepared for pressure cooker processing. Seated in the shade of the sycamore tree by the smoke house, large bowl in the lap and newly sharpened paring knife in hand, Mom would begin removing the kernels from husked, washed corn. Holding an ear upright and bracing the bottom end in the bowl, with graceful unhesitating precision, the seesawing, slicing motion was repeated until the corncob had released every last grain. Grains sometimes tumbled from the cob in sheets, quickly filling the bowl to the brim. When the finished product was to be cream-style corn, grains were removed from the cob in two even layers, for finer texture. The cob was then lightly scraped to obtain all of the milky liquid at the grain's base. The slicing task was turned over to me or my sister as soon as Mom was satisfied that we had grasped the technique.

Our labors produced canned peas, tomatoes, pickled beets, green beans, pickled green and red peppers, hot chili peppers, relishes, tomato preserves and small, new red potatoes; peaches, apples, plums, cherries and rhubarb; and pickled pigs' feet, pork sausages and ribs and liver sausages at butchering time. Everything we grew or that was given to us went into Mason jars, processed and stored in that cellar. Before electricity came to the farm, the old labor-intensive pioneer methods were the only available means of food preservation. The tried and true philosophy, *waste not, want not* was stringently applied to all aspects of farm life.

Opening the huge double doors at the top of the root cellar, stairs descended onto a dirt floor. Crates along the wall housed root vegetables such as potatoes and onions. Above the crates the walls were lined with shelves where the canned goods rested. Large, round five-gallon cans placed in the center of the cellar were filled with sorghum molasses, which had been processed from the cane grown in the field behind the garden.

During the war years (WWII) when food was rationed it was hard to get enough staples to accommodate a large family. Sugar was especially hard to come by. A readily available substitute sweetener, sorghum molasses, was the primary sweetening agent used in desserts at our house. (Today I do not eat anything made with sorghum molasses.)

Great quantities of flour were needed for the eight or more loaves of bread consumed by our large family every-other-day. During the food-rationing years the allotment never quite stretched far enough. Since we raised our own meat, our meat rationing stamps could sometimes be traded for stamps to purchase staples such as flour, sugar and salt. There were times, however, when necessity became the mother of invention. Requiring some improvisation, corn was pulverized into meal for making cornbread. Rigging a mortar and pestle system employed by Indians, and undoubtedly our ancestors, it was a laborious but effective task for making bread. Sometimes the only kind of flour available for making bread was either rye or wheat. In childish fashion, we scoffed and complained about having to eat the "awful stuff."

Some of the garden's bounty, such as carrots, turnips or apples, were placed in a deep well dug in the garden where, layered with straw or newspaper, their freshness could be prolonged well into late fall or winter.

When we eventually got a coal-fired furnace to replace the potbellied wood-burning stove previously used for heating, the root cellar space was expanded to make room for the furnace. A chute was then installed in the window at ground level to facilitate loading coal into the tall coal bin next to the furnace. A trap door at the bottom of the coal bin provided handy access for scooping the coal up in a shovel and, pivoting, pitching it into the open furnace door.

"Heating the house" with the potbellied wood-burning stove is a misnomer. The only heat in second-story bedrooms was that which escaped from first-floor rooms through iron grates placed in holes cut in the ceiling. If one's bedroom happened to be directly above the sitting room where the potbellied stove held court, it could be very toasty. The grates in the floor did have shutters that could be adjusted to somewhat redistribute the heat.

If one's bedroom happened to be above the dining room, a ton of comforters and nice warm long johns and socks were needed to stay warm at night. It is easy to see how the custom of keeping a commode stashed under each bed came about. Getting out of bed and traipsing down stairs, through the house, out the backdoor, past the smokehouse and on back to the outhouse in the middle of a sub-zero night is neither a fun nor a romantic adventure.

The wood-burning cookstove in the kitchen felt heavenly on those cold early mornings—if one was first out of bed so as to beat the others to it. Mom was always up long before the rest of the family to get the fire going. Only she seemed able to "bank" it at night to insure live coals for getting the morning fire going quickly. The round tin stovepipe that carried the smoke up and out the chimney angled just enough to provide a nice warm pocket behind the stove, next to the firewood box. I can still smell the wood burning and feel the toastiness of that safe, cozy place as the dressing process was finished. One never had much chance to linger, of course, as someone else was always waiting his or her turn.

The cookstove contained four burners, each with its own cast iron lid with receptacle for lifting with the special tool designed to fit into the slot. When needed, the iron (for ironing clothes) was placed on top of one of the burner covers for heating. To the right of the burners was the reservoir, the "hot water tank." Providing the one who emptied it remembered to refill it, hot water was usually available. The warming oven occupied the space above the burners and reservoir. With nice enameled curved-front doors and knobs for sliding them easily up and back, out of the way, it was a roomy place for keeping food warm, or for drying mittens or socks wet from snow.

One use we youngsters liked to make of the hot cast iron cookstove top, roasting pecans, was usually met with great displeasure by Mom. When soft shell pecans ripened in the fall, we liked to gather and shell a quart Mason jar full of them, and, if we could get away with it, spread the nutmeats over the cook top to roast. Unless we should accidentally let them brown too much, they really did not make too much of a mess, except for the residual oils left to smolder and smoke when a cooking pot was placed on it. But if we sprinkled salt on them while roasting, as we loved to do, well, suffice to say we were in big trouble.

One side of the smokehouse was the laundry room with lines for drying clothes in inclement weather. The milk separator was also located in that room. After the cows were milked, pails of milk were hauled back to this shed for processing. The milk was poured into the big stainless steel funnel-shaped receptacle at the top. As the milk flowed through the funnel, cream was extracted and funneled through a tube into another receptacle. The "blue" milk (today known as skim milk) left over after the cream was removed was directed through another spout into a bucket.

The worst part about the milk separating process was the cleanup. With neither running hot water nor modern, grease-cutting detergents at our disposal, it was nearly impossible to prevent the water from becoming "ropey." The key was to keep the water very hot. If it cooled off, the milk reacted with the homemade lye soap in such a way as to form slimy, or ropey, water.

To make butter, the cream was allowed to come to the top (separate from the blue milk). It was then placed in the butter churn, a large, wide-mouth square glass jar. Wooden paddles attached to a screw-on lid with a crank-type handle were lowered into the jar of cream. Turning the handle in rhythmic motion quickly produced golden butter as it coagulated and clung to the paddles. The leftover by-product, whey, was usually discarded. A slight amount of deft hand kneading worked out any whey still clinging to the butter. Finally, a slight amount of salt was added and worked in. Pressed into one- or two-pound wooden molds with pretty carved designs inside that transferred to the butter, it was then left to "set." Before the advent of electricity, in summer months, butter, milk and other perishables were "refrigerated" either by attaching ropes and lowering them into the cistern, or by being hauled down to the spring where they were immersed in the cold clear water accumulated in a small dammed-up area.

Sometimes the leftover whey was placed on the reservoir of the stove to begin processing for cottage cheese. The balance of blue milk was fed to the pigs. Dad really considered that the only fit use of it. (His parents had operated a dairy business when he was a boy, and he had developed a great aversion to dairy products, especially milk.) Some whole milk and whole cream were reserved for drinking and cooking. One of our favorite treats was yeasty bread fresh from the oven spread with fresh cream or butter then sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon.

I believe of all the unpleasant chores required on the farm, brooder house vigil was the worst. The huge chicken house was equipped with row after row of roosts where the chickens slept (and made piles and piles of guano to be scooped up off the floor). Along the walls of the building were stacks of straw-lined compartments designed for the comfort of the layers and for ease in collecting their eggs. And next to the chicken house was a smaller building, the brooder house.

The brooder house contained the incubator. Fertilized eggs, placed in trays and isolated in a temperature-controlled environment for the duration of the hatching process, simulated hens sitting on them.

After hatching, baby chicks remained in this climate-controlled building until they got their second feathers. During this time, they spent most of their time around the cone-shaped heating unit which was surrounded by a round trough-like tray, its overall appearance similar to a small space ship. Chicken feed and water were dispensed from an outer rim encircling the heating unit. They were adorable, those golden little balls of fluff. The effort required to keep them alive was something else. They demanded a steady temperature, very hard to maintain with a coal-fired heater, necessitating round-the-clock vigil during the crucial first two weeks of their lives.

Someone had to be climate controller. The night watch, sitting up with those fuzzy little creatures, was no fun. There were times when the fire just would not start or it got too warm. Cold outside air was too dangerous for the little things; drafts must be avoided. Newspapers placed on the floor all around the walls inside a space defined by two-by-six boards on edge provided exercise room for those chicks old enough for more space. The worst fear was the horror of having some of them die in spite of all the pampering.

The corncrib was another interesting multipurpose building. The crib, or bin, was an enclosure secured with wide boards running in a horizontal pattern from front to back. At the top of the boards was access space for dumping the corn from the dump truck into the bin, and a door made of vertically placed boards with nice swivel wooden lock was installed at a reachable level for its removal. Sharing a common roof was a large open space, a carport-style arrangement where farm vehicles could pull in to load or unload. The back end of the open space was secured with a fence-like enclosure with gate leading to the pigpen beyond. An interesting piece of equipment standing in the open area was the corn sheller, a contraption used to shell corn for chicken feed. At the top of the little machine was a cone-shaped metal receptacle which was lined with "teeth." Dropping an ear of corn into the receptacle, the operator held it loosely in vertical position with one hand while turning the handle with the other. As the ear of corn spiraled downward through the funnel, the teeth stripped the grains from the cob, expelling them through a little trough at the bottom of the funnel and into a bucket positioned beneath the trough. The stripped corncob was discharged to the side of the unit opposite the operator.

Me, all dressed up for church at
Reagan home across from St. Leo's.
My first job assignment away from
home--helping the ailing Mrs. Reagan.

(L. to R.): Allen (10); Wanda (9);
Ada and Arlen (6); Darlene (2-1/2) -- 1939

1956 at Grandma & Grandpa's farm;
Cousins Caron Mulholland, Pam Gibson,
Sharon Mulholland, Dan Gibson (hiding),
Sandy Mulholland, Ricky Mulholland,
and Spot

Uncle Will Marshall, guitar
Al ("Red") Mulholland, fiddle
T. C. Mulholland, piano
(Tommy & Millie's Tavern, Modoc-November 1962)

Mom and her brother Will Marshall
1971

13

MORE COUNTRY PHENOMENA

CHILDHOOD HARDSHIPS BECOME INSIGNIFICANT and easier to reconcile as we grow older and our perspective changes. We come to accept the concept that challenges in our early years are learning fields for the future. Also, in recalling any such painful memories, our minds tend to modify and elevate them to a more acceptable plane for processing. Unhappy memories fade and are replaced with more vivid recall of the special, enjoyable times. Riding home through a cold moonlit night in the back of Dad's pickup truck after a *Soup*, for example, is one of the pleasant memories preserved in my mind.

Unsurfeited by the wonders of television in the 1930s, adults as well as children in rural farm communities had to create their own leisure activities. The *soup* was one such social event. Friends, neighbors and relatives would take turns hosting this get together which consisted of card playing for men, visitation for women and games for the children—and culminated in a feast of soups and accompaniments. Loud popping noises emanated from the dining room or sitting room where men engaged in games of pinochle, euchre or poker as hands made contact with the tables in spirited animation when trick-taking cards were applied. Wives bustled about the kitchen preparing the food and comparing notes on their particular stitching projects or other household happenings, while youngsters darted about the house in boisterous games of pursuit. Jovial voices filled the rooms with playful teasing and laughter.

All evening long while the men enjoyed their card games, the women stirred and visited in the kitchen, occasionally shooing a child out from underfoot. Guest ladies brought all kinds of condiments and lovingly baked desserts as their contributions to the feast, and they assisted the hostess in preparing the soups. Plump hens were boiled in huge stewpots until tender enough for the meat to be lifted from the bones. Beef soupbones and meat were similarly prepared, then finely chopped carrots, onions, celery or other vegetables were added and simmered until the soup bases were satisfactorily blended. Spices and perhaps a bit of rice, barley or noodles added in proper sequence rounded out the delicious concoctions, enhancing the swelling, tantalizing fragrances that soon enveloped the entire house.

Around midnight the soup was served along with the wide array of accompaniments: Homemade bread-and-butter pickles, dills and sweet gherkins; relishes, pickled beets and onions; croutons and crackers. And, of course, lots of freshly churned butter to spread on crackers and hot, fragrant, yeasty breads.

Starting early in the day, bread dough was mixed, kneaded, let rise until doubled in size. The dough was then "punched down," shaped into loaves of uniform size and snugged against each other in neat rows inside well greased bread pans—two, four or eight to a pan. Placed in a warm spot protected from drafts, the loaves were allowed to rest until again doubled in size. When a finger pressed into a loaf left appropriate indentation, the bread was ready to bake, its yeasty fragrance intermingling with others to further whet appetites. An experienced thump on the browned crusty top with the thumb and middle finger could quickly determine when the bread was "light" (done). (I've never been sure if this is where the term *light bread* originated, or if the term merely implies bread made from yeast which caused it to rise and become lightweight.)

After the soups, breads and condiments came the heavenly cakes and pies. Mother's specialties were her famous light-as-air angel food cake, and its variation, sunshine cake, either or both of which she eagerly displayed at every chance. Artistically mounded on top of the angel food was her dazzling, fluffy, snow-white or pink-tinted seven-minute frosting. A smooth, yellow, buttery frosting floated over the sunshine cake which was concocted with large quantities of egg yolks (by-product of the angel food cake). Not to be outdone, the other ladies brought their specialties as well.

When everyone was stuffed with food it was time to start gathering up sleepy children for the ride home. It was always impossible to stay awake for the trip, despite the frigid ride in the back of the pickup. The trip seemed interminable. Although distancewise it was only a few miles, the slow speed at which Dad always drove over the gravel and dirt roads made it a long trip, timewise.

How well I remember the serenity of the quiet night. The moon and stars seemed to follow us around every bend in the road. Fragrances of the night air enveloped us as treefrogs, cicadas and other night creatures serenaded from roadside bushes and trees. This was the lullaby, and the pitch and roll of the slow-moving pickup was a rocking chair for tired, full-bellied, sleepy youngsters.

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Threshing time was another special event in the farming community. Farmers took turns bringing in each other's crops. Arriving before daybreak at the farm scheduled for harvesting, horses hitched up and ready, the men were in the fields by sunup. There was never any time to waste as everybody's crops matured at the same time. It was necessary to keep moving from one place to another in rapid succession. Timely completion of each farmer's harvesting operation depended on favorable weather; Mother Nature was the ultimate controller of their progress.

Facilitating efficiency of the men's efforts, the women took charge of food preparation and serving it in a timely fashion. They also organized children to haul much-needed water to the workers in the field, provided wash-up stations and generally kept everything running smoothly so that the men could direct all their efforts to the field work.

The midday meal was an experience in itself. Long tables were set up outdoors in the cool shade of trees. By the time men began coming in for lunch break, every inch of every table was covered with an abundant array of food. Huge platters of fried chicken, baked chicken with dressing, boiled chicken with homemade dumplings and noodles, roast beef and pork; all sorts of home-grown vegetables; pastas; numerous platters of sliced fresh tomatoes, green peppers, onions, bowls of coleslaw, followed by a wide selection of scrumptious desserts.

Watching the men scrub for the noon meal always fascinated me. Several large galvanized tubs of water were placed on benches made from boards stretched across wooden blocks standing on end. Huge bars of homemade lye soap, and perhaps bars of black lava soap, were strategically placed around the tubs for efficient use from either side of the bench. I enjoyed the rustling sound of water and soap rubbing through tough beards as the men rolled up their sleeves, grabbed a bar of soap and scrubbed and splashed until sun-bronzed faces and arms glistened.

Hair combed, bib overalls smoothed and dusted as much as possible, they eagerly marched to the food tables. Ravenous appetites made short work of enormous quantities of food which was washed down with gallons of tea, lemonade, coffee or postum. After this brief respite, back to the fields they scurried to proceed where they had left off, until sundown.

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It must have been in the late 1930s that oleomargarine appeared on the food scene. We were delighted when Mom would trade the Watkins delivery man a pound of butter for a pound of oleo. Inexplicably, we children loved the stuff, maybe because it was such fun squeezing the tablets of yellow coloring into the white glob encased in a small plastic bag. Crackers spread with the new "wonder butter" disappeared like hot cakes.

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I was fourteen when electricity came to our neck of the woods in 1944. It was intriguing watching the young good-looking electrician climbing around on the tall poles, whistling as he went about the job of attaching and snipping wires. How very impressive that he understood how to get those wires fastened up in a manner that would actually provide us with lights at the flip of a switch. The full scope of the power of electricity was incomprehensible; our vision was limited to the wonders of light bulbs.

Among my parents' papers is a *Schedule of Electrical Provisions in Contract*. In neat, small boxes on the form the electrician had indicated with pencil slash marks the acouterments provided: outlets, switchplates, convenience receptacles installed in the house; outlets installed in out buildings—the smoke house, chicken house, brooder house, and so forth—and unit price and total price for each item.

The bill for installing electricity came to $118.35, with an additional charge of $11.00 for fixtures and $4.20 for light bulbs. This brought the total installation charge to a whopping $134.55, duly signed by Herb Long, Walsh, Illinois.

That nice-looking young electrician was around our place for some time, and by the time he had finished the job I was experiencing my first crush; or at least it was a different feeling than the usual disdain I'd had for boys up to that point. But he disappeared, finally, and I managed to survive the disappointment.

Electricity seemed like a miracle. Instead of arguing over who got to use the aladdin lamps and who had to use the plain old kerosene lamps, for homework or other evening activities such as washing dishes, there was light available in every room of that big two-story house. In addition, we now had water pumped into the house and wonder of wonders, an inside toilet—and even an inside bathtub!

We still had to rely on the cistern to supply water for household needs; a supplemental rain barrel collected the water used for laundry, scrubbing floors, and so forth. In times of drought we had spring water for backup. The spring of crystal-clear water exuded from one of three large caves in the ravine below the hill that sloped gradually from the roadway, behind the corncrib, dropping steeply the last few hundred yards into the valley below.

Beyond the freshwater spring, a cool verdant meadow meandered north for a half mile or so, all the way back to the wooded section beyond the barn and pastures. Evidence in the form of numerous artifacts found in the area indicated the tranquil valley had provided temporary refuge or possibly permanent dwelling for Indians.

This encampment of people must have been from the Illini Federation which consisted of the Kaskaskias, the Cahokias, the Peorias, the Tamaroas and the Mitchigammies. Descendants of the Algonquins, the most powerful of all the Indians, the Illini Federation occupied most of the region drained by the Illinois River and its tributaries. Skeletal remains and artifacts uncovered in archeological digs at the Modoc Rock Shelter six or eight miles to the northwest, and others discovered in the Roots digs a mile or so south of our farm add credence to historical accounts of those aboriginal inhabitants. Many relics such as spearheads, tomahawk remnants and chards of various tools and receptacles were also found in our fields during cultivation.

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As previously mentioned, laundry facilities and cream separator apparatus occupied half of the smokehouse. The other half was used for curing, smoking and storing meats. (Sans electricity, this space also served as a bath house, where the zinc tub placed on the concrete floor could be filled with water and no harm could be done by rambunctious kids splashing about.) On long newspaper-covered countertops, salt and various other seasonings were rubbed into chilled hams, pork shoulders and bacon. Turning and re-application of seasonings continued until the preservation process was satisfactorily completed.

After seasoning, hams were secured at the shank end with meathooks and hung from the rafters for the smoking process. Arranged beneath them in tubs, a slow-burning fire provided the smoke that permeated the meat to produce the smoked flavor. The curing process always took place at butchering time in the coldest part of winter.

As with harvesting, neighbors helped each other during butchering season. And just as the harvest day began before sunup, so did the butchering. Arriving before dawn in the coldest part of a winter's day, there was a rushed flurry of activity as fires were started, kettles filled with water, utensils and equipment organized and sharpened. Everything must be ready when the slaughtered animal was brought up to the butcher house. Depending upon the number of animals to be processed, the butchering enterprise might extend to a second day, or more.

Butchering took place directly behind the smokehouse. Rather awesome facilities were required for the operation. At the foot of a large ramp was a barrel of enormous proportions used for scalding the animal. The barrel was filled with scalding hot water which had been heated in large iron kettles over wood fires. Attending the kettle fires was a duty of importance. Frequent additions of firewood from the nearby stack were necessary to insure heat intense enough to keep the water just below boiling. Those dancing, crackling red and orange flames also warmed frigid hands and bodies in those frosty, bitter cold mornings.

Using grapple hooks securely lashed to the animal's hind feet, two or more strong men dipped it up and down, in and out of the scalding water, until testing indicated it was ready for scraping. Using a tool fashioned from a wood dowel with a round concave metal disc about six inches in diameter on one end, the hog's hair was scraped away. Next the animal was hung by the grapple hooks to facilitate gutting. That accomplished, the meat processing could begin.

Organs used for making liver sausage, headcheese and other concoctions were cooked in a huge copper kettle over the open fire. The aroma of spices added to the steaming pot mingled with burning wood and titillated the senses. Stirring the kettle contents with a long wooden paddle was a job eagerly undertaken; the warm fire felt so good!

Stuffing pork sausage was a project consisting of several stages, some of them relegated to youngsters. Parts of meat to be used in the sausage were ground in the meat grinder, then placed in a large zinc tub where sage and other seasonings were added and thoroughly mixed. The seasoned sausage was fed into meticulously scraped and cleaned intestines via the sausage stuffer.

Bolted onto a long board placed on two opposing chairs, the stuffer was operated by a person sitting behind it. The seasoned sausage was fed into the bowl-shaped receptacle at the top of the stuffer with one hand. With the other hand, the operator turned the handle which forced the product into the intestine casing secured to the stainless steel tube projecting from the side of the stuffer.

The helper, sitting on the board at the opposing end, provided ballast and smoothed and wound the stuffed sausages into the tub below. This person might at the same time twist and shape the sausage into links.

Without refrigeration, the pork sausage had a very short shelf life. Much of it was therefore given to people who had helped with the butchering. If any was left over, it was preserved by canning in Mason jars and storing in the root cellar for consumption later on, when all fresh meat was gone.

A slanted wooden deck behind the smokehouse was used as a support for angling the huge scalding barrel. Nearby was a board braced against the deck and secured to the ground which facilitated the scraping process.

On a balmy warm spring day in May 1939, that angled board became a hazardous object for me. I had a habit of running. Wherever I went—out to the pasture to call the cows in for milking, out to the woodpile to chop or haul wood, to the chicken house, to the barn, out to the fence in the "south forty" where I would climb up on the gate to exercise my lungs (I could yodel or practice the scales or anything I felt like singing, as loudly as I wished) or just around the yard—I liked to run. Still do; but not so fast.

That Mother's Day morning I was celebrating the first barefoot-day of the year by running through soft grass wherever I could find it, enjoying its softness on my bare feet. Spotting the slanted board propped against the wooden deck, I decided to run up the board, onto the deck, then see how far I could jump. When my right foot hit the slanted board it slipped; the board was slick from the rain the night before. The sharp end of a large rusty nail protruding through the board caught my foot just between the big toe and the one next to it and exited through the top of the foot.

Trying to balance myself with the other foot, it slid also—and caught another nail which almost penetrated the thickness of the ball of the foot. It took some doing to extricate my feet from the nails, after which I hobbled into the house. There was surprisingly little blood and therefore hard to judge the extent of the injury.

Mom got a pan of hot water and had me soak the feet for a while, then applied the coal oil and grease salve always kept handy for such things, and bandaged them. She thought I should go into the sitting room and lie on the couch as I looked pale.

"Do you think you can make it to the couch O.K.?"

"Sure." Gingerly pulling myself off the chair and putting my weight on my feet, I had a funny fuzzy, floating feeling. At the doorway to the sitting room, I remember reaching for the door facings to steady myself, and the next thing I remember is waking up on the couch. Dad had picked me up off the floor and carried me the rest of the way. My first fainting experience.

Anyway, the homemade salve must've worked; within a couple of days I was back out in the field working.

I can not imagine how Mom kept her sanity with so much of that kind of thing to deal with. It is a miracle that she was able to keep us all alive.

Like the time I was following Allen around as he was using a piece of a board for a bat, picking up and batting anything he could find. I was playing catcher when a nail in the board he was swinging struck me just above the eyes in the middle of the forehead. I remember both of us running to Mom, screaming because of the blood gushing over my hands and down my dress front. She fixed that with coal oil salve too. I still have the y-shaped scar.

Then there was the time I fell over backwards in the chair I was sitting in, cracking the back of my head on the potbellied stove. That scar is not so noticeable. Another gash on the top of my head came when Melvin dropped a clawhammer from a shed roof. While running backwards to catch the homemade ball during a game of annie-over, I turned just in time to smash my face into one of the big maple trees in the front yard, breaking my nose. Again, a flood of blood—but we fixed it with the usual stuff.

In the winter of my seventh grade I contracted pneumonia, floating in and out of consciousness for a long time. Miraculously, I survived, but it would be three months before I was totally recovered. I remember coming downstairs to the kitchen after the long confinement in an upstairs bedroom. The large black and white linoleum tiles on the floor shone like a big checkerboard where the winter sun filtered through the window. My eldest sister Opal was helping Mom prepare the midday meal, and I vividly recall the fragrance of navy bean soup cooking in the large pot on the kitchen stove. Suddenly I realized my appetite had returned. Mom and Opal warned me to slowly sip only a small amount of the soup; I apparently failed to heed the good advice for the food came back up as soon as it hit the stomach.

I also survived numerous sledding and ice skating accidents in my tomboy escapades of trying to keep up with the boys such as participating in "crack-the-whip" sled rides on the long treks home from school. A steep hill in the woods south of the house was a favorite spot for boys to test their sledding prowess. When frozen, the pond in the ravine at the bottom of the hill provided thrills and chills as momentum gathered on the hill propelled the sledder onto the ice at very fast speeds. (In the spring, this little valley was also a prolific producer of morel mushrooms, the rich soil supplemented by years of composted dead logs, leaves and underbrush. Sometimes we carried gunnysacks for gathering them, as our lunch pails did not have enough capacity.)

Piled several deep on top of the pilot, or driver, of the sled, the person on top would fly fastest and farthest when the driver "cracked the whip" by sharply turning the steering mechanism, sending the pig pile of bodies skidding across the ice. Smarter, more experienced participants knew, of course, that the one on top always got the brunt of the snap, so they liked to reserve that prestigious position for a younger, less astute child, preferably a girl dumb enough to fall for their scheme. One such fiasco resulted in my hands being scarred from scraping against jagged edges where scrapes and gouges in the ice left by previous skaters and sledders had partially thawed and then refrozen.

While wading in the pond between the house and barn, I managed to step on some kind of sharp-edged metal, gouging a large hole in the side of a foot. Then there was the time I sliced my finger to the bone with a knife. And another, even larger cut on the knuckle of the same hand, compliments of a tin-can lid.

Those are just a few of *my own* little misadventures; multiplied by so many children, I don't know how our parents coped.

I almost caused my sister Ada's demise. Ada was a lovely pre-teen girl, three years my junior, "mama's girl" I always thought. I envied her pretty sky-blue eyes with long dark lashes. I had uninteresting brown eyes. She had curly blond hair which Mom allowed her to wear long. Mine was dark, thick and shiny, but not curly, and so I had to wear it cut in a short bob. And she had a curvaceous hourglass figure, like Mom. I was skinny, straight and flat, like Dad.

Ada and I got into an argument about some nebulous silliness one day. I do not recall what it was about, other than that she was teasing me and it escalated until I took the bait and started chasing her around the yard, fully intending to smack her if I could catch up with her. Laughing and yelling over her shoulder at me, she jumped onto the large wooden gate that opened to the twelve-acre tomato field on the west side of the yard. Seeing that she intended to get to the top of the gate and jump to the other side, I grabbed something from the ground to throw at her, yelling, "I'm gonna kill you!" Still laughing and looking back over her shoulder when I threw whatever it was that I had in my hand, she lost her balance and fell, straddling the fence at the exact point where rusty metal hinges joined it to the wire fence. For good measure, as she fell to the ground, she struck her head on a rock or something.

When I got to her I could see she was unconscious and bleeding badly. Mom heard my screaming and came to see what was going on, and together we got her into the house and up to her bed. All evening the blood gushed; I was sent to the nearest neighbor to get help. Until the doctor arrived we were advised to pack the wounds with sugar to try to control the bleeding. It was obvious that she was torn in the groin area, but Mom could not imagine how seriously. When the doctor arrived sometime in the night, he said it was unlikely that we could save her due to loss of blood. Not only was the groin area torn and mutilated but she was injured internally. The doctor did what surgical procedures were possible, then sat with the family and waited.

That was one of the longest nights of my life. I remember that I sat alone in my dark room across the hall from Ada, crying all night long, afraid to go to sleep. I knew I had killed her. I wasn't allowed to go to her; she required adult surveillance. All I was able to ascertain about her condition was what I could surmise from the muffled tones emanating from her room. Sometime the next day she regained consciousness. It appeared she would survive, and so the doctor left. But his parting prediction was that she probably would never be able to bear children.

My guilt was to be long-lived, for after she was married it appeared the doctor had been right. For several years she was unable to conceive. Miraculously, though, with some astute medical help she finally did conceive—six times, in fact, producing as many healthy, strong children.

That was not the only time we almost lost Ada as a child. Another scare was when she fell through the ice while we were skating on the pond. She had gone through soft ice and in flailing about trying to get out, she drifted underneath the ice farther out toward the middle of the pond. By the time we older children managed to pull her out, she was blue. Bundling her up as much as possible, we carried her to the house and got her into bed, hoping we wouldn't have to let Mom know. But she knew. Fortunately, Ada's body temperature was restored soon enough to avoid any severe or long-lasting damage.

Another accident that I recall was the time I tagged along with Allen out to the barnyard. Near the barn Dad had set up an anvil for one purpose or another. Allen decided to release the heavy chisel which was firmly clamped in the jaws of the anvil. The chisel, propelled by its weight, somehow fell at an angle such that as he tried to stop its fall with his leg, its sharp bladed end hit the side of his knee, leaving a deep gash that exposed the bone. I believe that one had to be closed with stitches.

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Mom told us the story of her tornado experience when Clifford and Roland, her first- and second-born, were babies. One nice spring day she decided to bundle up the little boys and walk to a neighbor's house for a visit. While at the neighbor's place a storm started to gather. Thinking she should head home with the children before the storm broke, she started out. About halfway home, the sky turned ominous looking as it developed greenish colorations and clouds darkened against it. Remembering things she had been taught about precautionary measures to be taken in the event of a tornado, she quickly surveyed her surroundings for something to get under or hang onto. But there was no protection to be found. They were crossing an open field which contained very little vegetation.

Suddenly the huge black cloud formation ahead of her seemed to lift and flatten out as the sky beneath it turned lighter. "Good," she thought. "The storm must be lifting and moving on." Almost before she had finished the thought, however, a funnel cloud appeared. She watched in horror for a brief moment as it grew and seemed to expand. In desperation, she grabbed the boys and dove into a shallow ditch, placing a child under each arm, turning all three of them face down. Next to them she spotted a few scrub bushes. She was able to grasp a spindly trunk in each hand while pressing the little ones tightly to the ground under her arms. The air grew deathly still. And then came the unmistakable roar, like the sound of a freight train. The tornado roared across the field and just when she knew she could not hold onto the scrawny tree shoots any longer or keep the children secure under her arms, she felt her body being lifted, then smacked back down, and the tornado was gone. Only by Divine intervention, she was certain, had she and the little boys managed to escape injury, except for scratches and splinters in exposed skin.

That was by no means the family's only close call with tumultuous weather. Southern Illinois shares with Missouri, Oklahoma and Indiana the dubious honor of being the "mixing bowl" where hot southern winds meet and collide with the cooler northern air masses. This head-on clash often produces ferocious outbreaks of turbulent weather.

A particular personal encounter with one of Mother Nature's rampages took place when I was around eight or nine years old. Sent to the garden to quickly gather carrots and other vegetables before the storm that was brewing unleashed its immiment downpour, all of my senses seemed tuned to the strange colorations in the massive cloud formations. Moving swiftly across the ominous, dark, yet luminous summer sky, the clouds seemed to confirm the threat set forth by the thunderous cacophony now playing hopscotch with long streaks of lightning.

For some reason, possibly to deter rabbits, Mom had placed a wire fence, approximately ten feet square in shape, around the carrot patch. Inside the fence I stood spellbound by the pyrotechnics going on all around me. Suddenly, almost simultaneously with an ear-shattering crash of thunder, a bolt of lightning seemed to "light" on the wire and, like flashing disco lights, danced round and round it as if unable to escape. Remembering Mom's teachings to immediately "make yourself small" in an unprotected area in severe storm activity, I fell to the ground, gathering the skirt of my dress over my head to block out the blinding light. For what seemed an interminable length of time, the lightning continued tracing the wire fence. During this time I felt as if all the hair on my body was standing straight out, reaching toward the frenzied energy surrounding me. I have no trouble recalling how petrified I felt in the midst of that strange phenomenon. How I escaped injury remains a puzzle.

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Pam's paternal great-grandfather was killed in a tornado in Southeastern Missouri. Five people had died in the killer storms that hopscotched about the state during that hot, humid summer. One of those was a five-year-old boy whose forehead had been pierced by a stick hurled like an arrow. Granddad Rennick had been fishing on Current River near his Van Buren home. It appeared the wind had picked him up, hurled him about, then smashed him against a rock near where he had been sitting.

Oak Glade Grade School
1981

Cemetery and St. Leo's Church

14

ST. LEO'S: CHURCH, SCHOOL

MY BROTHER LLOYD (BEATTIE) remembers going to church at St. Leo's with Grandpa Mulholland.

Beattie's lifelong nickname came from the doctor who delivered him. Besides a great similarity of appearance between the two, Doctor Beattie was proud of delivering such a fine, big baby boy. Weighing in at over thirteen pounds at birth, Lloyd's chubbiness, white hair and blue eyes mirrored those of Doc Beattie.

Born on the "Wills Place" at Fulton, Beattie recalls that Grandpa Mulholland would arrive very early on Sunday morning, horse and buggy geared to gather whoever was ready for church. It was an outing Beattie always looked forward to as a small boy. Lunch box in hand, he would climb up into the buggy and proudly seat himself next to his grandpa. Often just the two of them would then start out on what usually turned into an all-day adventure.

It was a long ride to St. Leo's by horse and buggy. The Priest's long Mass usually lasted until midday. Visitation after church could last as long as the service. Then it was time to climb aboard the buggy and start the long return trip, eating lunch enroute.

I'm sorry I missed those outings. Although I missed out on adventures with grandparents because they were all gone by the time I was born, I did spend a lot of time at St. Leo's as a child. Helping the nuns prepare for Sunday services or just cleaning and polishing pews were enjoyable pastimes. By the time I was nine or so, studying my catechism, I was convinced a nun was what I wanted to be when I grew up.

The annual church picnic on tree-lined grounds of the social hall across the road from the church was the highlight of our social life. I remember the huge kegs of ice cream; hot dogs cooking on long grills; the malty aroma emanating from the large beer kegs; zinc tubs filled with ice and frosty bottles of soft drinks; games for the children. It was a very popular event, the main attraction being the long bingo tables. Placed in several long rows beneath the much coveted prizes—handmade quilts displayed on wire lines—the tables were constantly filled with hopeful players. Proudly displayed among those treasured creations was always at least one quilt made by Mayme Mulholland.

I liked to tag along with Mom when she went to a neighbor's house for a quilting bee. The walk to the "bee" was the main attraction for me. Mom would often interrupt the tune she was invariably singing as we strolled along the gravel road to point out interesting flora and fauna along the roadside. We would sometimes venture into the woods to pluck a pretty bloom that had caught her eye or to investigate a small animal that might be lost or hurt.

Through a small child's eyes the quilting frame was an awesome contraption. It reminded me of the stretchers used to stretch lace curtains after they had been washed and starched. Except that the curtain stretcher had sharp pins aligned along all sides for holding the curtains taut while they dried. Done properly, that process eliminated the need to iron them.

The quilting frame had wooden rods that could be rolled either direction to bring the section of quilt being worked on within easy reach of the stitchers. Seated alongside the tautly stretched quilt, the women deftly applied intricate stitches to designs drawn with use of homemade templates. The challenge seemed to be to see who could make the tiniest stitches as delicate needles flew along the pretty quilting guidelines.

Those remarkable works of art and function were diverse in design and style, their patterns created by many different women. A woman would piece together a quilt top, combine it with a backing fabric, then sandwich a thin layer of batting between the two. That done, she would arrange to have her product scheduled for quilting in a group session, a faster, more efficient way to complete the quilt than undertaking the job by herself. Aside from its utilitarian function, the quilting bee provided invaluable social interaction.

A monthly "social" was held in the large social hall at St. Leo's. There were cakewalks with delectable creations as prizes, dancing, euchre for the menfolk and activities for young people. Donated by ladies of the parish, exquisitely hand crafted articles were the prizes for lucky winners of the various contests: Pillowcases, scarves, tablecloths and doilies replete with fancy embroidery and crochet, or fragrant home-baked breads, cookies, cakes and pies.

Our parents celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary in 1963 by repeating their wedding vows at St. Leo's Church in the presence of a multitude of family and friends. Lewis Kribs, then priest at St. Leo's, performed the ceremony. Lewis was one grade ahead of me at Red Bud Community High School. As a senior, he was in the cast of the operetta *Green Cheese* in which I had the lead. I was Trini Schultz and Lewis played my father, Peter Schultz, Mayor of the town of Uppendown.

St. Leo's grade school was at some point renamed *Oak Glade*. The transferring of the property from ecclesiastical to civil use undoubtedly had nothing to do with secularistic considerations, but was a simple matter of practicality. As young people abandoned farm life in favor of good-paying jobs in the city, there was likewise a decline in the number of school-age children. The practice of merging rural community schools became a trend as the only viable means of providing an education to the widely scattered student population.

As no kindergarten was available, I was unable to start school before age seven, a sad state of affairs to my way of thinking, because I was so anxious to go. Older siblings did take me as a visitor from time to time, so that by the time I was actually enrolled I had read many of the books in the "library," and had appeared in school plays. Once enrolled, I never wanted to miss a day of school. I was very sad if kept at home to do housework when Mom was ill, which seemed often, and understandable, considering her poor body's perpetual state of overwork and exhaustion.

Sitting on a hill overlooking the cemetery and the church, Oak Glade was a one-room schoolhouse of standard construction: White clapboard exterior with belltower for announcing the beginning of each school day. The call to class resumption after each recess period was accomplished with the black-handled solid brass bell that occupied a corner of the teacher's desk.

The customary two-seater outhouse was installed behind the building, on the edge of a wooded area and long steep hill that dropped quickly down to the Modoc-Bottom road. A functional structure for its intended purpose, it also provided satisfactory seclusion for tobacco product experimenters. The eight grades taught inside those walls included some eighth-grade repeaters, so it was not uncommon to have students well past the customary age for graduation from grade school old enough to want to start smoking.

With no organized sports program, softball was our only school sport. It was played on the dusty diamond carved out of the side of the hill on one side of the school. The softball team was generally comprised of the biggest, strongest boys chosen from upper grades, with one exception. One year, because I happened to be rather fleet of foot and well-coordinated, albeit quite scrawny in physical stature, I was actually granted the privilege of playing on the team. One can only surmise that there was a shortage of boys that year. It must have been a source of serious embarrassment for my older brothers to have their puny little sister participating in a boy's sport.

Because of restricted floor space, not all grades could be taught every year. Some grades were taught each year but the balance of them were rotated: odd grades one year and even grades the next. This meant, of course, that one might complete the sixth grade before fifth, eighth before the seventh, and so on. When it came time for me to enter third grade, possibly because of achievement, but more likely because of the situation outlined, I was allowed to skip it. Advancing to fourth grade placed me in the same grade as my brother Allen, fourteen months my senior.

Recently, while organizing our parents' old papers from the family archives, we came across all our report cards from those early years, as well as Allen's and my grade school diplomas. At the top of the graduating class of 1944 was my name as Salutatorian. And Allen gave the response after Mr. Hines, the principal, handed out diplomas. Not exactly a monumental honor; the graduating class totaled only fourteen: Rose Brewer, Lilburn Blow, Ralph Schleifer, Wanda Mulholland, Betty Jones, Margaret Zipfel, Allen Mulholland, Phyllis Hentis, Lois Hastings, Duvona Eggemeyer, Dorothy Heine, Lavern Roy, Delphus Wiegard and Norbert Koester.

I regret that our children and grandchildren did not get to explore the schoolhouse. It was torn down two or three years ago and replaced with a lovely family home. Elements foreign to modern-day students are hard to impart through verbal description. The wood floors kept clean with some type of excelsior mixed with good-smelling cleaning compound, for example. Students were arbitrarily assigned the duty of sprinkling the substance about, then sweeping it up, hopefully along with accumulated dirt. The heating unit, a big, black potbellied stove, occupied a good part of the back center of the room. It was placed just in front of bookshelves (the library) lining the back wall. Usually the bigger, stronger boys were assigned the duty of hauling coal and helping to keep a fire going in winter.

The south wall harbored blackboards that stretched the length of the room. Long white chalk evenly spaced end-to-end in the troughs beneath the blackboards could give the appearance of a long white line. It was always an honor to be chosen to help the teacher arrange it at the beginning of each school year. Fresh, new, LONG chalk was so nice to write with. It made the nicest sound when held just so in the hand, forefinger placed on the front edge then gently applied in graceful motions. As the year progressed the nice long sticks became worn bits and pieces, broken by users insensitive to the joys of writing with whole ones.

I remember, too, the black- and gray-striped large felt erasers strategically placed among the chalk. They would quickly become clogged with chalkdust and had to be taken outdoors and the dust beaten out of the fibers. The teacher never had any trouble getting the boys to volunteer for this task, especially when there were girls around. Whipping up a nice cloud of chalk dust and blowing it in girls' faces was great sport.

I liked those chalkboards. Precisely placed at the very top of them were beautifully scripted letters of the alphabet which could be referred to as we practiced our penmanship at the board. The blackboards were of necessity the most valuable tool in the school, as supplies taken for granted in today's schools simply were not available. With colored chalks, hand-cut stencils and some ingenuity, pretty designs could be fashioned for holiday decorations, or just for fun. Arithmetic drills were fun at the blackboard, as was training for spelling bees.

Yes, I'm convinced that the blackboard was the backbone of rural education. Knowledge transferred from textbook to blackboard for manipulation and clarification, then recorded in notebooks and later retrieved for re-examination, seemed to stick in young minds.

I liked the orderliness of the ink-stained, scratched and marred old-time wooden desks. Their hinged tops opened to storage space sufficient for textbooks, notebooks and other mundane lesson-related materials, as well as art supplies such as Crayolas and scissors and our own precious personal stuff. Ink-wells and grooves for placing nicely sharpened pencils at ready were well designed for their intended use. As were the attached seats and armrests. Arranged in neat rows running perpendicular to the teacher's monstrous wooden desk, each was in full view of his or her quick glance.

Their wrought iron feet securely bolted to the wooden floor, first graders' desks were lined up against the blackboard wall. Higher grades moved progressively closer to the window side of the room. Eighth graders sat next to the windows, the only ones in the building, which ran the length of the north wall. At the end of the row of windows was the back door. The door opened to several concrete steps leading to the ground, and on out to the softball diamond and outhouse. It was exciting at each school year's end to know that along with promotion to another grade, when school resumed in the fall, one would be moving one row closer to the window.

The teacher's huge wooden desk was firmly planted squarely front center, facing all students. How one teacher was able to minister to such a diverse group of students will forever remain an enigma. Teaching all subjects to each grade seems impossible, to say nothing of the diverse disciplinary problems dealt with.

Teachers over the years ranged from a very young girl just out of college to older more experienced, tougher ones, usually of the male gender. Our cousin Allen Mulholland (my brother Allen's namesake and known to us as "Big Allen") was our teacher for a long period of time. We all remember his impeccable penmanship and spelling prowess. Another vivid memory that sticks in my mind is his perennially wrinkled brow above twinkling sky-blue eyes. The eyes belied the stern disciplinarian facade that the frown in the weather-hewn handsome face was supposed to project.

Despite the lack of organized sports activities, plenty of exercise was gained from walking two or three miles to and from school, and from farm chores before and after school. The "Readin', Ritin', 'Rithmetic" approach to education worked probably because of lack of distraction. Without television, electricity, phones or any of the other niceties now considered necessities, both school and home recreation was limited, to say the least. At the same time, we never seemed to lack for inventive ideas for producing fun things to fill recess periods at school, nor to occupy the precious little time left over at home after finishing our chores and schoolwork. For my part, school was recreation. I looked forward to each day's activity.

15

HUCK FINN STUFF

EARLY CHILDHOOD RECREATION often centered around "Tom Sawyer-ish" adventures. High on the list of favorite things to do in the summer was following the creek from the point where it dissected our property below the south forty, all the way to the river. Swinging on grapevines and dropping into water deep enough to cushion the fall (or drown), swimming, wading, crawling over rocks and fallen tree branches or looking for small creatures in the water and on the wooded creek banks, it was an enjoyable athletic outing.

Spotting a nice flat rock perfect for the purpose, we would stop and eat our picnic lunch, usually a fried-egg or ham sandwich, fresh tomatoes and maybe some homemade sugar or molasses cookies. Pure, cool drinking water easily collected in cupped hands was readily available from springs flowing from the banks. Empty lunch pails provided storage for crawdads scooped up from the clear, clean water for a later feast and for the pretty stones and other treasures found along the creek bed.

Keeping an eye on the sun, we frolicked and explored as far as we dared. Calculation of the point at which we must begin the return trip was tricky. We must include sufficient time for completing evening chores such as milking cows and feeding chickens before sundown. Minus wrist watches, the sun was our only guide for estimating time.

We were invincible, of course. Dangers inherent in such outings, so nonchalantly ignored then, are thoroughly frightening to consider now. Strongly and repeatedly admonished by our parents never to swim in that portion of the creek that empties into the river, not all of us heeded that warning. The boys, especially Melvin, did in fact swim out into the river, at least once. Other daredevil exploits were engaged in, I am sure, but not in the presence of others who would tattle. It was an extremely dangerous, foolish thing to do. That was the point of confluence of the Mississippi and Kaskaskia Rivers, directly across from Menard Penitentiary at Chester, Illinois, where unpredictable currents moved and whirled in ever-changing eddies.

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Occasionally an escaped convict from the penitentiary was able to negotiate the dangerous river crossing and would sometimes wind up at our place. Once on the Modoc side of the Kaskaskia River, he would meander through the farm community, subsisting on whatever food and resources he could steal. There were some scary times relating to those chaps, and we marveled at our mother's courage on the occasions when one of them did find his way to our property.

There was the moonlit night that our little black and white terrier dog, Spot, started a raucous noise. Fiercely barking and running and jumping along the picket fence of the side yard, he bolted over the fence and down the driveway, proceeding across the road toward the lane leading to the barn. Down the lane, past the corncrib, beyond the pond, and on out to the barn, the ferocious barking continued.

Nobody locked doors in those days. I doubt if the doors to our farm house even had locks. Dad wasn't home, having stayed in town where he owned a tavern at that particular time. With no hesitation, Mom grabbed a flashlight and took off to see what Spot was chasing.

"Must've treed a 'coon or something. . . ."

Approximately ten years old at the time, I remember the tightness in the throat, breath sucked in, unable to breathe from the awful fear that gripped me as I watched through the dining room window. The moonlight highlighted the long white homemade gunnysack nightgown Mom was wearing. I was mesmerized by the way it swayed from side to side with the rhythmic motion of her ample hips. She proceeded confidently and with authority down the road towards the barn, having bent over once to pick up a stick which she now carried. My active imagination conjured up visions of someone jumping out, grabbing her and dragging her away — and how would I be able to protect younger siblings from who-knows-what?

"Here, Spot! Here, Boy!"

Whistling and calling out to the dog, she flashed the beam of the flashlight first one direction then another. Reaching the gate to the barn lot just beyond the pond, she turned and started retracing her steps back towards the house.

"Please don't let her go into that corncrib on her way back!" Holding my breath, I crossed my fingers as she approached the building. As she passed the corncrib, her footsteps became noticeably faster although she did not run, neither did she look back over her shoulder. I could tell then that she had made the decision to let Spot handle the situation, for he was now inside the corncrib building, barking and growling, refusing to leave when Mom called him once again from the edge of the yard.

The next day footprints were found entering the shed from a southerly direction. THEN she said that was the reason she had not entered the corncrib the night before. She had spotted the scuffed tracks. Whoever was in that building must have exited through the pigpen at the rear of the building, picking up speed as he headed for the woods, Spot relentlessly at his heels.

That was not the only occasion when that brave little dog did a good job of protecting his family. One late-night visitor tried to enter the yard. Spot held him at bay at the picket fence as he tried to get through the gate or step over the fence. Racing to cut the man off as he attempted to step over the low privet hedge across the front yard, he again forced him back. Back and forth that little guy ran, barking so fiercely the intruder soon got the message that if he did succeed in getting inside the yard, there was great likelihood that it might be minus a leg.

Spot was twenty-two years old when he wandered away one night, never to be seen again. We always liked to think he knew the way to dog heaven.

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There were ice skating parties on the Kaskaskia River. Several families would gather for skating and a cookout on the bank of the Kaskaskia River, near the Tilmann home. Marshmallows and hot dogs roasting on long sticks satiated ravenous appetites generated by skating games in the clear cold night air. Mugs of hot frothy cocoa and warmth from the glowing fire chased the chill from numbed fingers and bodies.

That same spot in the river was the community swimming hole in summer. River currents frequently caused drop-offs near the banks of the river, so it was not exactly a safe place to swim. The swirling water dug holes in the bottom, scooping up mud and sediment and redepositing it elsewhere. One had no way of knowing exactly where a drop-off might occur from year to year, as currents changed. Smaller, less experienced children were constantly reminded never to swim out to the center of the river into the main current. The only place they were permitted to play in the water at all was close to shore where parents could have easy access if they should ever need help.

The Tilmann family, Madge (who was our schoolteacher at Oak Glade for many years), Walter, who raised the best watermelons for miles around with lots of help from the children, Ross, Rosalie, Leola, Charlie ("Sonny") and Jeanne, lived on the riverfront property that included the swimming area. When they gave permission for neighbor children to swim there, some or all of the family was always in attendance. Everyone in their family was an excellent swimmer.

It was in that spot in the Kaskaskia River that I unintentionally learned to swim one day when I was nine years old.

Dutifully paddling around the shoreline as required, I was concentrating on maintaining a solid footing. Ross, a teenager and the other older, experienced swimmers were cavorting out in the middle of the river. Their loud whoops testified to the fun they were having. A tree limb sticking out of the water at just the right height made a perfect diving board, albeit a dangerous one. I watched with envy as they took turns climbing to the outer reaches of the branch and diving into the water.

In my enjoyment of their frivolity I gradually drifted a little farther out into the stream — and stepped into a drop-off. I shall never forget the terror of trying in vain to find something to stand on.

Ross had apparently seen me going under a couple of times. His quick thinking and swimming prowess enabled him to bridge the distance in time to save me.

Wonder of wonders, with his support, I found myself coordinating arms and legs in a clumsy, semi-swimming pattern. Rosalie decided the time had come for a crash swimming lesson. Holding me belly-down across her arms while I paddled arms and legs, she worked very patiently with me, making me keep at it until she was satisfied that I would be able to swim to safety should such a dangerous situation occur in the future.

I liked and respected all the Tilmann family, for reasons outlined above, and for many others. They were all extremely talented and fun to be with. As the Tilmann children finished high school, each in turn traversed that river by boat, ice skates, or whatever means necessary, to attend Southeast Missouri State College at Cape Girardeau.

16

NEW YORK CITY FARM GIRL

MY BROTHER TRAVIS (T.C.) WAS STATIONED in New York while serving in the U.S. Coast Guard during WWII. There he met and married Gin (Virginia), a lovely dark-haired, blue-eyed native New Yorker.

Not long after his discharge from military service, they moved to Illinois where T.C. started farming. Travis, Jr., Kerry, Darlene (Donnie) and Barbara (Bobby) were born in quick succession. Gin soon learned she was not cut out to be a farm wife. T.C. was adamant about remaining on the farm. Sadly, no workable compromise could be reached, and she returned to New York, taking the two girls with her. The boys remained with their father for many years, spending much of that time with their grandparents on the farm. As adults, they too eventually returned to New York. As a result, we have lost touch over the years.

In my 1990 Christmas card, I invited the children to share some memories of their early years on the farm with their Grandma and Grandpa Mulholland, for inclusion in this writing. Although I am still awaiting tales from Bobby, Kerry and Travey, Darlene did respond.

> *Dear Wanda,*
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> *We were surprised and delighted to receive your letter. I did pass your request along to the others and they all said they were going to write to you on their own.*
>
> *The memories I have of the farm are fleeting as I did not spend too much time there, but mostly they are of Grandma Mulholland and Darlene.* [To avoid

confusion, perhaps I should explain that the Darlene authoring this letter is the niece of my sister Darlene.] *We all remember Darlene as she was so inventive, imaginative and fun. She created fantasies and games for us to play as children. I wonder if she remembers this.*

I always remember Grandma standing and working. I can't recall ever seeing her sitting. I remember her breakfasts, her flower garden where she would take me on a tour and tell me about each flower, her donut "holes" (before Dunkin' Donuts), making soap one day, her cellar with all the cans and jars, her large stove, killing chickens (I couldn't even look at this today) and later on when we visited her around 1964, a box of songs (poetry) she had written. My sister, Bobby, and I were very impressed. I was always impressed with her and her many talents and what a far cry her lifestyle is from the 1990s and women's roles today.

My memories of Grandpa are just two: his playing his fiddle and teasing us silly.

Many years ago I did a college paper about that farm. The essence of which was trying to explain what life was like 100 years ago and having experienced that life (although briefly). This was unusual for a New York girl!

I have tried to put together (genealogy) information for my sons but most of it is from my mother's side of the family. I'm interested in knowing more about Grandma and Grandpa's background.

Thank you for writing; it was a nice Christmas present.

Sincerely, Darlene.

17

HERE TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

ALLEN AND I, BORN BARELY A YEAR APART, were often mistaken for the twins in the family. Even though his blond hair and blue eyes contrasted my brown eyes/brown hair coloring, we were closer in height and size than the real twins, Ada and Arlen, both blue-eyed blonds. Besides being in the same grade in school, I was always tagging along wherever Allen went. The size ratio changed dramatically when he reached the teens and quickly shot up past six feet. My scrawny frame never quite made it to five feet, four. Ada and Arlen's stature moved in the opposite direction: Ada matured much faster than Arlen, quickly outpacing him in size.

Because Allen and I ended up in the same grade at early ages, we were involved in like school activities. He was always handy to come to my defense if needed. When it came time to buy my class ring, year books, senior picture and graduation invitations, I naturally assumed that I would have to forego them. I knew there was no point in asking my parents for money for things they considered frivolous and unnecessary. But I did not have to forego them, because Allen gave me the money to pay for them— money managed from his meager job earnings. His education had been interrupted so many times by Dad pulling him out of school to help on the farm that he eventually decided to drop out and try working in St. Louis.

Nevertheless, through honest hard work, stubborn determination and perseverance (coupled with good looks and endearing ways), Allen gained a strong measure of success in the business world.

He started dating Lorene Rogers in 1948. Acquainted through familial relationships, my first husband and I spent a lot of time with Allen and Lorene. They were married in 1949, just a year following my own marriage.

Allen and Lorene produced four children: Sharon, born a year after Pam; Ricky, close to Dan's age; and Randy who is close to Brooke's age. Darla came along like a ray of sunshine in 1973, late in childbearing years.

In 1979 Allen and Lorene purchased a large chunk of wooded property on a small lake in Ellis Grove, Illinois. He quickly expanded the lake and turned the home and grounds into an idyllic park-like setting. On the edge of the lake opposite the house, he built a large teepee playhouse for Darla. To make it easy for her and her little friends to travel to and fro across the water, he constructed a raft and rigged an overhead line with a pulley. Or they could paddle over in the canoe kept parked next to the raft.

In February 1982, when Darla was eight, her mother was killed in a tragic automobile accident. Lorene, her sister, Lizzy, and Randy, a teenager at the time, were passengers in a car driven by a young girl, Randy's friend. They had just negotiated a stop sign at Highway 94 and I-367 at West Alton, Missouri. Suddenly, out of the thick river bottom fog a tractor-trailer truck appeared. By the time the driver of the semi saw their car it was too late. He apparently lost control of the rig and went into a skid, ramming the side of the helpless car.

The car occupants probably could have survived that initial impact, but the semi then jack-knifed and crashed into the rear end of the out-of-control automobile. Lorene and Lizzy were killed instantly, and Randy suffered extensive injuries. Through surgery and therapy over a long period of time Randy fully recovered.

The devastation suffered by Allen was far-reaching. It was the culmination of a year fraught with trauma: Roland, at age 64, our oldest brother and Allen's mentor, died of an aneurysm in April of 1981; Mother died September 8; and on October 25, Allen suffered a massive heart attack. His successful business had fallen prey to an unscrupulous new business partner during that year. By the time Allen realized what the guy was up to, the business was facing financial disaster. A court battle ensued, with the end result far from satisfactory. Plans already in place to move the company in a certain direction had to be scrapped. Working night and day to salvage what he could and gather momentum once again, the stress and overwork finally caught up with him. Doctors did not expect him to survive the heart attack, calling his recovery miraculous.

During his three-month recuperation period, Lorene took on responsibilities for everything, from household cleaning and cooking to outdoor chores to keeping a lid on the business. When she died so horribly and unexpectedly in February, Allen's condition was still serious. This final blow sent him reeling into the depths of despair and hopelessness.

Into his aura of confusion and pain came "help," in the form of my former husband's sister (she had been eleven years old when Allen and Lorene were married). Now a divorcee she was able to devote unlimited hours to Allen's comfort during his long recuperation period. He was targeted for matrimony.

No amount of warning nor pleading from his children could dissuade him from that union. What was obvious to the most casual observer was of course invisible to him in his vulnerable state.

The marriage quickly deteriorated into a volatile situation. Her indulgence in alcohol accelerated, and, combined with a domineering personality and jealous nature, resulted in frequent eruptions of violence and abusive behavior. Recognizing the severe inferiority complex at the root of her personality problems, Allen nevertheless kept trying to keep the union viable. Each time he refused to engage in physical battle with her she would leave. And each time when she sobered up, he would beg her to return so that they could try to find a way to have a home with peace and quiet. The cycle became a pattern.

The final rift came after several years, when her physical abuse of him—foul language, biting, scratching, punching, attacking him with knives, throwing things and wrecking the house—was extended to Darla. The jealousy and bitter resentment of Darla had grown out of control. Not until after their final separation did Allen discover the extent to which she had also manipulated his finances. For years she had siphoned money out of joint accounts, removed his name from properties and had generally wreaked havoc wherever possible.

For over two years the courts postponed divorce settlement hearings. Many definite court dates were set but always cancelled for various, sometimes strange, reasons.

Early in 1992, at age sixty-three, Allen's lonely life took on new meaning. When least expecting it, he found someone special to love, someone who wanted to share the rest of her life with him.

After several years of misery and bitter entanglements in trying to extricate himself from the disastrous marriage, his and Fran's union seemed almost providential.

Allen (and I, too) had known Frances Keaton many years earlier, when we were "adult" teenagers. In fact, Fran was a niece of Lorene's. She sometimes tagged along with Allen and Lorene on dates to the drive-in theater or other outings such as the Chain of Rocks amusement park.

Allen and Fran had seen each other on rare special family occasions such as reunions, funerals, and so forth over the past forty years. They met again at a birthday party in November 1991. She was in the process of building a home, mentioning that she needed some help getting it finished. Her husband had died seven years earlier. She eventually decided to use the estate money to build her dream home. She had contracted to have the major construction work done on the two-story brick, leaving the interior to be finished, hopefully, by family and friends. As they renewed old acquaintances they discovered similar interests—and eventually physical attraction for each other.

Allen happily took on the challenge of completing the house for Fran, taking immense pleasure in seeing the results of his labors. Officially unable to work full time since his heart attack, it was a rewarding way to use his spare time. Carpentry had long been a favorite hobby. Over the years he had built room additions, barns, storage sheds and whatever else was needed around his own place. He had established and operated a successful floor covering firm for many years. His company's main thrust was the manufacture and installation of a resin-based, seamless flooring. Carpeting and all other types of floor covering were natural extensions of the business, for industrial application as well as for private homes. And so he was in his element working on Fran's new house.

For the first time in many years, Allen was the "old Allen we used to know." He installed cabinets in the kitchen, bathrooms, bedrooms; installed tiling and bath fixtures; laid plywood flooring where needed; and then installed carpeting or floor tiles throughout. When the house reached a satisfactory state of completion, he tackled landscaping the five acres of property on which the house was located.

By this time he and Fran had begun to discover that their friendship and mutual respect had grown into a deeper, more meaningful relationship. The house had taken on new meaning.

They divided their time between Fran's house in Warrenton, approximately thirty miles west of St. Louis, and

Allen's in the Spanish Lake area of St. Louis. Fran's part-time job in Florissant was near his house, so on the days she worked they stayed at his place. Otherwise, they could be found in Warrenton, putting final touches on the house and grounds.

When his lawyer advised that a definite court date was set for July, Allen could finally begin to plan a future. He and Fran announced that they would be married in August.

That "definite" court date was cancelled also. It was to be rescheduled for sometime in August.

In planning their marriage and disposition of their respective properties, they decided to put Fran's house on the market. Allen would also undoubtedly have to sell his home upon settlement of the long-awaited divorce. Disposing of both places would give them flexibility to buy or build elsewhere, as they chose, when they chose. They were excited about the prospects.

We were excited for them also. Darla was thrilled to see her dad so happy; she had grown to fear that he would never again experience true happiness. She giggled about how he behaved like a teenager with his first crush.

Now that they were moving in a specific direction, Fran and Allen could begin to relax somewhat and anticipate the wedding. Hopefully, they would be able to proceed pretty much as planned, as Allen had been notified that the court hearing would take place August 14. That accomplished, they could be married at the end of that month or early September.

On Sunday, August 3, 1992, Allen and Fran had retired to the master bedroom on the second floor of the Warrenton home.

At 12:30 a.m. he was awakened by the bright beam of a flashlight and Fran's simultaneous scream. An intruder was standing at the foot of the bed, holding the flashlight in Fran's eyes with his left hand, a sawed-off shotgun in his right hand pointed at Allen. He found the light switch and could not get the light to come on.

"Where's the light switch?"

"Well, it's up there on the fan," Fran explained. The invader then reached up and pulled the chain, and the room was bathed in light.

Standing over them was a man of medium build dressed in black or dark blue Navy Frogmen-style clothing with a knit ski-type mask covering his face. There were no openings whatsoever in the mask for seeing, breathing or speaking.

"I want you both flat on your stomachs and your hands along your sides. If you cooperate, you won't get hurt."

Walking around the end of the bed, the intruder produced a nylon string from his pocket and tied Allen's feet with it. Allen complained that the string was hurting his ankles.

"Well, I'll release it in a little bit here."

Allen was instructed to put his hands behind his back while remaining flat on his stomach on the bed. After fastening Allen's wrists together with a chain, the intruder moved down and cut loose the string tying his ankles, as promised.

"Thank you," Allen offered.

As he moved to the other side of the bed to tie up Fran, she pleaded with him to let her get some clothes on first.

"O.K. No problem."

With that, Fran got up out of the bed and walked to the walk-in closet. The gunman moved only slightly, keeping the gun pointed at Allen. Suddenly, Fran attacked him from the back and knocked him onto the floor, in front of the fireplace. In the scuffle, the gunman lost his grip on the gun, and it scooted a short distance away from him. Allen was able to get his foot on the gun, hoping to be able to pull it away or kick it under the bed — or do something with it. But it would not slide on the carpet. The gunman quickly overpowered Fran, but she managed to run out the bedroom door and pull it shut behind her. Pulling on the back side of the door, the gunman finally forced it open, jerked her back into the room and threw her onto the bed. Threatening her with the gun, he held it up over her head as if he were going to hit her over the head with it.

"You bitch!" he screamed. "You don't know how close you came to getting ol' Allen's head blown off!" He calmed down after finishing securing Fran. Then he went over to the cedar chest and made his demand.

"All right. Now, here's the plan."

"I want $30,000 in cash. I will not leave here or this won't be over until I get it."

Having obtained their names early on, he continued: "Allen, I'm going to take you with me. You're going to be my hostage. Fran is to gather up the money, and I'll make arrangements for her to bring it to me."

"There is no way I can come up with any $30,000," she exclaimed.

Dropping the subject with Fran, he turned to Allen and said "How much money do you have in the bank? How much money can you raise?"

"Oh, I could probably raise a couple or three thousand."

"Oh, that's peanuts! I'm not messing with that. I'm talking about *money!* You got any friends, relations or anybody that can get you some money?"

Allen was concerned about the very serious cut Fran had received on the inside left arm during the struggle. He did not know if the gunman had stabbed her with the knife he had used to cut the nylon string, or if Fran had injured it on the fireplace hearth. It looked serious, bleeding badly, and he could see that it was bothering her a lot.

"Could you please get me a washcloth and some bandaids so I can stop the bleeding?"

"Sure. No problem."

Allen said the guy in fact made two trips to the bathroom. The first one for the washcloth which he brought back and handed to Fran; the second to get the bandaids out of the cabinet drawer. He then proceeded to help her get the bleeding stopped.

After the bleeding was sufficiently slowed down, the gunman ordered Fran to lie on her stomach with her hands along her side. He tied her feet first. Fran complained that the string was hurting her ankles as it had hurt Allen's.

"Don't worry; it won't be on there very long." As soon as her ankles were tied, he moved up to tie her hands.

"Can you tie them in front instead of behind my back? That hurts my sore arm." And so he tied her hands in front.

"There's three or four hundred dollars in my wallet," Allen said. "Why don't you just take that and go?"

"Oh, no. I came for $30,000 and I'll get it before this is over. And don't try to tell me that somebody living in a big expensive house like this doesn't have $30,000!"

Allen vaguely thought it interesting that $30,000 was the figure demanded. For convenience in paying for supplies used in the house construction, he had recently opened an account in a Warrenton bank. The amount deposited was $30,000.

Then a light bulb flickered in his mind. "Now this whole crazy thing starts to make some sense!" he thought. "The estranged wife has somehow found out about the new bank account. She has decided to play games, to scare us or to actually get her hands on the money."

"Nobody keeps that kind of cash around the house," Allen said.

Quite a lot of time had passed since the intruder's arrival and both Allen and Fran were hoping the siege would soon end. Fran, apparently in an effort to bring the situation to a safe conclusion, broke in.

"I do know one person that might have some money around. It's our pastor. It is Sunday so he wouldn't have been able to deposit this morning's receipts. We have a large congregation and most of them were at this morning's service. But there certainly wouldn't be $30,000. Maybe $10,000."

Jumping on that, the gunman wanted to talk more about it. "Where does this pastor live?"

"Florissant."

"Where's Florissant? How far is it? How long would it take to drive there? All right. We'll just call this pastor."

"I don't know his home phone number."

"Well, I'm sure you got it some place."

"It's probably there in the nightstand," Fran offered, pointing towards the nightstand closest to where she was sitting on the bed.

Getting up off the cedar chest, the gunman walked over and pulled open the small top drawer of the nightstand. "Which book is it?"

"Probably that one, there." And he pulled out the book and laid it on the bed. Fran said, "I can't see it without my glasses. They're downstairs on the kitchen table."

"Here, try mine." Reaching into his pocket, the gunman pulled out a pair of glasses, handed them to her, and she put them on.

"Can you read now?"

"Yes, they do help." She finally found the pastor's number. Having unplugged the desk phone earlier, he now walked over to it and started to plug it back in. But then he changed his mind. "We'll call him from somewhere else, not from this phone."

"Well, now we've got a new game plan. I'm going to take you with me, Frances. Allen is to stay here and listen for the pastor's call. And when he gets that call, then the two of them will make arrangements to get together and get the money. But first, I'm going to secure you, you _______" (He called Fran some dirty names). Fran again begged him to let her get some clothes on. At this point he was sitting on the cedar chest, talking about the money. Fran was sitting on the edge of the bed, still in her blood-soaked gown.

"O.K., you're to get dressed, and you're going with me. But before you do, I'm going to fix you, you bitch."

Reaching into the closet, he got a clothes hanger and returned with it to the cedar chest. Sitting on the chest again, he reached into his back pocket and pulled out a pair of pliers and used them to cut the hook out of the hanger. Tying the ends of the wire securely together with the pliers to make a round ring, he then walked over to Fran and slipped the ring over her head.

"Now you'll do as I say, Bitch!" Pulling on the back of the ring behind her neck, he said, "I want you to know you're not going nowhere. You're not going to attack me no more!" Fran was begging with him not to hurt her. "I won't hurt you if you listen to me." With that he returned to the cedar chest, at the same time complaining about the temperature. "Why isn't the air conditioning on in here? It's hot in here!"

"Where's this wallet you spoke of?"

"It's in the other bedroom in my other slacks." With that he got up, took the wire on Fran's neck with his left hand behind her, forcing her ahead of him into the adjacent bedroom. Returning with Allen's trousers, he shoved Fran back onto the bed. Then he sat back down on the cedar chest and went through the pants pockets. Emptying the wallet, he scolded Allen for having the bills out of order, laughing and making a joke of it.

"Now, you'll get your clothes on and we're going." Allowing Fran to get up off the bed, he still had hold of the ring around her neck as they walked towards the closet.

"What clothes do you want?" he asked.

"I want a pair of jeans and that red blouse." Allen was not allowed to watch any of this movement. "Allen, I want you to stay flat on your stomach on the far side of the bed there and keep your head turned the other way."

Returning to the bed, Fran tried to put on her blouse but could not get it on with her hands chained. The gunman freed one of her hands and allowed her to put on her blouse. Then he tied her right back up.

Fran put on her jeans, then the gunman told her to lie on her stomach on the bed, which she did, her feet dangling off the end of it. As he started to put on her shoes, Fran said she would like to have a pair of socks. Finding them in the drawer after asking her which drawer they were in, he brought back the socks and proceeded to put them on her feet along with the white sneakers he had grabbed out of the closet.

"Now, don't curl your toes. You remember what your momma used to do when you'd do that. She'd slap you on the foot!" And he slapped her on the foot; a real light love tap. Then he finished putting on her shoes.

"Now it's time to go."

Preparing to leave, he forced Allen to the bedpost and secured one chained wrist to it. Reaching for Allen's trousers on a chair near the bed, he pitched them onto the bed. "You oughta be able to find a dime in there to free yourself."

Allen had noticed that the gunman had used a coin to tighten the screw when fastening the chains.

The gunman then reached down and grabbed the ring around Fran's neck, and she raised up off the bed. They walked out the door with the ring in his left hand and the shotgun at her back. As they were going out the door, Fran said, "Please don't call the police. Do whatever he says. Do whatever he wants, Allen."

The gunman's final words were, "Don't call the police 'cause I have a police scanner here," tapping his belt with the hand that held the gun. Allen could see that there was something, similar in shape and size to a small radio, fastened to his belt.

"And another thing. I've got someone out there watching the house. You'll be a good target if you try to leave to go to the cops."

Allen heard the muffled sounds of the two of them moving down the stairs and through the kitchen towards the garage. Then there was the sound of the garage door opening. He heard Fran's car start up and head down the driveway, away from the house. In fact, he could see the car going down the road from the upstairs window. He remembered idly musing that the abductor had to be doing the driving; Fran would never spin out like that.

Blood was spattered all about the room from Fran's arm wound—on the wall, the bedspread, the nightgown which she had dropped on the bed, the carpeting. All Allen could think of was whether she was going to be all right.

> *Surely this is one of those horrible nightmares that seem to go on all night long. If only I could wake up,* he thought.

It was 2:30 a.m.

He found a coin and unfastened the chain, freeing his wrists. He was shaking so badly he could only sit and try to steady himself enough to think about his next move. He wanted desperately to call the police, call 911, call ANYbody, but get help from SOMEbody!

"But what if there is another gunman? I sure can't be of any use to Fran if I'm dead. And what if the creep is mad enough at Fran for jumping him that he just shoots her out of meanness?"

The nightmare continued as he waited for the phone call with instructions regarding the money. But no phone call came.

Finally, he gathered himself enough to make a decision. He was going to the police. At this stage of the whole cockeyed mess it was the only thing that made sense. Fran needed help, and delaying would only give the abductor time to cover his tracks.

Stealthily creeping down the stairs, through the house and out to the screened-in porch, Allen sat down and smoked a cigarette while planning his escape. He would open the screen door and make a dash for the car door. If he could get inside the car, he'd gun it and try to outrun the bullets if a gunman did have him in his sights.

Trying to put himself in the abductor's place, for some inexplicable reason, Allen saw nothing in his demeanor to lead him to believe that he had any interest in raping Fran or in otherwise harming her. He did show compassion, in helping her bandage her arm and in other unexpected kindnesses during the two-hour nightmarish fiasco. Granted, there were those times when the two of them were out of Allen's sight. Another factor, a distinct disadantage, was not being able to see the gunman's eyes. At any rate, at this point his fear for Fran's safety rested primarily in the dangers inherent with the ransom money transaction.

But one thing kept haunting him. The guy obviously knew his way around the house. And how did he get in? There was no sign whatsoever of forcible entry. There was no question that he had gained access through the front door, using a key. And when he had first arrived, he had commented, "What were you two arguing about last night?" Missing the significance of the question at the time, Allen responded, "We weren't arguing. We had the television on and were talking a little loud in order to be heard over the sound." And the subject was dropped. Of course the gunman would have had to have been there the night before to have heard them talking.

Now it was time for him to make his move. Cautiously grasping the screen door handle, he poised himself for the dash to the car. Slinging the door open, one foot already outside, all of a sudden he was bathed in a spotlight. His heart stopped. It was the motion sensor doing its job. Well, too late to stop now! If anybody intended to shoot him, there certainly would never be a better target, and Allen was still alive.

In the car he sped to the police station and reported Fran's abduction and the whole ghastly story.

The minister did receive a phone call from Fran soon after the abduction. He was profoundly puzzled at being awakened in the wee hours of the morning with such a bizarre request. Turning to his wife in disbelief, he later related, he said, "You know, that was Frances Keaton on the phone, and she said she needs $10,000!" He wanted to believe it was a joke. But of course it was not, as he later came to realize.

Fran had another phone conversation early that Monday morning of August 4. Her son, learning of her abduction from the minister, called her on the car phone.

"I'm all right. Don't worry about me. He's not going to hurt me. As soon as he gets the money he'll let me go." The phone connection became fuzzy, breaking off from time to time, as if the car had reached the outer periphery of the calling zone.

She called the minister a second time, presumably regarding ransom money instructions. But the connection broke off suddenly, as if the phone had been hung up. It is assumed the car was traveling during that period of time. Perhaps they just eventually drove beyond the phone's reception capability. Or perhaps the gunman did not like the tone of the conversation. Or maybe Fran did something to further anger him.

The minister waited all day Monday for the phone call that was to have given him further directions. But no such call came. Allen waited all day too.

In view of the lack of forcible entry, the first person interrogated by police was Allen. When asked if he would be willing to take a polygraph test, he did so eagerly to get it out of the way so that they could concentrate on catching the kidnapper.

Numb from fear for Fran's safety and exhaustion from lack of sleep and the night's terror, he nevertheless happily proceeded with the lie detector exercise. Halfway through the test they all took a lunch break. By now it was late afternoon. Allen needed his heart medication which was at his home. The police arranged to have someone pick up the medication. Allen took it with food as prescribed, and the testing was picked up where they had left off. Then the polygraph machine went berserk. The heart medication caused it to do weird things. It was agreed that they would try again the next day. But that never happened. Authorities were quickly convinced that he had no involvement, negating the need to proceed.

Every time the telephone rang Allen nearly jumped out of his skin. "Please, God, let that be Fran this time, wanting me to come and pick her up." And he'd rush to the phone ready to tell the kidnapper to name his price, but hoping Fran would be on the other end, asking him to pick her up somewhere. It didn't matter *where*!

The Federal Bureau of Investigation picked up the case and immediately sent helicopters and troops to search for Fran. They dragged ponds and lakes and combed the hilly wooded countryside on foot, by car and by air. St. Louis television station personnel descended upon Allen for interviews. Each news telecast contained updates on the kidnapping.

Fran's car was found on Tuesday. It had been abandoned at a car repair shop. Authorities impounded it and went over it with a fine tooth comb but no evidence was found.

Another awesome discovery was made the same day. Fran's burned personal belongings were found on the grounds of a farm about thirty miles from her house. Her red blouse, jeans, purse and all other effects had burned to ashes. With two exceptions: A metal credit card or some other type of identification still bore her name. And the chain that had bound her wrists as well as the clothes hanger wire that had been used as a yoke around her neck were charred but intact.

It seemed highly unlikely now that Fran would be found alive. Law enforcement people assumed she was dead, her body probably dumped in the lake or river near the farm where the remains of her personal effects had been recovered. The search continued, but it was now Fran's body that they were looking for.

Still Allen hoped and prayed for the phone call that would prove them wrong. He was appearing daily on local television stations pleading for Fran's release, or for information that might lead to her whereabouts. He was still hopeful that her abductor had perhaps forced her to change clothes to make the two of them less conspicious. In that case it would make sense to burn the identifiable belongings.

He kept hoping that either he or the minister would receive another ransom phone call.

The story takes an ironic twist here. In the evening hours of that same fateful Tuesday, security guards at Granite City, Illinois, picked up a vagrant trying to hop a freight train headed for Kansas City. The "vagrant" was Henry Hampton, later identified as Fran's abductor. To be arrested for vagrancy, apparently, a person must be unable to pay an imposed fine. But Henry Hampton had funds: the money stolen from Allen's wallet. Producing cash from his boot, Hampton paid a $77.00 fine—and they let him go.

Another car that had been used in Fran's abduction was found on Thursday. Fingerprints lifted from it were identified as those of Henry Hampton, an ex-con who had been released from prison at Terre Haute, Indiana, exactly a month earlier. Convicted on drug dealing charges in Oregon, he had been sent to prison at Terre Haute and had served eleven years before his release the first of July.

Armed with Fran's abductor's identity, the FBI arranged with the *America's Most Wanted* producers to run the story on their Friday night program. Fran's burned possessions and the surroundings where they were found were shown, along with her picture. A picture of Henry Hampton was also provided, with information pertaining to his habit of using disguises and aliases.

Several more days went by, but no word of any kind about Fran's whereabouts. Searchers had returned often to that farm, but found no additional clues.

Finally, on Saturday, August 16, nearly two weeks after Fran's abduction, one of the law enforcement agencies decided to take a K-9 German Shepherd out to the farm.

According to television news reports, the dog picked up Fran's scent from blood found on the ground. Within the hour, he led the officers to Fran's shallow grave about a hundred yards from where her belongings had been burned. The badly decomposed nude body, thinly covered with leaves and a bit of dirt, lay face-down in a drainage ditch which empties into the lake.

The autopsy report revealed death to be the result of severe trauma to the head, caused by blows from a blunt instrument. The fatal blow was inflicted to the top of her head, probably with the butt of a gun. There were other blows to the sides of her head as well. She had been dead for approximately two weeks, presumably since that fatal early morning that she was taken from her home. We surmise that she lived a very short while after making the phone call to the minister and talking to her son.

Fran's funeral services were conducted by her minister who would gladly have provided money to save Fran, if only he had been given the chance. Allen, or any number of other people would have found a way to provide money if that would have satiated the savage.

A lot of unanswered questions remain. Some may never be resolved. Others must wait, to avoid jeopardizing ensuing court proceedings.

Four months of anguish passed without any feedback about the tracking of Fran's killer. In early December *America's Most Wanted* broadcast a repeat of Allen's original interview. As a result of that program, a couple of discordant reports of sightings in Oklahoma were received. Nothing came of those.

But then there came a report of a sighting in East Orange, New Jersey from a person who claimed he worked with Henry Hampton—known to him by an alias, of course.

Allen's regular contact at the *America's Most Wanted* Washington, D.C., office called to let him know Henry Hampton had been arrested. That was the good news. The bad news was that he had shot himself in the head. Allen's emotions were mixed: On the one hand, he would like to see the creep dead, but on the other hand, there are a lot of other aspects to the case that might never be resolved without his testimony, especially concerning his accomplice(s) in Fran's abduction and murder.

On Friday, January 8, 1993, *America's Most Wanted* broadcast the program we had all long awaited. It showed the actual arrest of Hampton. As the New Jersey police approached him, they ordered him to put both hands on the hood of the car, et cetera, to be searched. Somehow, he produced a gun, whirled and tripped, and the gun fired. It is not known whether he tried to kill himself, or if the self-inflicted gunshot was accidental as he was trying to shoot the officers. In any case, as of this writing, his critical condition has been upgraded to serious, so we assume he will live.

In that same telecast we learned that Hampton had killed again while he was in New Jersey. The same gun with which he shot himself in the head had killed a 48-year-old woman. It was also reported that he is likely responsible for the beating death of a 31-year-old man in that area. Who knows how many other atrocities may be linked to him before it is all said and done.

The New Jersey tragedy is just as bizarre as Allen and Fran's. According to the television report, a "tramp" had been found asleep on the rectory porch by the parish priest. The priest told him he could not sleep there, but he could direct him to shelters that would take him in. The next day the priest found him lying on the asphalt parking lot at the church. This time the priest fell for the con man's "down-and-outer" sad story. His story was that he and his brother had been in the trucking business together, but the business failed when his brother absconded with all the money. As a result, this poor guy was left homeless, the authorities having confiscated all his property, including his home. The priest gave him a job helping out around the church--and a room in his own home!

The sexton advanced the priest's praise of Hampton's work and accommodating nature. But it was the sexton who recognized him while viewing *America's Most Wanted* and notified authorities.

After viewing the television account of Hampton's capture, Allen telephoned the priest. Like Allen, that kind soul had been tragically fooled by Hampton's slick act. He said he did think it strange, however, when Hampton suddenly announced that he was leaving for New York—to see some friends who had promised him a job there. Returning a week later, his story was that the friends were not at home. It was during the time he was gone that the woman's body was found.

Needless to say, the priest was immensely relieved to see Hampton captured, realizing that he and his wife were themselves likely in imminent danger of becoming victims.

PART THREE

PROLOGUE

PAMELA WAS BORN APRIL 26, 1949, at Missouri Baptist Hospital in St. Louis, Missouri, a seemingly healthy 7-pound, 10-ounce blue-eyed, strawberry blond girl.

She discovered music at a very early age. Standing on tiptoe she would stretch her delicate little fingers until they made contact with the piano keys. By eighteen months she had figured out how to climb onto the piano stool, and the love of music was soon cemented in her soul. This and other artistic predisposition blossomed in early school years.

As a junior at Washington High in Washington, Illinois, she was selected from a very large field of aspiring young musicians and vocalists from throughout the state as a member of the just-formed choral group known as *The Young Folk*. Patterned after the contemporary *Serendipity Singers* the group toured the state performing at fairs and various other public functions. Appearing on the same bill with well-known celebrities at the Illinois State Fair was especially exciting for them. *The Young Folk* also cut an album of their most popular renditions.

Pam decided to attend the Art Institute of Chicago after graduation from high school. She became sidetracked during those summer months, however, never to recapture those aspirations.

It was the spring of 1967, and like many of her peers she got caught up in the provocative attitudes of the time, quick to champion the downtrodden or underprivileged. She never hesitated to speak out, seeming to enjoy engaging in heated debate whenever prejudicial dialogue, particularly racism, was encountered. Identifying with some of the rebellious concepts of the 60s generation, she agreed in principal that the "system" drastically needed changing and that she shared every citizen's responsibility to bring it about.

In this frame of mind the importance of higher education diminished, seeming meaningless and selfish to her by comparison to the serious problems rampant in the world. Her interests turned more and more towards service to others.

Sadly, in the midst of trying to sort out some of life's farcical intricacies, Pam was struck with the most traumatic event of her life. She had to endure the pain of her parents' separation and subsequent divorce. At the time, she managed to sidestep her own pain by assuming the role of caretaker for the rest of the family, quite naturally taking on the challenge of getting us all through the ordeal. Her father leaned heavily on her for emotional support, and she wholeheartedly accepted the responsibility. Devotion to and support of Bud received her unwavering attention. She considered my emotional strength to be self-sustaining, although she did worry about my physical deterioration.

Both Bud and I remarried within a few months, but for her, in spite of her mature frequent insistence that she understood and accepted the situation as it existed, it was a far-reaching amd shattering experience.

Religious beliefs were clear-cut, simplistic and comfortably expressed in Pam's formative years. She was a studious and eager participant in Sunday School and Vacation Bible School at Salem Baptist Church in Florissant, near St. Louis, where the family lived until she was fourteen. She helped me prepare material for the Sunday School classes which I taught, and she liked doing the art work and preparation of fun activities for Vacation Bible School during the years I was in charge of organizing and conducting the two-week program. She loved teaching younger children. She was quite the little ham on stage in Christmas Cantatas and other staged productions at the church. At age ten she made the decision to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour, and along with her mother experienced full-immersion baptism. Later on she was instrumental in guiding her little brother Daniel Patrick to make the same choice, and was a proud big sister witnessing baby brother Brooke's baptism.

As she grew older, religious convictions became clouded and difficult to maintain, intertwined with life's ever-increasing complications.

She died when she was forty, after an illness that lasted nearly two years.

Pamela June Gibson - Age 2 Mos. - June, 1949

Pam and "Poppy" (8 mos.)

Pam and Danny at Grandma and Grandpa Mulholland's farm.
Spring 1955

1957—Florissant, Missouri. Ready for their first plane ride, on Ozark Air Lines.

Pam (10); Danny (8); Brooke (2 mos.)
December 1959

Pam - Senior Picture, 1967

Pam - the "Purple Apartments"
Escondido, California - 1970

Pam, Joe, Brooke, Shari
Disneyland, California - 1970

Pam, Shari and "The Bug"
1977

The wedding - 1977

Pam and Reed
Ocean Shores, Washington

Summer 1983

Seattle - 1982

Pam and Ian - Seattle, 1985

Family Portrait - April 1989
-Shari, Ian, Josh, Pam, Reed

Labor Day - 1988

Posing for Brooke & Dan
in her just-styled wig.
May, 1989

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PAM

PAM WAS BORN WITH FOOD ALLERGIES, the milk allergy surfacing when she was less than two weeks old. For the first two years of her life she was almost altogether deprived of food, living basically on mashed ripe bananas, beef broth with barley and sometimes clear jello. But nothing stayed in the stomach for long; whatever went in was very shortly expelled, from one end or the other, and how she would cry with stomach pain. The only method that worked to relieve it was to place her stomach-down on my own stomach.

There were frequent hospitalizations for blood transfusions, glucose feeding and myriad tests as doctors groped for clues. But there were never any real answers. The medical profession's best guess was that the esophagus had not been completely formed at birth, causing interference with the digestive processes. They knew the symptoms were identical to malnutrition but were unable to identify the cause. Exploratory surgery might be effective, but the concensus was that time would be the best healer. Hopefully, the symptoms would abate as the esophagus became more fully developed with the maturing process.

One of my worst memories of frustrating hospital stays is walking in to visit her (parents were not permitted to stay with a child in those days) and seeing her head shaved at the temples and intravenous needles stuck in the veins of each temple. All veins in her little arms, hands and feet had been used to extreme. The appearance of her distended stomach simulated the effect of malnutrition. That was in fact her precise state, because her body was not able to process food. At age one, she weighed only eleven pounds. So many sorrowful memories of wanting to make it all better for her!

Pam started walking at an early age (ten months) and was nearly potty-trained by her first birthday, primarily of her own free will. Shortly after returning home from the hospital with her when she was about age one, I became concerned when I noticed that she was not visible in that two-room "furnished" apartment in South St. Louis. The apartment door was ajar, so I assumed that she had toddled down the hallway to the bathroom. Then I spotted her hiding behind the door, hands behind her back.

"What do you have behind your back, Sweetheart?"

She answered, "Nothing," her big, blue eyes imploring in the upturned, pale, thin face. Then she guiltily extended her right hand, revealing a cracker. She handed it to me, quiet tears rolling down her cheeks. By now she knew she wasn't permitted to have solid food. To be sure, when I gave that cracker back to her with permission to eat it, her sweet smile was the only assurance I needed that it would not harm her.

Subleased from Bud's sister, the apartment's heat source was a potbellied stove fired with coal. The cook stove was an antique gas range with burners on one side and a thin-walled oven on the other. To cover up numerous rust spots on the oven we painted it black. I doubt that we even had the good sense to use paint containing a rust-inhibiter. It looked pretty good until it was heated. Then, every time it was washed, black stuff came off onto the cloth.

Black sooty grime from the street seemed to seep through cracks and the very walls of the ancient brick building, permeating everything within. Dr. Gerst felt that Pam could be reacting to something in that unsavory environment.

Joining in competition with myriad street noises, antiquated streetcars clattered along the rough street where concrete overlay had been worn away, exposing its original cobblestone. Bells clanging, drivers yelling out intersecting streets, brakes screeching, up and down the busy street they toiled, day and night.

Our front room was separated from the busy street by only a sidewalk, a few feet of concrete walkway and the building's front stoop. The building's front entry door opened to a long, narrow hallway which meandered past the two rooms comprising our living quarters on the left. Continuing past the common bath on the right (shared with the other first-floor tenants [Bud's sister and her family] in the apartment behind ours), the hallway ended at the rear of the building.

The rear door at the end of the hallway opened to a landing beneath a stairway to a second-floor apartment occupied by the building's owners. From the landing, a long flight of rickety stairs descended to the dark, dank basement where laundry facilities were provided for use by building occupants. To accommodate the drying process during winter months and in other inclement weather, cloth clotheslines were stretched between the exposed overhead floor support beams in the basement laundry area.

Because the laundry process was time-consuming, it was usually done while the baby was sleeping. When it was absolutely unavoidable, Pam, warmly bundled, accompanied me to the basement.

Articles to be laundered were hauled down to the basement, water was heated on the old stove provided for the purpose, and tubs of rinse water were set up. Then the laundering process could begin.

First through the fresh clean water were baby's things, pre-soaked, hand-wrung and piled into the washer with Ivory soap powder. Clean items were fed through the Maytag ringers into first one tub of rinse water, then another, after which the articles could be hung to dry. Cloth diapers, four or five dozens of them, stretched across most of the available clothesline space. The balance of laundry was dried in stages after diapers were dry and removed. As far as I know, disposable diapers had not yet appeared on the market. At any rate they would have been considered a luxury item for us. Automatic driers were also unknown to us. In nice weather the clothes could be dried outdoors, and Pam loved spending most of the day out in the fresh air with me. She could safely play or nap in her playpen while her mother went about the laundry chores.

Pam's last hospital stay as a baby occurred at age two. Imagine the shock of finding her standing up in her hospital bed, eating candy. Surely someone had made a mistake; this child could not even digest plain food. She certainly had *never* had candy. Dr. Gerst explained that they had decided to try feeding her anything and everything until the culprit could be isolated.

No decision about the "culprit" was ever forthcoming, but from that time on she responded very well to normal food and the vomiting and diarrhea stopped. By the time her little brother Daniel was born when she was two and one-half years old, she had gained weight and blossomed into a healthy, happy little girl.

Environmental issues were beginning to surface as political fodder in 1949. But no data had been published that would link them to human illnesses. So when Dr. Gerst alluded to Pam's living environment as potentially hazardous to her health, it was more or less viewed as speculation.

Dr. Gerst had a long association with Pam. Beginning with prenatal care and delivering her, he had provided medical care and caring throughout her childhood years. (That was not the last of our family's association with Dr. Gerst. Thirty years or so after bringing Pam into the world, Dr. Gerst also delivered her niece and two nephews: Danny and Martha's twins, Erika and Matthew in 1975, and Jason in 1977.)

We did move from that South St. Louis neighborhood when Pam was two, and her health steadily improved. Beholding the miraculous transition from sickly child to a happy, healthy one was like walking out of a dungeon into bright midday sunlight.

The big two-story house we moved to in Baden was old but spacious, with big open rooms. Baden is a suburb at the far north end of St. Louis. It is the point at which the Broadway streetcar terminated its run. Turning around at Riverview Circle, it then retraced its journey to downtown St. Louis. For ten cents one could board the streetcar for a comfortable, quiet (compared to buses that ultimately replaced them) and odorless ride from one end of Broadway to the other, to the center of the downtown shopping and financial district.

At the top of the stairs in that old Baden house, to the right of the second-floor bathroom, was a small elongated storage area full of junk left by former occupants. Pammy was delighted when we worked it over and made it into her very own bedroom.

I had a habit of making at least one nightly trip to the children's bedrooms to check on them, mostly to make certain that they were covered, I guess. Actually established when Pam was born, the pattern persisted for all the years the children were at home.

Just as regularly as I checked on her in her new pretty bedroom, Pam made a nightly visit to my bedside. Even more inexplicable than my own vigil, each night the two-year-old would get out of bed, leave her bedroom, go down the short hall past the bathroom at the top of the stairs, traipse down the stairs and on through the living room to our bedroom. Without uttering a sound or touching me, there she would stand, motionless, until I felt her presence.

"What is it, Babe?"

"I have to go potty, Mommy."

"O.K. Run on back upstairs and go potty then hop back into bed. All right?"

"All right."

Turning, she would quietly retrace her steps—through the living room, across the hallway, up the stairs to the bathroom—then back to bed.

Except for normal childhood diseases, Pam remained healthy for many years to come.

At age five, she was quite the proper young lady as she gathered her new lunch box and knapsack, eager to begin the short walk to kindergarten. Fresh-scrubbed face, shimmering hair brushed just so, pretty dress starched and pressed, white ankle sox edged in lace above neatly polished shoes showing off her pretty legs, she was a picture of confidence.

One thing that might be construed as irregular during those early school years was a propensity towards developing boils at around age nine. Every scrape on the knee, elbow or scalp seemed to evolve into a boil. Not just an infection that looked festered, but an old-fashioned boil that usually had to be lanced by the doctor to promote healing.

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TEEN TENACITY

PAM'S INNATE CURIOSITY ABOUT LIFE and its delusive innuendoes seemed to intensify during her teen years, along with increased yearning for clarification of religious matters.

She was a good, thoughtful and self-disciplined youngster (whose room was typically always a mess), giving her parents little of the grief that seemed to plague many of our friends who were also parents of teenagers. A careful and knowledgeable driver from the day she got a driver's license, use of the family automobile was a privilege that she was careful not to abuse. On the other hand, a mental chuckle is evoked as I recall her recent account of an escapade that might test the veracity of that glowing report.

Seems one Friday night, after transporting several friends to a school function, someone suggested driving through the cemetery, just for kicks. Innocent fun; however, they all failed to recognize that recent rains had left a muddy mess underfoot. She laughed as she recalled how mature and in control she felt when they decided to leave the blacktop road to explore an off-the-beaten-track area of the graveyard. And then how stupid, helpless and frightened she felt when the car got stuck in the muddy mire. Efforts to drive out, then push the car out, only caused the tires to dig in deeper. Much deliberation about what to do about their predicament failed to turn up a solution. Finally, it was decided that a couple of the boys would walk back to town and get an all-night wrecker service to pull the car out.

There was a long discussion the next day, to be sure, about her getting home in the wee hours of the morning. But we had not been seriously concerned when she failed to call to say she would be late (her usual habit). After all, it had been a special night out, and she *was* a senior.

Many years passed before she got up enough courage to tell us all of what really happened that night and how terrified she was. The considerable physical danger in which she had placed herself and her passengers was just part of it. Of greater concern was the inevitable consequence of having compromised our trust, such as having car privileges revoked.

She was usually very good at manipulating her parents to get her way. One of the few times her charm and guile failed was at around age fifteen when she was trying to circumvent our refusal to let her bring a cat into the home.

Pleadings for permission to have a kitten had proved unsuccessful until she thought she had hit upon a perfect plan. Her best girlfriend's cat had given birth to several kittens. Good homes must be found for them. Pam's proposal that we take at least one of them seemed to her a natural solution to what could be a difficult problem for her friend. Since her friend's parents were also friends of ours it was almost *fait accompli.* So she was quite surprised and disappointed when we rejected her plan on very simple grounds: Someone other than she would ultimately get stuck with the job of housebreaking and training, what with her heavy involvement in school activities and other interests. I certainly did not need additional demands on my time and energy. Holding down a full time job and straining to meet the demands already imposed by a house, a husband, two teenagers and a five-year-old were more than enough. Not willing to drop the subject, she solemnly promised, repeatedly, that she would take good and complete care of it and make sure it did not soil the carpeting, and so forth. Still we did not relent. Undaunted she decided to go to Plan B.

One day she and her friend came into the house, each carrying a fluffy white blue-eyed kitten. "I know I can't have one, Mom. I just wanted you to see how sweet they are."

After a few minutes of measuring my reaction the girls thought of an excuse to go out, "for a Coke." As they started to leave, Pam turned and placed the kitten she was holding in my arms.

"Would you just hold it until we get back, Ma? We'll only be a few minutes." Clever plan, right?

Right. I fell in love with the adorable little ball of white fluff, just as they had intended. I continued to hold the kitten until I heard the girls' lighthearted chatter and then footsteps on the front porch a short time later. Swinging open the door, Pam's confident expression and knowing smile said, "See, Mom, I knew you wouldn't be able to give it up if you held it."

"So what did you decide to name it, Ma?"

In view of all that happened to her later in life, I wish I could say that the coercement worked and that she had been allowed to keep the kitten. At the time, however, I felt a precedent was involved and so I made her take the kitten back to its mother. Even her last-ditch tearful plea did not change the answer. I considered my action stalwart and my only recourse in the circumstances, even though the rest of the family made me feel like a mean, cruel old mom. Perhaps I was right in sticking to my guns. But my heart now wishes I had let her have the bloomin' kitten.

As a teen Pam showed very little interest in boys, thinking them silly in their clumsy attempts at flirting. Her physical development came very early. By age twelve she had reached her mature height of five feet, five inches and was learning to deal with a large bust measurement. By contrast, boys of her own age were not nearly as mature, seeming childish to her, and older boys disgusted her because of their crude, inappropriate references to her chest.

A striking young lady, her pale blond hair was the envy of many. Big blue eyes and dark lashes were necessarily seen through prescription eyeglasses beginning at age five. When she was eleven she desperately wanted to replace the eyeglasses with contact lenses. New on the market, the very expensive contacts were the "in" thing. The eye doctor admonished us that she was probably too young to try them. But she cajoled us into buying them for her.

She tried so diligently to wear the hard contact lenses, suffering unnecessary pain in her determination. Due to her particular type of astigmatism, unfortunately, the contact lenses just would not work; neither then nor in later attempts to wear the soft lenses when she was older. Eyeglasses would forever embrace her pretty oval face. As a mother I am prejudiced, no doubt, but she was a lovely feminine girl, and the eyeglasses did not greatly detract from the high cheekbones and endearing broad smile.

Pam's real beauty, however, emanated from the remarkable quality of selflessness especially endearing in a young girl. Throughout her short life, the sincere caring and empathy for others was often extreme to a fault.

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SUMMER OF '67

INTO PAM'S ATMOSPHERE OF UNCERTAINTY in the summer of 1967 came a young man, a soldier with an ingratiating smile and winning ways. Their union seemed inevitable—predestined, they said. Here was a nice young man a few years her senior who needed "mothering."

Ignoring our strong objections on grounds that they were too young, among many other problems obvious to us, they were married that winter. Myself the product of a marriage doomed to failure at inception due to my immaturity and unrealistic expectations of the institution, I did not want to see her repeat my mistake. And just like so many other young people before them, all the voices of experience fell on deaf ears.

But the pitfalls inherent in this unwise union quickly paled by comparison with a more urgent revelation. Pam was suddenly in the throes of a life-threatening disease. For also in the winter of 1967 we learned that the swollen glands in her neck that had come and gone for over a year were not caused by a cold as the doctors had repeatedly assured us. A biopsy revealed those persistent lumps to be malignant—cancer of the thyroid gland. Lying on either side of the windpipe, or trachea, the thyroid gland is connected below the larynx by a thin isthmus of tissue. Its internal secretion is important in regulating the rate of metabolism and, consequently, body growth. Immediate surgery was indicated to prevent further spreading of the cancer.

Removing the gland meant that vital thyroid secretions would have to be imitated via artificial means for the rest of her life. Keeping that medication in balance proved a perennially troublesome problem. The metabolic process fluctuated with medication variances, making weight control very difficult.

Along with excision of the thyroid gland, the vocal cords were scraped, leaving the fear that she would lose her singing voice. Miraculously, the soft lilting voice was restored after a few months, eventually becoming as strong as ever.

And the really good news was that if the cancer remained in remission for five years she could consider herself cured.

In preparing for the surgery, another important discovery was made. Pam was pregnant.

That first pregnancy appeared normal in every way except for extraordinary nausea and the unceasing battle with weight control. She delivered Shari in November 1968, a healthy, blue-eyed blond girl very much in her mother's image.

As a sad anecdote, twenty years later, the fatal lymphoma appeared in the form of an egg-sized lesion in the scalp—also seemingly in conjunction with pregnancy.

Was there a relationship between the thyroid cancer at eighteen and lymphoma at thirty-eight? What about the pregnancy-cancer link? Doctors always insisted that there was no connection and did not discourage her from trying to have a baby years later, when she was thirty-five.

Pam and Sam's marriage had little chance of succeeding, of course. Despite her fierce resoluteness, the time came when she gave up hope of preserving it. His drinking, philandering and physical abuse accelerated until she was finally convinced that nothing remained to be salvaged, so they separated and were eventually divorced.

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CALIFORNIA AND BACK

WHEN MY NEW HUSBAND, JOE, received a desirable job offer in San Diego in 1970, we were faced with a dilemma. On the one hand, it was a good career move for Joe and the climate was certainly enticing. Conversely, we feared it would complicate the close relationships with our children that we so jealously guarded. Before Joe and I were married, we sought the advice of a psychologist to help insure the most harmonious parenting arrangements with our children. We had carefully adhered to his admonition to stay close to them at all costs. By this time, however, we had come to realize that we needed to further dissociate from each of our former spouses. Too-close proximity was promoting unnecessary contact and frequent squabbling that was having an increasingly negative impact on the children as they became pawns in an ongoing power struggle.

As it turned out, in spite of the loneliness of less frequent contact with the children, giving up our jobs with Caterpillar in Peoria and starting a new life in California proved a wise move. Danny was now in college at Missouri State University. Brooke, then ten, did not want to change schools, and so elected to remain in St. Louis with his father. The trade-off of having the youngest children, Brooke and Joe's two children, Sue, then in high school and Mike, four years her junior with us in California during the summer months and holiday periods proved a more satisfactory arrangement for all concerned. The children were the beneficiaries of expanded horizons of air travel and experiencing new places and adventures. Less contact with the other parents did result in a more harmonious arrangement. Most importantly, large blocks of time with the youngsters provided more appropriate interaction. I chose to be a full time mother when the children were with us which precluded my taking full time employment. In spite of the financial hardship imposed by our reduced income, we were content with the compromise and confident that in the circumstances we had secured the best possible lifestyle for the children.

It was hard to understand Pam's elusive behavior during her difficult years leading up to and following her divorce from Sam. She later confided that she wasn't very proud of some of the directions her life had taken. If she had been in closer contact with us, she would have felt trapped into disclosing more detail than she felt comfortable with. Her brothers did a good job of covering for her as well. We were unaware of the extent of marital problems, for example, until Sam arranged with us to take Pam and Shari with us on our final moving trip to California, "for a visit."

We had taken an apartment in Escondido as temporary living quarters while choosing property on which to build a house. Jokingly referred to as "The Purple Apartments," they were of stucco construction painted light lavender with white trim. A well-kept, quiet complex on Mission Avenue on the outskirts of town, it was attractively landscaped and surrounded by large, old fragrant eucalyptus trees. Ours was a cheery, comfortable, three-bedroom, three-bath unit on two levels. There was a patio off the bright kitchen and a sizable yard in front, with the pool just a few yards from our front door. Almost every other day the four of us, Brooke, Pam, Shari and I, loaded into the car and went exploring.

Gathering towels, sandpails, food and drinks we would drive the eighteen miles to the beach through the rolling hills of magnificent Rancho Santa Fe. Not yet discovered by the multitudes of very wealthy citizens who were soon to populate the area, only a scattering of pretentious homes had been built in Rancho Santa Fe at that time. Interspersed among the palatial estates were horse ranches, citrus, avocado and eucalyptus groves. Spanish architecture was enhanced by voluminous mounds of bougainvillaea, pyracantha and myriad other exotic plantings well adapted to the Mediterranean landscape, so that its appeal rivaled even spectacular Costa del Sol in Spain. It remains one of the most desirous of the California coastal communities, even with the expansion that has taken place over the past fifteen or twenty years.

At Moonlight Beach in Carlsbad, Brooke would show his little niece how to find sandcrabs and delighted her with antics in the ocean. Always cautious in the intense sun, we would get Shari's fair skin slathered with sunblock and make certain she was protected under the large umbrella. Taking turns watching her as she napped, we swam or bodysurfed in the waves, built sandcastles and wolfed down refreshments to quell insatiable appetites. We could read or nap, letting the sun warm our bodies and becoming lulled by the sounds of waves crashing onto the white beach. Tired but refreshed, we would eventually head for the outdoor showers. Gathering our belongings we then clambered back up the steep slope to the car for the leisurely drive home. Brooke always insisted on hauling back a pail full of sandcrabs well entrenched in sand and a bit of salt water. They never did survive very long in his aquarium, but he never stopped trying to "domesticate" them.

Another favorite nearby fun spot was uncrowded Kit Carson Park (at least it was uncrowded *then*). We would swing on the swings and climb on the monstrous concrete snake that protruded out of the ground and reached ten feet or so toward the sky. Snapshots of Brooke and Mike lying stomach-down in the snake's mouth high in the air are comical keepsakes. A huge concrete Mexican hat was a slide for younger children such as Shari. Set on edge, the back of the hat extended upwards far enough to provide good momentum for the downhill slide around the crown, following the hat's brim to the ground. There was plenty of open space for playing ball or pitching horse shoes and grills and benches for picnicking. We liked to finish such a day with the four-mile drive through pristine San Pasqual Valley to the new 1800-acre Wild Animal Park Zoo then under construction.

There were many things to see and do along endless mountainous roads. Mt. Palomar Observatory, just thirty minutes to the east, the ocean twenty minutes to the west, and everywhere in between were avocado and citrus groves. Stairstepping down serpentine hillsides, they flowed into the valleys below, giving way to colorful produce crops in neat irrigated rows that came together like patchwork quilts on display.

Unlimited adventure was ours for the taking to the south as well. Picturesque San Diego beckoned, with beloved Old Town, Cabrillo Bridge, world-famous San Diego Zoo, Sea World and Point Loma overlooking North Island and Hotel Del Coronodo across the bay. There were unlimited water-related activities such as harbor cruises, half-day fishing trips, snorkeling at Mission Bay or romping on the many other beaches at our disposal. Tijuana, Mexico, just fifteen miles south of San Diego was easily accessible and always provided an exciting shopping adventure.

To the north was Disneyland, about an hour's drive from our home. We could easily be there when the gates opened at 10:00 a.m, spend the day taking in all the sights and fun and be home before dark. And there was Hearst Castle, and innumerable beautiful old missions to explore.

In the month or so that Pam and Shari were with us we filled every day with fun. So I was really surprised and saddened the morning I heard her sobbing in her room at the apartment. When I called to ask if she was all right, she came and sat on my bed and told me of the terrible nightmare that had frightened her. She had dreamt that she had gone home without telling Sam she was coming and found him in bed with a strange woman. Unconsolable, she finally blurted out that it probably wasn't a dream at all, but a premonition. That's when she confided that he had been cheating with other women for a long time, possibly all of their married life as far as she knew. She stopped short of adding that he had also become physically abusive. It would be several years before I learned the true extent of his mistreatment of her and of his drug and alcohol abuse.

But now she was feeling so lonely and betrayed she did not know which way to turn. Her heartache was intensified in a phone conversation with him during which he intimated that he had intended her "visit" to be the beginning of a new life in California for her and Shari. Even so, after a month she was so lonely and anxious to get her family back together, we finally agreed that it was worth a try.

The situation never improved, although the marriage was not terminated for some time.

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Pam and her little daughter were alone for several years before another mothering opportunity came along. During that awful period, she later confessed, she had explored many things contrary to her nature. Experimentations with religion, with drugs, with people of questionable credentials, searching for her niche in the world. She did some singing in nightclubs, at one point writing with great enthusiasm about possibly teaming up with a young man as a duo. That liaison did not work out because she discovered he was heavily into drugs. Other job experiments included security guard, bartender and licensed beautician.

At some point during this period she met Reed and became involved in another unorthodox relationship. Hungering for a solid bond with someone she could rely upon, someone with whom to build a future, she eagerly embraced his zealous cult-like religion and vegetarian diet philosophy. She was desperately ill with vomiting and diarrhea for many months as her body rejected the diet change. Refusing to abandon the practice, she was certain that it was just a matter of adjustment. The cultism fervor cooled in the face of intelligent analysis, but she pursued vegetarianism for the rest of her days. In the process she bacame a student of nutrition, ultimately upholding the vegetarian concept as the better diet alternative.

Her hopes were so high! Visiting her at her apartment in Peoria I found her exuberance infectious. "I'm going to have a real home, Mom. I can't believe I've actually found a guy who wants the same things I want. Reed says we're going to build a house, the works. I hope I'm not wrong, but I really believe Reed will be someone I can rely on. I feel so lucky!"

She and Reed were married April 2, 1977, after a long, discordant engagement. Each feared the risks involved. She, because of her unhappy first experience, and he, because he enjoyed his status as a free spirit with no encumbrances.

Joe and I returned to the Midwest in 1975 when his company transferred him to Danville, Illinois. The proximity to Peoria where Pam then lived meant that I was available and eager when she asked me to make her wedding dress. She chose a plain cream-colored fabric with matching lace and trims. An old-fashioned style with zippered sleeves, princess waistline and standup collar was her design choice. A wide-brimmed hat of matching color completed the soft look.

We had a lot of fun visits during that dressmaking period. She drove over as often as possible for fitting and planning the wedding. Joe had found a bright yellow Volkswagen "Bug" which provided great transportation for her and Shari. Reed had called a couple of months earlier to ask us to replace the unreliable '61 Chevy that we had given her before we moved to California. Explaining that he was uncertain whether or not he really wanted to go through with the wedding at that point, he did not want to make any financial contribution; and he considered Pam's welfare to be our responsibility. (Neither Joe nor I ever divulged that conversation to Pam.) Joe's considerable expertise with automobile procurement provided a quick solution to the immediate problem. It was always a joy to see that ugly little car coming up the driveway, Shari waving and yelling out the window, "Hi, Grandma!" then barely waiting for the car to stop before bounding out the door and into my arms.

The wedding took place at St. Mary's Church in Knoxville, Illinois, a minister friend of theirs performing the ceremony. Now ten, Shari was to be her mother's attendant. But she was with her father on that day and much to our chagrin, he refused to let her attend the wedding. Pam was devastated, of course, but they arranged to have the wedding photographs made a week or so later so that Shari would appear in them. In her pretty blue dress purchased especially for the occasion, wrist corsage and floral hairpiece, she looked and felt very special. Visible in the wedding pictures taken in the living room of their apartment is my 1971 Christmas gift to Pam—an oil painting of Shari at around the age of two or three.

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SEATTLE TO INDIA

PAM AND REED LIVED IN THE SEATTLE area for ten years. Joe and I enjoyed a number of happy visits with them during that time. Delighted to have the opportunity to show us their beloved Northwest, they were exuberant and knowledgeable tour guides. Thanks to their proficient hosting, we have many fond memories of the area; among the most treasured is a ferry cruise through the magnificent San Juan Islands.

We explored Pike Place Market, toured Jackson Square in downtown Seattle and often shopped at massive manufacturers' outlet stores. One of our visits was at their Kirkland home on beautiful Washington Lake. The rustic, wholly panelled interior of the home was enhanced by picture windows providing 180-degree views of the lake and mountains beyond.

They lived in a modern apartment complex among tall fir trees in Bothell. Pam enticed me to accompany her to the aerobics class where she was an instructor. She even managed to get me to join the group, pleasantly surprised (no more than I) when I was able to stay the course through a strenuous one-hour workout.

They lived in a three-level apartment in Auburn when Ian was born and ultimately settled into a large new home in the outskirts of Auburn soon after his arrival. Then they were content. Except for Pam's increasing yearning to be closer to families in the Midwest.

During those financially prosperous years in Seattle, Pam and Reed became avid mountain climbers, hikers and campers, participating fully in the vast beauty of the celebrated Northwest. Most of their spare time was spent exploring the great outdoors. A favorite outing was camping overnight on the beach when a storm was gathering at sea, to watch it come rumbling onto shore. A wanderer by nature, Reed had traveled extensively prior to their marriage. Pam understood and accepted without complaint his need to continue the practice. It was not unusual for him to go off alone for one or two weeks on his annual vacation.

In the fall of 1979, while involved with a religious group based in Chicago, they decided to participate in a plan to charter a plane for a spiritual retreat in India. It was ultimately decided that the trip was too expensive for both of them to go. Reed insisted on Pam's accompanying the group without him. I think she surprised herself, as well as everyone else, by choosing to do so.

%%%%%%%

Hotel Nikko Narita
Tokyo, Japan *10-1-79*
4:00 p.m.

Dear Mom & Joe,

We just arrived at the hotel in Tokyo (I was misinformed about our layover being in Hong Kong)— so I thought I'd drop you a quick line & tell you I'm safe, sound & sane (I think), so far. The plane ride was very nice. We came over on Japan Air Lines Boeing 747. The stewardesses were all Japanese and much more accommodating than any others I've encountered so far. Made the nine-hour flight a little more bearable.

We flew at a cruising altitude of 33,000 feet & a ground speed of 540 M.P.H.! WOW!

If this is a little spacey it's because although it's 4:00 p.m. on Monday here, it's actually midnight on Sunday at home—& I'm POOPED!

Love ya!
Pamela

P.S. This is a deluxe hotel—rooms & meals were included in our plane ticket—$1100.00. Not bad, eh?

%%%%%%%

November 16, 1979

Dear Mom,

Your package is on its way and will unfortunately be late as usual. I just got home last Friday (the 9th) and have spent a week trying to adjust to the time change (it really threw me for a loop) and organize things at home.

My trip was a real success; I got everything out of it, and more, that I wanted and needed. Life at the ashram was very slow-paced and basic, with an easy-to-follow schedule for lots of meditation and talks given by Master. It was a heavy duty spiritual retreat which put me more in touch with myself than I have ever before been and helped me realize that my desire for God is a real thing which I need not be ashamed of. Hopefully, some day I will be able to come to the decision of God first, world second. It's no good for me to be in an in-between place—wanting God first one minute and the world first the next. I found that living a life in search of God does not mean being a weird, irresponsible yogi; it means responsibility to your duties as a mother and wife and friend and also living an ethical life. That's not so weird.

Anyway—I'm home safe and sound and 100% better off for the experience. I hope I can go back once a year or every other year. It was wonderful!

Hope you have a pleasant birthday. My own daughter was eleven yesterday—can you believe it? I can't. I remember being eleven too well to have a child eleven! Shush!

Please write when you can and give our love to Joe.

Love and hugs & kisses,

Pam & Reed

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AT LAST, A FAMILY ADDITION

□ *November 1983*

Happy Birthday, Mom!

Picked up your birthday gift at Pike Place Market (a little local art). Hope you like it.

All is well here. I have a hell of a head cold but understand it's all part of pregnancy. The baby & I are GROWING! Had to buy a bra size too big to mention today (& five more months to go/grow!) Keeping in shape by running up & down stairs to the bathroom—no bath on the main floor. Oh, well—it's the only exercise I get these days so I'm thankful for the setup in a way.

Will write more later. Have a great day!
Love,
Pam & Crew

%%%%%%%

Eventually succeeding in efforts to conceive, their healthy blond haired boy was born in April 1984.

Arriving at their place in Seattle the day after Ian's birth, I was flabbergasted to find her already home. The early release was gained, she explained, by assuring everyone that she would be fine because her mother would be there when she got home. She had been up and walking about within an hour of his birth, indicating, I thought, amazing resiliency.

It was great seeing her so happy. We had a lot of meaningful mother-daughter talks, finally having reached that plateau of peace and understanding that mothers and daughters eventually do achieve. Now we could relate as best friends, minus the web of competitiveness in which mothers and daughters sometimes find themselves entangled, especially during the teen years. Reed and I also had quality time together, engaging in long conversations as I baked pies or otherwise busied myself in the kitchen while Pam and Ian napped. We enjoyed the opportunity to really get acquainted.

"Mom, I think you should write a book about your heritage—well, mine, too—about farm life and your extraordinary childhood. Include the stories from Grandma Mulholland's vast repertoire of experiences. As a matter of fact, I'd like to help you write it."

We further explored the proposition and came to the conclusion that we really would do it.

Later, when she had finally regained sufficient strength to take on some extra activity, she enrolled in a genealogy class to aid in research for our book. It was only after her death that I discovered the full extent of the time and effort that she had expended on the project.

As grandmothers are wont to do, I had great fun shopping for both the new little guy and Pam. Cooking, cleaning, doing laundry, shopping for groceries while Pam enjoyed every minute with Ian, these were days of happy contentment for all of us. Reed slept during the day as his work shift was 11:00 p.m. to 7:00 a.m. This gave him time for Ian before leaving for work in the evening, and again after arriving home in the early morning. The pretty young midwife stopped by often to give Pam a checkup. Herself a relatively new mother, she seemed well versed in midwifery and the art(science) of natural childbirth.

Pam's pride in accomplishment beamed from the smiling face. She was fulfilled.

During the ten days I spent with them celebrating Ian's birth, it became obvious that the birthing process had taken a heavy toll on Pam's body. Although I was able to handle all household functions so that she could devote her time solely to caring for and enjoying the baby, she did not seem to regain any good measure of strength.

We took Ian to the pediatrician for his first checkup the day before I had to leave Seattle for the trip back to Illinois. After the doctor's report on what a healthy specimen of a baby boy she had produced, Pam wanted to show me the room in the birthing clinic where he was born.

It was a lovely setting: soft-colored wallpaper, clean, neutral colored carpeting and pretty furniture. All medical supplies and instruments on hand in case of emergency were stored in an attractive armoire, out of sight. The queen-size bed completed the comfortable home-like setting. Upon viewing the bed Pam began crying, softly at first then becoming almost hysterical as she recalled the birthing ordeal. "I could never go through that again! It was so horrible, Mom! I'm so thankful to have Ian, but the suffering was so much greater than I recall from having Shari; I can never do it again!"

%%%%%%%

But "never" did not last very long; she did do it again. Within a very short time she began talking about having another child, the pain of delivering Ian not forgotten, but not a lasting deterrent to her determination to provide him a brother or sister.

%%%%%%%

May 1984

Happy Mother's Day, Mom!

Your gift is on its way, Mom, but may get there a few days late—the store where we bought it was closed when we went there on Sunday and so we had to mail it later than expected . . . sorry.

We are all fine—your grandson is getting fatter every day. He weighed 12 lbs. at the doctor's the day he was four weeks old! He's been fussing at night just before bedtime--probably having growing pains. We're having more reprints made of the last roll of film, so will get more pics off as soon as they come back.

Thanks for the birthday card (& for the goodies too in case I forgot to thank you while you were here). I had a pretty quiet, lonely birthday this year, but Ian & I spent the day together. He made it special anyway. Reed had to sleep all day.

I'm starting to feel human again—at least Ian sleeps long enough when he naps that I have time to wash dishes or do some laundry.

Better run for now. Have a nice Mother's Day—sure wish we were together for it!

Love,
Pam

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ANOTHER MIRACLE

PAM WAS ELATED WHEN SHE CALLED in March 1987 to give us the miraculous good news: she was pregnant. My heart sank. I was horrified! I had so hoped and believed I had talked her out of trying for another child. My old fears for her health returned, amplified. My gut feeling was that this was a very bad decision, that she should be thankful for Ian and let it go at that.

It was so hard trying to be happy for her, to disguise the fear. "Right now it doesn't feel like such a grand idea 'cause I'm so sick! But as you know, I never intended to raise Ian alone, the way Shari grew up if I could help it." So in spite of the nausea, the headaches and feeling generally miserable, she insisted that she was O.K. She had consulted with a doctor but intended to go through natural childbirth with a midwife in attendance, as she had done with Ian.

No more than a month had passed when, during a phone conversation, she mentioned a soft spot in her scalp.

"Do you think it could be from bumping my head on the corner of the kitchen cabinet so often, Mom? Seems like I'm always hitting it in the exact same spot when I'm getting stuff out of the refrigerator." When I suggested she mention it to the doctor at her next checkup, she agreed. "Yes, I think I'd better do that because I'm also having headaches, dizziness and nausea, and the nausea should be over by now."

She did go to a doctor who felt she should have an X-ray. That was out of the question, however, as she would not risk possible damage to the fetus.

A great talker and phone visitor, she called from Seattle once a week. In each conversation the soft spot came up. It seemed to be getting larger and softer. She was concerned because she was so tired all the time. But she passed it off to having gained an inordinate amount of weight.

But now there was something else. She noticed occasional numbness in her left hip and left hand. Probably a combination of weight gain and the baby beginning to cause pressure in the hip area. At least the doctor offered that as a possibility.

In a June 1987 note enclosed with snapshots she complained that she was bone-weary, hardly able to get one foot in front of the other.

> *6-3-87, Ft. Collins*
>
> *Hi, Folks!*
>
> *Just a quick note—wanted to get these photos off to you before they're outdated.*
>
> *I'm still working on your negative & print from the Brooke, Jean, Heather group, but will get it done in the next few days . . . I've been so worn out lately that I have to push myself to just get through each day. It's got to get better. UGH!*

In spite of her worries over the increasing numbness in her hip and leg, she and Reed made the decision to move from Seattle to Ft. Collins, Colorado, and were in fact leaving Seattle with all their belongings July 18. This would allow them time to get settled and Reed established in a new job well ahead of the baby's arrival in November.

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CHRISTMAS '87–UNHAPPY HOLIDAYS

THERE WAS THAT CHRISTMAS DAY, 1987, when she telephoned from Ft. Collins to wish us a Merry Christmas. Through her attempts to sound jolly, it became obvious that she was feeling very blue and down. It took considerable prompting to get at the truth.

"I'm sorry, Mom—just lonesome. Wish we could be spending Christmas with all of you. I'm here all alone with the two little ones, it's Christmas, and I wish I weren't so far away from my family."

"What do you mean, you're alone? Where's Reed?"

I do not believe she realized the profound sadness of the situation until hearing her own response.

"Reed's in Texas. He wanted to be with his family as his brother is getting married down there. His dad was recently diagnosed as having ALS so he wants to spend as much time with his family as possible. I didn't want you to know because I don't want you to worry about us."

Their Christmas gift had arrived mid-December: A video tape introducing us to two-week-old Joshua and their new Ft. Collins "home." In the video Pam looked so lovely and glowed with proud motherhood. Reed had borrowed a video camera and taped the family in what should have been a bright, joyous time in their lives. Quite an opposite picture was really the case. Pam's worry and stress could not be suppressed despite efforts to gloss over their desperate situation. The healthy baby that she had dreamed of and suffered for was an added burden on their fastdeclining savings, and Reed could not seem to find a job that suited him.

When they left their lovely home and lucrative employment in Seattle they thought they had accumulated sufficient savings to pursue their long-held dream of living in Colorado. They had so enjoyed past explorations that when the opportunity to actually live in Ft. Collins at the base of Estes Park was presented, it was too enticing to resist. They were weary of Seattle's rainy climate after ten years. They yearned to be closer to families—and Reed "hated" his job. During our visits with them in Seattle, he had complained bitterly that the occupation of driving a truck, no matter how good the pay, was demeaning. Disdain for coworkers prevented any camaraderie, and he was given the label of troublemaker because of campaigning to discredit his fellow employees as well as supervisory personnel. So the stage was set when friends in Ft. Collins encouraged them to make the move by offering assurances of good job possibilities there. The awful task of moving all their belongings, a child and a pregnant wife was therefore worthwhile.

Now, in a new place he could pursue an occupation more equitably suited to his intellective capability.

Their friends in Ft. Collins invited them to move in with them while looking for a place to live. The apartment they finally took was impossibly small, but at least they would have a place of their own while getting established.

Josh's birth in November unfortunately coincided with the busiest time of year for my monogramming business so that it was impossible for me to be with them when he arrived. How I hated not being able to travel to Ft. Collins to share in his birth as I had Ian's! But we had agreed that it would be just as enjoyable and even more helpful for me to spend time with them after the holidays.

Now, on this Christmas Day, Pam's voice was continuing through stifled tears, relating just how alone they were there in that tiny apartment in a strange town, their only friends on holiday vacation in California. Reed had taken precious remaining funds to buy a plane ticket for a ten-day trip to Texas. "He needed to get away, Mom; it's been hard for him what with the new baby and all." Still unemployed in the five months they had been in the area, he hadn't found the right "match" of job to talent.

But all of that paled by comparison as she revealed a more pressing worry. The soft spot in her scalp had not gone away after the baby was born as we had prayed it would.

An X-ray was now imperative. The numbness in her left hand, hip and leg and frequent severe headaches must be investigated. But there was no way she could get to a doctor until her husband returned from Texas. Nursing the new baby further complicated the situation, and there simply was no one to rely on for help.

"I'm so sorry to spoil your holiday by complaining over the phone, Mom."

"No, there's no point in your rushing out here. Reed is scheduled to return January 4. His plane ticket is issued to exclude any changes so he can't come before then. But I've put off the X-ray this long; a few more days won't matter."

She would have to spend several more days alone, wondering what the thing in her scalp meant, worrying where their next meal would come from, a newborn and a rowdy four-year-old to care for, without help, twenty-four hours a day, and she was apologizing for spoiling MY holiday.

The X-ray, finally taken on January 4, 1988, showed a lesion in the scalp which must be removed and biopsied. Surgery was scheduled for January 7.

A scheduled trip to Phoenix and Tucson with my husband was cancelled and replaced with a plane ticket to Ft. Collins. I would arrive there on Saturday to be with the children when she went in for surgery the following Monday.

On Friday morning she called to say they had moved surgery up to that afternoon. Their friends, now back from vacation, could help out until I got there the next day.

When I called the Poudre Valley Hospital Friday evening to check on her condition I expected to talk with her husband. I was shocked when Pam herself answered the phone. She was fuzzy-tongued, but lucid—and O.K.! Just two hours before the doctors had removed an egg-sized tumor from her scalp and she was talking on the phone!

Reed met me when I arrived that Saturday, pushing six-week-old Joshua in his walker. My first chance to hold my new grandson, a strikingly healthy-looking strawberry-blond boy favoring his mother even more than Ian did.

Driving straight to the hospital from the airport, we found Pam alert and eager to nurse the baby.

In my anxiety to get to her, I had not anticipated the impact of her totally bandaged head. The bandage's implication was frightening. But seeing her looking and acting so like her old self was reassuring. Independent, self-sufficient and strong-willed, she could always be relied upon to come through when the chips were down. It was obvious that she had accepted the challenge of seeing this thing through. This inner strength would be her salvation in dealing with all that was to follow.

She was released from the hospital barely forty-eight hours after surgery, with a promise from the doctor to call us the instant biopsy results were available, probably within twenty-four hours.

We all tried to keep a positive attitude, with Pam characteristically a vessel of hope and good will from which the rest of the family drew strength. So nervous and frightened about what was happening to her body, she was nevertheless always concerned about everyone else.

Three days went by. We bothered the doctor often, worried that delayed news might mean bad news. Finally, on a clear, crisp January morning in the beautiful Colorado sunshine, the hoped-for phone call came.

"Congratulations, Pam," the doctor said happily. "It's NOT malignant!"

Tears and smiles, thankful prayers all around that tiny space. Oh, we were SO happy!

We celebrated that good news by loading the little ones in the car and paying a visit to their friends across town. Incredibly, bundled up in her warm coat, mittens, and the headscarf hiding her bandaged head, Pam actually drove the car. The celebration continued the next day. I whipped up a batch of raspberry-rhubarb jam, baked homemade biscuits, and we all "pigged-out."

In our state of euphoria, we were so cozy and happy there in that little apartment. Shari had come home also to be with her mother. Fresh, pure white snow on the ground, golden sun in azure blue skies, the wonderment of the new baby, and Pam was going to be all right!

We had such fun those precious few days, laughing at Ian's preposterous antics as he jockeyed to maintain his position as No. 1 guy around there. He couldn't quite understand why that tiny little baby was causing such a stir. He captivated us with his mature mental assessment of the situation. We did have a few nervous moments when he discovered he could stop Josh's crying by covering the baby's nose and mouth with his hand. Predictably, the challenge of working out a balance of affection and attention for the two children was a real juggling act.

Ian had thought it would be fun having a little brother or sister. But it just didn't seem to be working out the way he had envisioned it. Surely his mom would soon tire of Josh and he would again be the recipient of ALL her love and adoring attention.

But this was her finest hour, the apex of her life's meaning. Her family was complete.

A few days after her return from the hospital, I talked her into letting me remove the bandage to clean the incision.

"Oh, Mom, you don't want to see that ugly mess!"

But I insisted. My heart jumped to my throat, or my stomach, I'm not sure which. Two-thirds of her head had been shaved. The incision ran from just above the right ear, over the top of her head to the other side. After removal of the tumor and the portion of scalp it had destroyed, the missing scalp was replaced with a plastic plate. So artistically sewn was the incision, it was barely detectable except for the stitches. When the hair grew back later on, it was impossible to find the scar. On the opposite side of her head the long cornsilk-soft hair was piled high, matted with blood, a tangled mess.

Joe flew from Phoenix to join us for a couple of days before he and I returned to Illinois. Now the apartment was nearly bursting at the seams. But we enjoyed the special cozy time together with fragrances from the kitchen and the wood-burning stove filling the small rooms.

Yes, Pam was as content there in those meager surroundings as she would ever be. She had her beautiful healthy baby boy to nurse and cherish. Ian was, by contrast, a "big boy," so adored for his sharp intelligence and loving personality. Her grown daughter and her mother were with her, sharing in those humble but happy experiences. And she was going to be O.K.!

Reed had another job offer that week. But he did not accept it, choosing instead to drive to his younger brother's place in Phoenix to look for work. In an effort to aid in his job hunting process, I contacted my brother, a successful business owner in the Phoenix area and requested any help he might offer.

There were almost daily phone calls from Reed, but always the same message, "No luck; no work around here."

Pam was at wit's end. The long months of emotional turmoil had undermined the excitement of Josh's arrival. Her bravery finally collapsed into an outburst of despair. "I might as well admit it, Mom. He's not looking for a job. I know him too well. He's sitting down there smoking pot with his wheeler-dealer brother. I hoped and prayed that becoming a parent would help him grow up, but it isn't working. He'll never get a job as long as he knows there's a dollar left in the house. I'm completely helpless now, but not just because of the new baby."

"Mom, I'm so scared! I'm not convinced the tumor was benign."

We decided to go back to the hospital to have the balance of her hair shaved off. I had trimmed it as much as possible, but the matted blood was too hard to work with, and neither of us had the courage to try to wash her head at this stage.

We had a good time visiting with the technicians who had assisted in her surgery. They were not used to seeing patients in a "vertical" position, and they had never had a patient come back to visit with them, especially on their own two feet. They were so nice and accommodating, we actually enjoyed the hospital visit.

Joking about their lack of experience in the haircutting field, the technicians nevertheless patiently proceeded to snip off the worst of the matted stuff. As we watched the globs fall heavily to the floor, I am sure neither Pam nor I suspected that this would be the last time she would ever have enough hair to cut.

Our next stop that day was at the surgeon's office for Pam's post-op checkup. Dr. Englund was amazed by her speedy recovery and good spirits.

"Yes. I'm confident that the tumor was non-malignant; however, to cover all the bases, I've sent a sample of the tissue to Mayo Clinic for further opinions."

How I hated leaving her there when the time came. Her repeated assurances that she would be perfectly all right failed to assuage the foreboding, guilty feeling. "Shari is going to stay with us at least until Reed gets home, Mom, so we'll be just fine. There's no need at all for you to worry about me." But I could not shake the indescribable uneasiness, the lonely heartache as we said goodbye. The vision of her turban-covered head as she got back into the car and drove away after dropping us at our hotel is as vivid today as it was there in that cold, clear starbright January night in Ft. Collins.

We spoke on the phone often during the next couple of weeks. She was excited and delighted about her hair growth. Very soon it could be styled in a fashionable boy-cut, very good for women like her with well-shaped heads and pretty facial features.

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January 27, 1988

Garth W. Englund, M.D.
Department of Pathology
Poudre Valley Hospital
Fort Collins, CO 80524

Dear Doctor Englund:

Thanks for sharing with us the recent interesting case concerning Pamela J. Hanlon. This is a unique case in my own experience, and I have shared it with my colleague Dr. Bernd Scheithauer, our specialist in neuropathology. Together we both believe this young patient suffers from a low-grade malignant lymphoma which has locally destroyed the skull. . . .

s/Peter M. Banks, M.D.
MAYO CLINIC

%%%%%%%%

She had waited a few days to call with the horrible news, then sent a copy of Doctor Banks' letter, with a short note: "Hope this makes sense . . . 'tis Greek to me! Love 'n Stuff, Pam."

26

THE BITTER FIGHT

SOON AFTER RECEIVING the devastating report from Dr. Banks in January 1988, Pam and her family stored their belongings in Ft. Collins and moved to St. Louis where she was to begin chemotherapy treatment. The basement of her father's large home in the suburbs was quickly converted into an apartment, where the little family would be comfortable until permanent housing could be arranged.

The initial round of chemotherapy completed in June seemed unendurable for her. The side effects caused her to wonder if the cure was worse than the disease. Nausea, vomiting and unrelenting fatigue kept her housebound throughout those beautiful spring days. Then came the chemo-induced mouth sores that lasted ten days or longer. She would come to expect these to follow each chemo treatment.

And she would become accustomed to an empty stomach. Either because of chemotherapy side effects such as sores and film in her mouth, or because no food could be taken by mouth during some of the experimental medical procedures.

We talked on the phone almost daily, often several times a day, as Pam tried to come to grips with what was happening to her body. She was restless, nervous, tearful, angry, confused, in pain — and so afraid. Her mental capacity to absorb it all had been stretched to the limit. As a safety valve, she fixated on the loss of her hair to circumvent the hopeless big picture.

"I realize there are no choices left for me, Mom. I know the treatments are my only chance for survival, so it may sound ludicrous to complain about losing my hair. But I think it's the greatest indignity of this whole hideous mess. Anyone who has never experienced it would have a hard time understanding the dehumanizing effect of standing in the shower and watching your hair float off your head— to see it tumble over the shoulders, slide down the body and disappear into the drain. It makes me feel so vulnerable, so helpless. I couldn't take my eyes away from the stuff yesterday until every last short hair disappeared in the swirls of water. And then I discovered that all other body hair had vanished as well, including eyebrows and eyelashes. The little bit of regrowth following the January surgery wasn't much, but it was the promise that it could return to normal. The ultimate shock came when I saw the light bouncing off the sleek, shiny bald head on that grotesque thing looking back at me from the mirror."

"Why ME, God? What have I done to deserve this?"

And of course behind the bitter tears of desperation was always the sad yearning to awaken and find the whole ugly scene a bad dream.

"But it isn't a dream, Mom. I HAVE CANCER! I can't escape it. I'm a prisoner, and I take my captor with me wherever I go. Looking at my bald head that somehow looks larger now, I think the enormity of my situation is beginning to sink in. I can't help that poor thing in the mirror. You can't help her. NOBODY can! The constant pounding in my head nearly drives me crazy! But the worst horror is not being able to enjoy my boys, especially Joshie's baby days. I don't want him to remember his mom as a sickly person who couldn't have fun with him."

Together, Pam and I came up with two or three designs for head covers. It is one thing to fashion a scarf or hat that will be held in place by one's hair, perhaps secured with bobby pins, but it is quite a different situation when there is no hair to help hold it in place. We found shopping for suitable ready-made headcovers generally exhausting, with less than satisfactory results. So with cool, colorful prints, velours and other stretchy fabrics that could be elasticized to keep them in place, I went to work at the sewing machine. Considerable experimentation and study of ones we were able to purchase finally resulted in putting together a rather extensive selection. Nice warm stretchy stocking hats worked great in winter months, but lightweight fabric was needed for hot, humid summer days.

When I found a blond wig almost the identical color of her own hair, she was delighted. She felt "normal" and could once again enjoy getting dressed to go out. Joshie had a little trouble with the wig, however. The first time he saw her with it on, he became frightened, not certain that he recognized her. Crying like his heart would break, he kept pulling away from her until we realized the problem. He had no memory of her with hair. He was only six weeks old when she had the scalp surgery and lost her hair.

Summer 1988 brought renewed hope. She was in remission!

Reed was still without a steady job, but we all provided financial support which allowed them to obtain a rental house. Pam was delighted with her new home and pushed herself beyond her strength as she settled in. Finally able to unpack and display some of her prized household possessions, she started to feel more at ease. She tried so hard in those early summer days to keep her thoughts on a positive plane, seeming almost like her old self as she busily went about organizing the house.

So anxious to recapture normalcy in her life, she wanted to play hostess when Joe and I planned a trip to Southern Illinois for my high school reunion that July. Sidestepping our objections to setting her up with the extra activity and preparation, she was delighted when we accepted. Participating in normal family activities made her feel "well."

Her brothers and their families joined us and we all had a marvelous visit. Performing like the "old" Pam, she happily put together her usual terrific platters of vegetarian delights. Her homey little kitchen was filled with delicious aromas, and she glowed with happy contentment.

During one of her maintenance visits that July, the doctors spoke of the possibility of harvesting her bone marrow and freezing it, in case the cancer should return. Citing a requirement of twenty-five hundred dollars cash "deposit" in advance, it never developed beyond speculation. The specialist would not even set up an appointment to discuss what was involved until receipt of the advance payment. Insurance benefits from her husband's Seattle employer which had been extended to cover her chemotherapy was soon to be terminated. Before any clear understanding of what was involved could be determined, the cancer returned. It had started with severe back and leg pain and inexplicable weariness, which she tried to pass off as "probably trying to do too much around the house."

Pam and the little ones visited us in Danville on Labor Day Weekend in 1988. Reed drove them to our house, then continued to Peoria to visit his mother. His father had succumbed to Lou Gehrig's Disease just a month earlier.

Her hair was growing back rapidly, and was now a chic half-inch long. But she still would not go out in public without the wig. Feeling strong and a bit "frisky" that Labor Day she agreed it would be fun to take the boys to the local carnival. So we loaded everybody into the car and drove to a parking lot a few blocks away from the festivities. Assuring us that she would enjoy a walk (she so resented being treated "like an invalid" and had made a point of getting the message across many times), we hauled out the stroller for Joshie and took off. Following the crowd down the dusty, foot-trodden hill, under a viaduct, a few more hundred feet to the action, she insisted on pushing the stroller. Said it helped stabilize her.

A prized snapshot is one of Pam riding the merry-go-round that day. Standing next to Ian's horse as he whooped with joy and excitement, she was caught up in the merriment. She did remember that her hair was not attached to her head, grabbing the wig just in time to keep it from flying off into the wind.

"Do you guys realize this is the first time I've been on a merry-go-round since I was ten years old?"

We let Ian ride on everything from midget cars to ferris wheel, to motorcycles. He "fished" and threw darts for prizes and participated in every other carnival gimmick on the premises. Joshie was content in his stroller, taking in all the action, until he fell into a cozy slumber. When we were all tired out, Pam admitted she probably had had enough. Before starting back to the car, we stopped at an ice cream vendor's tent for huge cones to take along.

Just as we came to the viaduct, big rain drops started falling, steadily increasing in volume, so that we were running to get to the car. Then I realized Pam was having some difficulty keeping up.

"Oh, I'll make it, Guys, but my back is killing me!"

After we got home she admitted extreme fatigue, along with pain down the leg and intense back pain. After resting for an hour or so, she seemed to revive somewhat. When Reed came for them the next morning, she insisted she was feeling fine for the return trip to St. Louis.

She seemed to have stabilized during those first weeks of September. But at the end of the month she developed fever and chills and returned to the hospital for another round of tests.

Our worst nightmares became reality: The doctor was "99% sure" that the cancer was back, "with a vengeance." Additional chemotherapy Pam had undergone during late summer had not been effective.

"I'm afraid the only chance she has now is a bone marrow transplant. If we decide not to do the transplant, for whatever reason, we can keep her alive for maybe two months. The lymphoma is in her head, liver, spleen and chest."

I could not seem to catch my breath or stop the stinging tears. Pam's jailor was now my constant companion too. Everywhere I looked, everywhere I turned, in everything I did, IT was there. No diversion helped. I opened my eyes in the morning, and Pam had cancer. I swung my legs out of bed, slipped my feet into bedroom slippers, went to the bathroom, threw on a robe, and Pam had cancer. I poured a cup of coffee, prepared Joe's breakfast and saw him off to work, and Pam still had cancer. Making preparations to go to her, I wandered like a zombie from room to room in the house, unable to get mobilized as it was impossible to concentrate on all the silly little "things" that had to be done. Because Pam *still* had cancer.

Pam continued to worry about how they would pay the mounting, already astronomical, medical bills; about what was to become of her family. Reed had worked for a few weeks, but had otherwise remained unemployed. Now he decided to forget about taking a job altogether, as he would have to stay at home to take care of the boys.

Then she was accepted for treatment at Barnes Hospital.

Next a bone marrow donor had to be found. We were all tested, but only Danny proved a match. The match was so perfect, in fact, that doctors said his marrow would be more valuable than Pam's own had they done the freezing sequence. Ultimately, however, Pam must be the one to decide whether or not to go through with the transplant.

During the next two months she vacillated between proceeding towards the transplant and letting nature take its course. "I don't know, Mom. Sometimes I just don't think it's worth going through. I'm not sure I can stand any more chemotheraphy, radiation and all that other stuff. I just don't know . . . if only I knew it would save me! But there's no guarantee that I won't just be going through it for nothing."

Reed's mother, Dorothy, and I worked out a system to have one of us with the family at all times. Since she was alone and feeling lost following the recent death of her husband, Dorothy arranged to move into Pam and Reed's spare bedroom. I would then drive down and relieve her whenever she needed to return to her Peoria home. Joe accompanied me as often as possible, contributing his time to yardwork and anything else that needed doing around the place. He installed shelves in their kitchen to free counter space and kitchen table of clutter, did electrical repair projects, shopped for groceries and helped with general household maintenance and cleaning.

So with some fill-in help from other family members, we were able to keep the household somewhat orderly. Pam's extensive library of vegetarian cookbooks provided help needed to insure the family's adherence to vegetarianism.

As I spent increasingly longer periods of time with the family, I tried to concentrate on cooking, cleaning, laundry and generally keeping the household and family on an even keel. A challenge, to say the least, with two active tykes and hordes of visitors constantly underfoot. But her attitude and well being were noticeably and quickly affected by her surroundings, so I took great pleasure in just being there. In fact, it became selfishly harder and harder to leave. For while I could be with her, care for her, see her, hug her, talk to her when she was in the mood, I felt comforted because she seemed comforted.

"It's so *good* to have you here, Mom. I get so nervous and scared and worried and frustrated about our financial situation, not being able to keep house, wondering what will become of us. But you arrive and everything seems to fall into place; you always know how to fix everything."

How I wished I *could* fix *every*thing!

We talked often about the book. As the cancer became increasingly invasive and chemotherapy and radiation began to interfere with her thought processes, she urged me not to let the book idea evaporate.

She had grown extremely nervous, unable to eat or sleep. The doctor had given her medication to quiet her nerves but she would rarely take it. Night after night she would stay awake all night long, then catch only brief naps during daytime hours.

"I'm afraid to go to sleep, Mom; afraid I won't wake up."

A deluge of medications was administered to battle numerous complications that developed over the next couple of months. She had a sinus infection that required surgery;

she was malnourished, no appetite; fever became almost constant; the doctor suspected pneumonia; her platelet count was down, requiring transfusions; her back and leg pain grew unbearable; tranquilizers given for nervousness caused side effects even harder to deal with; cholesterol count was low; magnesium taken as replacement caused her to throw up; and a bone scan revealed something pressing against the lower part of her spine. She "freaked out" during Magnetic Resonance Imaging, necessitating a second round in the machine. New lesions appeared and were surgically removed with matter-of-fact regularity.

She was in and out of the hospital as doctors tried to get her system stabilized enough to prepare for the bone marrow transplant. Danny was definitely set to be her donor, more or less standing by until she was ready.

A Foley catheter was installed in her left chest. Imbedded beneath the skin and connected to the main valve to the heart, it is a more humane method for administering drugs on a long-term basis. She could receive transfusions —blood platelets, chemotherapy, glucose and so forth— through the catheter's tube extension, eliminating frequent injections in search of already overused veins. A second tube leading from the catheter provided for retrieval of blood samples. She, Reed and I were instructed in administering medication through the catheter.

Self-administration of drugs is not a simple undertaking, I learned. Pam preferred to do it herself. But she was frightened—of the drugs, the needles and the whole scene. She became paranoid about getting "hooked" on drugs, watching every dose and whoever was administering it like a hawk. She often refused to take some of the pills prescribed, declaring them unnecessary. Through her demanding approach, we all gained considerable insight into the field of drugs. She studied with meticulous watchfulness the purpose and effects of every drug and how it might relate to or interact with others she was taking.

One morning she asked me to help with injecting the medication into the catheter, clucking all the while to make sure I was doing everything to suit her. But she was too nervous and fidgety. She dropped one of the needles while attaching it to the syringe—then watched to make sure I disposed of it properly, reiterating instructions in proper disposal procedures. Eventually ending up in tears of exasperation because the catheter did not seem to be accepting the medication, she blurted out, "It's no use, Mom! I don't want to go on like this; what's the use? This isn't living. I wish I'd just go ahead and die!"

I cooked Thanksgiving dinner at their house, and Pam seemed almost normal that day and the following morning.

That afternoon, while Reed was available to stay with her, Joe and I went grocery shopping. We returned an hour or two later and discovered Reed had rushed her to the hospital with a high fever and excruciating pain. The cancer was again on a rampage. She spent the next three days in intensive care, in a nip-and-tuck struggle as the steroids gradually took control of the chills and fever. We later learned that an infection was the cause of the sudden onslaught.

She went home December 5, and was rushed back to the hospital on the tenth to endure another round of unending days of misery; nausea, mouth sores, no food. She went home on the eighteenth to spend the holidays with family and gather emotional strength to begin transplant preparation in early January.

Returning to the hospital on the twenty-eighth to begin testing, another catheter was installed in the right chest. The withdrawal tube on the original catheter had stopped working. "I still don't know if I should do it or not, Mom. I'm just not sure I can go through any more. I'm so sick and tired of being sick and tired! But, you're right. I know I'm out of options, so guess I have to grasp at the only thin thread remaining. . . ."

Pam's room was overflowing with doctors, nurses and family members as Dr. Herzig, head of the Bone Marrow Transplant Unit reviewed the events that would take place. Chemotherapy so toxic that she might not survive it would be administered over the next three days, followed by several rounds of whole-body radiation. The doctor's remark, "in the event the cancer should come back" sounded ominous. I had somehow gotten the impression that the exotic, outrageously expensive procedure of destroying the contaminated bone marrow and replacing it with all new marrow was a cure for cancer. Now he was saying it really is just an experimental, last-ditch approach taken only after all other lifesaving methods have been exhausted.

Pam had resigned herself to having lost control of her fate. I feel certain that had she been able to anticipate the anguish that awaited her in the months to follow, she would have opted to forego the transplant and let the cancer take its course. I know that had I known what lay ahead I could not have encouraged her to take the gamble. Had she decided against the transplant the cancer would have progressed very quickly, resulting in high fever and comatose condition. According to the doctors, she probably would have just drifted away in a fever-induced coma.

But this was a time of new, if faint hope. We had arrived at the door that just *might* open onto a brighter, healthier future for her. Now that she had committed her fate to God, she exhibited some signs of relief and inner peace. She even occasionally joined in with her still clear voice when a familiar song was played on the radio. She smiled a lot, sometimes almost smugly, and chuckled at men visitors' clumsy contortions with the face masks and hospital gowns that had to be donned before entering her antiseptic environment.

By the time the chemotherapy was completed she was as limp as a rag. She was apprehensive about the full-body radiation to follow, worrying about its long-term effect on bones and teeth. I went with her down to the X-ray room where she sat very quietly nibbling on her ravaged fingernails. She returned from the twelve-minute session looking confused and stressed. "It wasn't so bad, Mom. But not fun. They put you in this unit where you have to curl up in a fetal position so they can rotate you to radiate the whole body. I feel like I was barbecued! And I'm so bone weary, just want to get back to my bed and sleep."

Danny arrived at the hospital on January 4 for his part in the drama. His bone marrow was harvested simultaneously with Pam's final radiation treatment on Friday, January 6. He was pleased to have been able to participate in trying to save his sister's life, even while having seventeen holes drilled in his hip bones. There was lots of banter about Pam taking on Dan's characteristics from receiving his bone marrow. "I expect you'll suddenly have an enormous thirst for a bottle of beer, or maybe suddenly turn into a Cardinals fan. No doubt there'll be a big improvement in your looks, Kid! Yuck! Yuck!"

"Well, I sure hope I don't get all those freckles! Or that gut!"

In no more time than it takes to get a blood transfusion, the $100,000 bone marrow transplant was finished that same afternoon. Pam called Dan during the infusion. "Thanks, brother! That's probably pure beer they're pumping into me, but if it works, it's fine with me!" For added effect she included a couple of hiccoughs.

She sailed through the extremely critical first two weeks of her two-month isolation period with flying colors. No sign of the dreaded common "graft-vs-host" disease. By now accustomed to subsisting without real food, she no longer craved it. Intravenous feeding of TPN (Total Protein Nutrition) would be her only nourishment for several more weeks. She was carefully monitored, and we charted her day-to-day blood counts. It was the bone marrow's job to rebuild white corpuscles destroyed by the pre-transplant chemotherapy. The count remained a flat zero for about ten days, meaning the immune system was shut down. Until the count was restored she was extremely vulnerable to infection, antibiotics being her only protection. There was great celebration when the white blood count finally began its ascent! The hopeless emptiness that had clouded her eyes for so long slowly began to give way to a faint glimmer of hope.

At the end of January her blood count was good but she was so nervous she could not sleep. Sleeping pills caused vomiting. She still was not eating food; had no interest.

But the next two weeks brought dramatic improvement. To all appearances, the bone marrow transplant was a success!

When she went home February 14, she had broken all hospital records for quick recovery from the transplant. At long last she could start rebuilding her life!

Except for an occasional infection from the imbedded catheter and jittery spells, she continued to make great progress throughout March. But Reed seemed to think she was becoming weaker, spending most of her time lying on the couch. He was under "terrific stress" and needed recreation. "I can't leave her for more than ten minutes at a time. I can't take a job because Pam can't care for the kids . . . I need to get away. Think I'll go to my two-day high school reunion in Peoria." His spirits were lifted as I assured him that I would be there to care for Pam and the family so that he could get away.

Good progress continued well into April, and she was looking forward to celebrating her fortieth birthday April 26. But she worried about her nervousness and difficulty in concentrating and processing thoughts. "Mom, do I act weird? It's getting so I'm afraid to start a sentence for fear I won't finish it with good sense. Sometimes I really *feel* weird!"

The bone marrow test on April 22 was great, nothing to indicate lymphoma in it.

But for several days she had complained of soreness in the left jaw and numbness in the chin. Doctors decided to do a biopsy and discovered the lymphoma had reappeared in a small pocket in the gum where a wisdom tooth was removed many years earlier.

This newest blow was too much. Aside from the heartache, it made me fighting mad! I felt Pam had been betrayed, and I had been betrayed as well—by the doctors and everybody even remotely associated with putting her through so much misery. And for what? This was the payoff? I wanted to scream!

"How could you let this happen? How could cancer cells have survived the massive radiation and chemotherapy?" I lamented to the doctor. "Apparently there was a pocket near the jawbone that escaped and regrouped. . . . "

There was daily radiation of the jaw for three weeks. We celebrated her birthday and Mother's Day in good spirits, but she had begun complaining of pain in the rib cage and backache. X-ray revealed a broken sixth rib. On June 1st bone marrow biopsy results were all bad. The lymphoma was back in her bone marrow.

"There is nothing more to be done," Dr. Kandula explained. "All we can do now is just keep her as comfortable as possible. In terms of time remaining for her, it could be a few hours, a few days, or up to two weeks. Probably no longer than two weeks."

Faced with limited time, she wanted to somehow guide the children through a weaning process. Their reliance on her for their every need, as well as their loyalty, obedience and affection must be redirected towards their father. I watched in wonderment as, time after time, she recovered from heartbreaking sobs, from nausea, from fear and occasional self-pity to rise with renewed determination and gentleness to her avowed task.

The following weeks were nightmarish for her. Dr. Kandula said she suffered much more pain than necessary because of her fear of the medication. And no one could convince her to increase the morphine. "I just don't want to get hooked on that stuff. That sure sounds stupid, doesn't it, considering that I'm not going to be around to worry about it. But I don't want to take so much dope that I become out of it. I want to know what's going on, to be able to visit with my kids as well as everybody else. Besides, I don't want the kids to be looking at me like I'm weird."

She returned to the hospital in mid-July, never to leave again. Staying with her around the clock at the hospital, I "slept" in a chair-bed next to hers, and together we would try to find ways to alleviate her discomfort and agony. She tried so hard not to awaken me during the night, but I instantly knew when the pain from the urine catheter had become unbearable or when her back, legs or bones ached beyond endurance. She could not mask the soft moans altogether. I could provide some relief by manipulating the catheter tubing to release the blockage, or massage her legs and arms with lotion. Sometimes she would relent and increase the morphine intake.

Danny and I improvised a way to shampoo her hair without moving her, utilizing a vinyl "doughnut" to catch the water and drain it into a bucket on the floor. "I can't tell you how good it feels to have a shiny clean head, Guys! Thanks!" At that point she could not even roll to one side or the other. All of the hours of all of her remaining days were spent in one position: flat on her back.

Agonizing pain in the right leg was her constant companion. Still she steadfastly refused to increase the painkiller. After much insisting, I finally convinced the doctors to X-ray her leg. They found a fracture in the femur bone which had to have been there for weeks. No wonder she screamed in pain any time that leg was touched or moved. But it was impossible to fix it now, as she could not be moved.

Pam and I were totally alone that last week. Not one visitor showed, and Hospital personnel had withdrawn to devote their time to patients who had a chance at life. But it somehow seemed appropriate for the two of us to share the final moments of her life just as we had begun it: alone together. I was thankful just to be with her twenty-four hours a day, to be able to help ease some of her pain, to be there beside her each time her eyes fluttered open, seeking my presence and then, without a word, closing again with a touch of her hand or just a smile of satisfaction. Often, awakening and finding me sitting next to her, she would scold me for not going down to the cafeteria for a bite to eat or just a cup of coffee.

She grew so weary of the hospital, wanting desperately to go home but knowing Reed could not handle her and the boys too. So during her times of peaceful sleep I conferred with the head hospice nurse to see if we could arrange to take Pam home to Danville so that I could care for her at home. With marvelous efficiency the nurse contacted Lakeview Medical Center in Danville and was delighted to learn that a hospice program had just recently been formed there, and that they would be glad to provide whatever assistance they could. Pam was excited about the prospect. "Oh, Mom, do you really mean it? Would you really take me and all this paraphernalia into your house? What about transporting me? It'd be outrageously expensive to hire an ambulance to haul me two hundred miles, wouldn't it?" It did not take much reassurance to convince her that it was what I most wanted to do, and that arrangements had already been made. All that remained was for her to give the word. "That sounds wonderful, Mom. I hate to saddle you with all that work; on the other hand, you're doing all of it here at the hospital anyway, aren't you?"

When Dr. Kandula called me out into the hall the next afternoon to tell me the cancer was on an aggressive upswing and Pam was close to the end, I still did not believe it. Dr. Herzog agreed with Dr. Kandula that it would be best to do nothing to bring the cancer under control, because although it might prolong her life a day or so, it would not help the pain and she would just have to go through it all over again. The most merciful death, they felt, would be to let her go into a coma and slip away. I agreed with the doctor that Pam should discuss it with her husband and then make her own decision.

Finally locating Reed after a couple of hours, I asked him to come down to the hospital as I felt he would want to be the one to explain the situation to Pam. When he told her what Dr. Kandula had told me earlier, and that the decision should be hers, Pam looked first at me, then at Reed, then turning and looking at me again, said calmly and matter-of-factly, "Well, I knew this was coming; that's the reason for the increasing pain in my back, the growing lump on the back of my head, the stiffening of my left leg, isn't it? Because now the left leg feels just as useless as the right one; I can't move it at all. And it's swelling too, isn't it?"

"Reed, what do you think about my going to Danville so Mom can take care of me?" "Well, Pam, if you go up there, sure your mom can and will take better care of you than anyone else can, but you wouldn't see much of me or the kids—and you wouldn't see your dad at all." (Her father had undergone emergency surgery at another hospital and had not seen Pam for several weeks.)

"I just don't know what to do, Mom. It's too much for Reed to handle at home with the boys and everything—but I'm so tired of the hospital."

"Well, Sweetheart, I guess if a decision can't be made about where to get the care you need, you'll just have to get well, right?" Turning her head to look squarely into my eyes, a tear rolled down her cheek, and she gave me a slight smile but said nothing, while her gaze remained fixed on mine. She had made her decision.

Pam died at five o'clock the next morning. "It's all right, Pam. I release you. You can go now." A teardrop held in the corner of each eye as she tried to focus first on Reed's face on one side of the bed as he encouraged her to give up the fight, then on mine on the other side, lips attempting to form the words, "I love you, too, Mom," and her suffering ceased. Not mercifully slipping away in her sleep as we had prayed would happen. Death came with relentless, pitiless ferocity and unalterable determination, with her full conscious attention, understanding and helpless acceptance.

Every day that Pam was alive while she lay dying was a blessed day, as if she were reborn to me. But now that all those precious days have been used up, what is left in my heart is that I wish I had been a better mother. I wish I had not sent her away to school when she was so young and wanted to stay at home and wanted me to stay there with her. I wish I had let her have the kitten. I wish I had possessed the maturity to be more patient, more understanding of all of her desires and feelings. Having failed to give my life to save hers, all my failures during her brief life seem all the harder to bear and to forgive.

The mysterious stroke of God's will, unjustifiable as it seems, must be part of some great plan beyond our mortal understanding. While she lay dying I did not feel He had singled Pam out for any particular reason. In fact, I do not believe I felt He was involved at all. My lifelong spontaneous, instinctive sense of the reality of God was something taken for granted, on faith. He was beside us as we listened to doctors explain what was happening to her, as we thanked Him when she had a period of remission, and He was there when hope faded away, when the doctors told us there was nothing else that they could do. They were helpless, and we were helpless, and I think God in His infinite wisdom and mercy was helpless too.

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The turmoil of trying to reconcile her suffering surfaced in a dream six months or so after Pam died.

Entering an austere but sunny room, I see a group of men and women seated around a long wooden table, engaging in casual conversation. Pam is seated in a chair to the left and forward of the people at the table. Starting towards her, I begin to realize that this is a tribunal of some kind and she is the object of their discussion. In a detached, impersonal matter-of-fact manner, they are planning her execution. She sits in passive resignation, hands folded in her lap, patiently waiting, watching.

In sequences that seem to go on endlessly, at first I think this must be a joke. Then I am trying to get someone's attention to ask what this is all about. But I am ignored. Eventually a couple of women in white hooded muslin gowns approach.

"Are you ready to go, Pam? It's time to get you prepared."

Pam's eyes follow mine as she wordlessly rises from the chair, and the women, one on either side, take her arms by the elbows and steer her towards a winding staircase directly behind the tribunal. Sobbing and pleading for someone to listen to me, I am ignored as the two women disappear up the stairs. Pam dutifully follows along between them, occasionally glancing back over her shoulder at me, not speaking.

The two women bring Pam back downstairs, gently, noiselessly leading her down the carpeted stairs. Angelic and beautiful in her full-length white gown, Pam looks scrubbed and polished, a wreath of baby's breath framing her head. But I am not certain if I actually see soft hair or just luminous softness framing her face. She is returned to her chair where she sits with hands again primly folded in her lap, bare feet crossed comfortably on the floor.

The tribunal spokesman is seated at the head of the table closest to Pam. Bracing his head against his left hand with his right arm draped loosely over the back edge of his chair, he is casually explaining to her that injections will be made in each of four toes on each foot. And then a mask will be placed over her face. The rest of the people at the table appear uninvolved. Several of them lean on their elbows, hands supporting their heads, sleeves of their white muslin robes loosely draped against the table, engaging in quiet chatter, although I cannot hear their words. Others slouch in their chairs, an occasional yawn the only emission of life signs. Occasionally tapping his pencil on the table, the spokesman disinterestedly observes while Pam's two attendants proceed.

I continue sobbing, pleading with them to reconsider or at least tell us why she has to be put to death.

"What horrible thing has she done to deserve execution?" But I am ignored.

Pam remains seated in the chair as sunlight beaming through the clerestory windows high above dances on her polished skin and the gown that seems to sparkle with cleanliness. Her entire body seems to glow.

With complete passivity she remains seated, hands folded, while a girl with no identifiable facial features under her hood grooms her feet. Her hands have already been impeccably cared for, skin soft and glowing, nails buffed to a soft sheen.

Her eyes follow me, full of compassion and sorrow for my helplessness as I plead with the tribunal, first collectively, then in total desperation, with each individual, to please explain to me what is going on. The only recognition of my presence is an occasional disinterested casual glance looking through me, not at me. They doodle on white pads with plain yellow pencils, sometimes tapping the erasers on the tabletop as if their minds are wandering.

Sunlight sketches intricate reflections against the huge white beams of the cathedral ceiling and casts mysterious shadows on the light colored carpeting as Pam's two attendants again approach, hoods of their gowns covering their bowed heads.

"It's time, Pam."

On either side of her they gently, almost caressingly, cup her elbow in one hand, her hand in the other. I notice how softly the long loose sleeve of her robe drapes in the crook of her elbow as she rises unhesitatingly from the chair. Her slender feet and ankles show beneath the long robe,and I think of how I have always admired the classic shapeliness of her pretty legs and feet. How could these silly people be planning her destruction?

The women reverently lead her to the winding staircase. While one woman remains at the bottom of the stairs, Pam goes willingly with the other as they slowly begin their floating ascent.

"I'm coming along!"

"No. They will prepare her and return with her."

The young woman at the foot of the stairs gently touches my shoulder and quietly leads me back to Pam's waiting chair.

Very shortly Pam and the woman attendant reappear and descend the stairs once again. Pam's eyes lock on mine, sending a message of finality; the lips almost but not quite smiling look like they might speak, but nothing is said. Telepathically she sends a message: "Nothing can be done to change the course of events, Mom; I'm sorry."

As a black leather mask is placed over her head, slowly covering her face, I wake up sobbing.

EPILOGUE

REDISCOVERING MY ROOTS—returning to the Menard Place where I was born, our home in the hills where most of my young life was spent, St. Leo's, Roots, Modoc—has been a pleasant journey back in time. Finally exploring Kaskaskia and delving into the colorful past of the town and its people has been a meaningful substitute for actually experiencing the intrigue of that place with my ancestors.

Standing next to the remains of the log home built by Great Grandfather Mulholland has heightened the need for better understanding of mid-eighteenth century existence there. I want to locate the Old Stipe Place and visit Great-Great-Grandfather Jackie's private little cemetery so thoughtfully prepared for his beloved Susannah.

Numerous other issues still need clarification: How and when did Great Grandfather Mulholland leave Ireland to come to the United States? Could a child of ten manage the arranging of his own ship's passage? Where were his parents? Why did he come alone? Or did he come alone? Finally, where are his other direct descendants?

The complex lineage of Mother's parents must be resolved. Did they originate in France and England, or Scotland and England? What was their point of entry into the United States? Did Grandmother Abbey follow her husband to her final resting place soon after his death in 1900? Or did she remarry—to Frank Johnson? Or was Mother reared by Rose Rockwell?

Another, more perplexing search continues for some meaning in my daughter's suffering. Pam believed that something good comes of everything on God's earth. If I trust that time-honored axiom, perhaps I can believe there was one reason for her prolonged anguish: to allow Joshua to grow from a helpless infant to a little boy of eighteen months. Josh and Ian are ages five and nine now. By all appearances, they are doing fine in their father's care. They will, I trust and hope, continue to prosper even in their mother's absence. I try to take comfort from knowing that this was her ultimate wish.

The resurfacing of George Rogers Clark's name in a contemporary setting was a happy and unexpected happening. When selling my monogramming business in October, 1992, it was coincidentally learned that the individual who purchased the business is a direct descendant of one of the John Clarks in the George Rogers Clark family. Pamela (Clark) Hetrick and her husband, Tom, farm twelve hundred acres of West Lebanon, Indiana, land that has remained in their families for many generations. Her great-grandfather, Milton Clark, lived in Pence, Indiana, a few miles east of Rossville, Illinois, a small town fifteen miles north of Danville. (Rossville's claims to fame are its numerous antique shops and the well publicized year-round Christmas shop, "Aunt Jody's Christmas Bank.")

Pam's grandfather, John Vista Clark, is deceased but her grandmother, Lorene Clark, age eighty-six, still survives. Her father is also deceased. A cousin, Neil Clark, resides in Chicago. Hopefully, more detailed information will result from the family's renewed research efforts to discover their exact lineage. The contemporary Clark family members are certain that they descend from one of George Rogers Clark's siblings.

Another interesting development is the recent discovery that my husband's co-worker, John Wilson, is a descendant of Isaac C. Allen, who served with George Rogers Clark in Vincennes and Kaskaskia during Clark's Illinois campaign and was the recipient of land in the Clark Grant. Born March 15, 1755, Isaac Allen married Frances Pettit in Scott County, Virginia, in 1776. He died December 15, 1831, and is interred at Wolf Creek Cemetery in Parke County, Indiana.

My brother Allen was finally granted a court hearing in March, 1993, and another in April when the divorce settlement that has drug out for nearly three years was to have been finalized. The judge is taking under advisement all of the evidence presented by counsel and promises a decision by late May. Without Fran, the finalization will be somewhat hollow but Allen is looking forward to new direction in his life, eager to return to his old business. Everything is in place to incorporate a new company.

Henry Hampton is in jail in Sussex County, New Jersey, where he apparently will be tried for the crimes perpetrated in that state before being moved to Missouri to stand trial for Fran's murder.

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When one door closes, another opens;
but we often look so long and so regretfully
upon the closed door that we do not see
the one which has just opened for us.

Alexander Graham Bell.

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